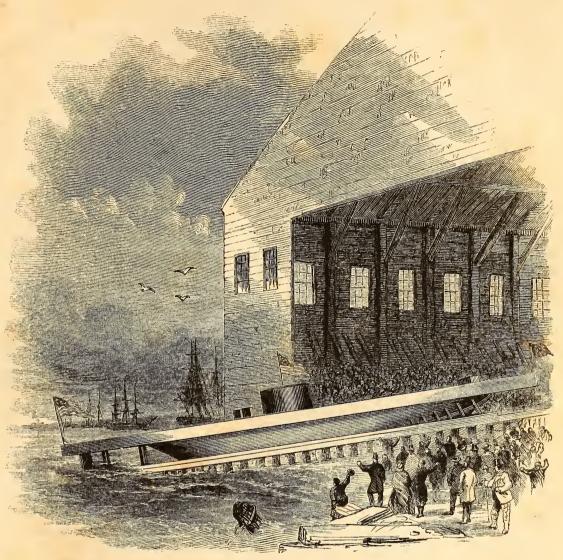


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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLVIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1862.—Vol. XXV.



LAUNCH OF THE "MONITOR."

# IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

ON the 16th of September, 1861, the Committee of Naval Constructors appointed to examine the various plans presented for the building of iron-elad vessels made their report to the Secretary of the Navy. Plans and specifications were submitted to them for vessels ranging from 83 to 400 feet in length, to cost from \$32,000 to \$1,500,000. Of these they recommended three for adoption: the Galena; the Ironsides, now building at Philadelphia; and Mr. Eriesson's Monitor. Their approval of the Monitor was cautiously worded. They say:

"This is novel, but seems to be based upon a plan which will render the battery shot and shell proof. We are somewhat apprehensive that her properties for sea are not such as a seagoing vessel should possess. But she may be moved from place to place on our coast in smooth water. We recommend that an experiment be made with one battery of this description on the terms proposed, with a guaranty and forfeiture in case of a failure in any of the points and properties of the vessel as proposed."

This Committee eould not have anticipated

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that their report was the most important military event of the century; that in its results it was to annihilate not only the "wooden walls" of England, and to put an end to the building of British Warriors and French Gloires, but also to introduce an entirely new element into coast defenses not less important than the costly and elaborate fortifications with which all maritime nations have heretofore protected their harbors and great dépôts. Novel as the plan was of necessity to the Committee, it was no sudden conception of the inventor. It had been thought out to the minutest detail, and existed in the teeming brain of Mr. Ericsson, and had been constructed in drawings and models by his busy hand, years before the first actual blow had been struck upon her iron sides.

Of the Monitor herself and her achievements we do not now propose to speak at length. Every body knows the appearance of the low black raft, rising scarcely 18 inches above the water, with its harmless-looking "cheese" in the centre of its smooth deck. Certainly to the eye of the nautical critic she is not a beautiful vessel; but her inventor knew too well the work which she was to do to sacrifice invulnerability to wave Speed even, though a very desirable thing, was secondary. He was to build a floating battery, not a clipper which could cross the Atlantic in nine days, or round Cape Horn to San Francisco in three months. The object which he proposed was immediate and pressing, and the result crowned the work.

It was fortunate for him, but still more so for the country, that the practical carrying out in iron of his plan fell into capable hands. The contract for building the hull was undertaken by Mr. J. F. Rowland of the "Continental Works," and the work was pushed forward with such rapidity that in just ninety days after the contract was signed the Monitor, with her engines on board, and in actual working order, was launched. Mr. Rowland modestly disclaims any credit beyond that of faithfully and successfully carrying out the ideas of the inventor. "Mr. Ericsson," said he, "was in every part of the vessel, apparently at the same moment, skipping over planks and gangways, and up and down ladders, as though he were a boy of sixteen. It seemed as though a plate could not be placed or a bolt struck without his making his appearance at the workmen's side." We think the proprietor of the "Continental Works" was over-modest. The administrative skill and energy which could set hundreds of men at work upon tasks new to them-could devise means and implements, almost upon the spur of the moment, by which ideas which only existed in lines upon paper and wood were wrought into solid iron—is of no common order. And we are glad to see that the construction of at least four of the new Monitors, which our Government ordered immediately after the triumphant success of the first, has been placed in the hands which so successfully executed the original. One thing, which was

prompt adaptation of means to ends. Monitor, while on her "ways," was quite generally regarded as an experiment that would be sure to fail. She was deficient, it was said, in this point and that. She could not carry her weight of armor; her turret would not revolve properly; no living men could work her guns in that narrow space; and, first of all, in the judgment of experienced ship-builders, she could never be launched. If any one will look upon the illustration which heads this paper, he will see that there was plausibility in this opinion. The raft-like upper hull, projecting far beyond the lower one, was so loaded with armor as to be far heavier than water, and besides there was the weight of the ponderous turret and the heavy machinery. This would strike the water first, with nothing to sustain it, and so when the vessel slid from her inclined ways, she would go straight down to the bottom like an iron bar. "If Ericsson ever finds his battery after she is launched," it was said, "he will have to fish her up from the mud into which her stern will sure-And so he would have done had ly plunge." she been sent alone from her "ways." But this casualty had been foreseen and provided for by Two great wooden tanks had Mr. Rowland. been prepared, which, before the launch, were chained to the almost solid overhanging stern of the upper hull, buoying it up as they touched the water until the lower hull came into the stream. Valves in the tanks were then opened, the water rushed in, sinking them down; then they were disengaged, floated off, and in a quarter of an hour the Monitor rested upon an even keel. As we have said, she was launched, contrary to the usual custom, with her engines on board. These had been put in working order beforehand; and as far as the builders were concerned, the battery might have put to sea in half an hour after her launch.

We shall revert to the general construction of the vessels of which the Monitor is the type in the course of this paper, when we describe our visit to the "Continental Works," to note the process of building the new vessels of her class. In the mean while we propose to describe the processes of the manufacture and adaptation of the solid iron plates which, when applied to ordinary wooden vessels, convert them into what our French neighbors call Vaisseaux en cuirass-or, as we say, "iron-clad vessels," In our Magazine for April of this year we described the "Building of a Ship" of wood. Such a vessel was the Merrimac, now no more. Such is the Roanoke, built upon the same lines, which is now at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, undergoing the process of being converted into a mailclad vessel, by covering her wooden sides with solid plates of iron. These plates are in all essential respects the same which are made for the Ironsides, now building at Philadelphia. The manufacture and fitting of these plates for the Roanoke are performed at two establishments in New York, the "Franklin Forge" of Tugnot, mentioned to us almost incidentally, shows the Dally, and Co., and the "Novelty Works," of



JOHN ERICSSON.

which we gave a full description in this Magazine for May, 1851. In both the courtesy of the proprietors gave us every facility for observation, with the privilege of making drawings of every thing which would aid in the elucidation of the subject. We were also accompanied by a friend,\* whose practical acquaintance with the subject enabled him to point out to us many subjects of interest which would otherwise have escaped our notice.

There are two methods of producing plates of iron. By one they are "rolled;" by the other "hammered." Long discussions have been held

\* Mr. Egbert P. Watson, an iron-worker at the Novelty Works, and the writer of some of the most charming stories of the day. Mr. Watson also furnished us with an elaborate paper on the manufacture of iron-clad vessels, which is in substance incorporated in this article.

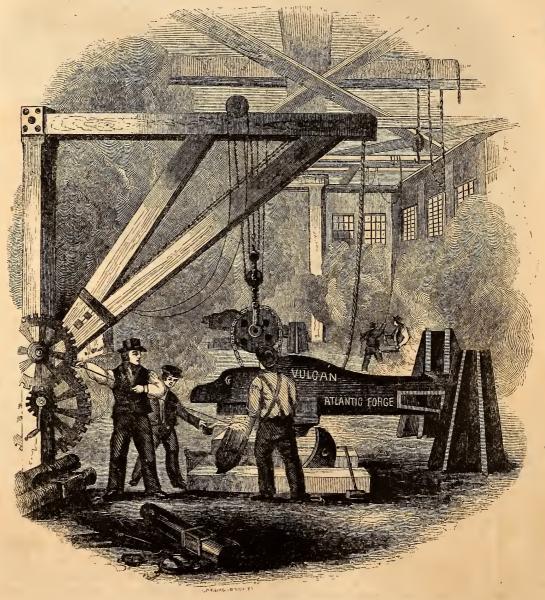
in scientific circles as to the relative advantages of the two methods. We have not space to enter into these; but the general result of all seems to be that, for armor composed of successive layers of comparatively thin plates, rolled iron—on account of the greater speed of its manufacture—is the best upon the whole; while for solid plates that which is hammered is preferable—the close interlacing of the fibres of the metal under the hammer more than compensating for the increased labor. The plates whose manufacture we are about to describe are hammered.

To see the production of these we go first to the "Franklin Forge," on the First Avenue, near Twenty-fifth Street. The main business of this establishment is the execution of large forgings. Here was forged the shaft of the Adri-

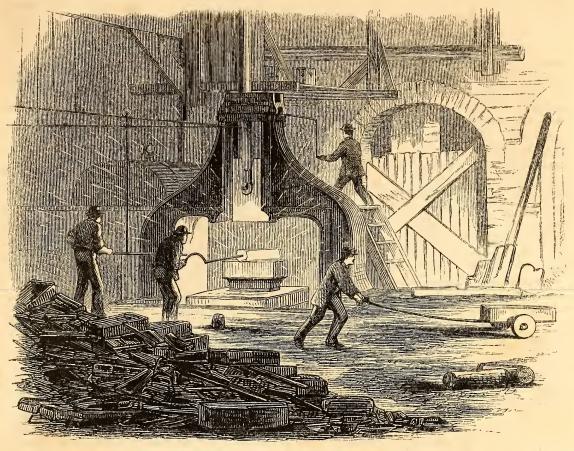
atic, larger than any one upon the Great Eastern. As we enter every thing shows the ponderous character of the work done here. Huge engines, steam-moved, are shaping, carving, and boring enormous masses of iron. At the outset we notice the great hammers which perform the forging. They differ in every respect from those used ten years ago, when the "Atlantic Forge" of the Novelty Works, a representation of which we reproduce, was capable of doing the heaviest work required. In an out-of-the-way corner of the "Franklin" we saw a forge of this kind laid aside as useless. The forges now used for heavy work are the "Steam Hammers," which appear in the subsequent illustrations. The hammer is raised like the piston of a steam-engine, and falls by its own weight. The largest of these forges faces the entrance, and is represented in the illustration "Forging a Plate." It looks at first view much like the gateway of a Gothic church. The hammer, which we shall soon see in operation, weighs seven and a half tons.

We wish to commence at the beginning, and

so, leaving for a time the forges, we pass on to the rear, where is heaped up the raw material which is to be wrought into plates. This is "scrap iron" - iron of every form and use, which, having performed its functions in one shape, has been brought here from a thousand quarters to undergo a new transmutation. In the economy of manufactures, as in that of nature, nothing is absolutely lost. In one heap we see piled up fragments of steam-engines, reaping machines, and the like; close by is a pile of the worn-out fragments of smaller wares. We took the trouble to note some of the articles in this pile of old iron. There were locks and padlocks, rusty keys, kitchen pokers, knife-blades, screws, steelyard beams, skate irons, curlingtongs, halves of shears, sofa springs, cork-screws, shovel-blades, tong-handles, pot-hooks, spoons, ladles, bridle-bits, and above all horse-shoes. Not a bit or fragment of iron is lost. Every ounce has its value, transmutable, if not into gold, into copper and silver when brought to any foundry. The larger pieces have to be cut up



THE ATLANTIC FORGE.



FORGING A BLOOM.

in order to get them into manageable size. This a rough fragment of joist, some four feet long is done by the "Cutting Machine"—an instrument not unlike, in general appearance, the "straw-cutters" used by farmers, in which the knife descends perpendicularly. The thickest boiler-plates are shred by it as easily as a child cuts a sheet of paper with her scissors; bars as large as a man's ankle are cut apart with no more apparent effort than is required to slice a radish.

These seraps are piled up into "fagots" about two feet square, and thrust into the furnaces of which we see a row, looking not unlike bakers' ovens, and in fact scarcely larger. The draft of these is supplied by a fan, which revolves 1800 times in a minute, ereating the most intense heat; tongues of white flame shoot out from every erack and crevice. In about an hour the loose fagot is brought to a welding heat. workman raises the furnace-door, while another grasps the ductile fagot with a long pair of tongs, and by means of a chain suspended from a movable pulley, wheels it around and places it on the anvil of the forge. It is of an intense cherry-red, so bright that the eye can hardly look upon it, and apparently as duetile as wax. The end of a long iron rod, with a crank-like bend in the handle, is laid on the fagot. Down comes the ponderous hammer; the first blow shrinks the glowing mass to half its former dimensions, and welds it firmly to the handle, by which the stalwart workman turns it over and over. The blows fall thick and fast, and in two minutes

and six inches square. This is called a "bloom," and is a homogeneous mass of iron; the locks. bolts, boiler-plates, pokers, screws, and horseshoes of which it was composed having lost their personal identity. A long-handled knife is then applied; one blow of the hammer upon this severs the rod from the bloom. This is grasped. still red-hot, by another workman with a pair of tongs, placed upon a truck, and wheeled away to cool.

These blooms are to be welded and hammered into plates. As we passed the great seven-anda-half-ton forge at the entrance, we saw behind it a row of oven-like furnaces, into the mouth of each of which was thrust a round beam of iron, some 15 feet long and as large as a man's body. suspended by a chain and pulley from the arm of a huge erane. This bar is simply the handle for managing the plate during the process of forging it from the blooms. The process is this: The end of the bar is flattened out, something like a shovel; upon this a pile of the blooms is placed, in four or more layers, crossing each other, as one "eords up" the end of a pile of wood. This is thrust into the furnace, and under the intense heat in two or three hours the mass becomes ductile. While watching the forging of the blooms we are told that they are about to begin forging a plate. We hurry back to the place, and hear a signal given. A seore of stout men, whom we have seen apparently resting the fagot is reduced to a solid mass, looking like about, rush forward: one with a long bar pulls

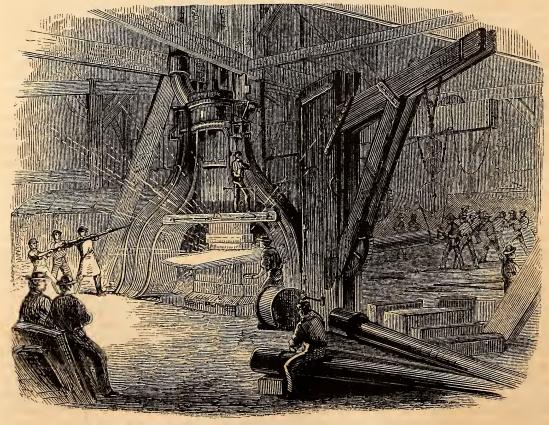
away the loose fire-brick which close the mouth of the furnace; another climbs the stairs, a tall story high, to the top of the forge, and lays hold of a lever which governs its action; a half dozen more manage the crane; while the remainder lay hold of the handles which are clamped about the solid round bar. The crane swings round; the bar is withdrawn from the furnace and wheeled under the hammer. This comes down with a heavy thud from its full height, with its 15,000 and more pounds' weight. These blows are too much for even the stubborn blooms; they seem to glow with impotent rage, and send out fiery sparks as the huge weight falls upon them and subdues them to its will. It is wonderful to see the facility with which the dozen stout, swarthy Titans manage the huge bar of iron, which is delicately balanced upon its suspend-They tug at the handles until every ing chain. muscle of their arms and chests stand out like whip-cords; they turn it over and over, presenting now this side, now that; now one edge, and then the other to the blows of the hammer. In a few moments the piled-up blooms are blooms no more, and have been converted into a portion of a plate. This process is repeated, fresh piles of blooms being heaped up upon the end of the plate, heated and hammered out, until the required length has been attained.

The plate thus built up is still rough and covered with scales. It has to be smoothed off. This is done by the same forge which shaped it. It is again heated and water thrown upon it as it comes under the hammer. This does not, as one would suppose, flash up at once into steam,

but rolls in globules. The hammer falls upon these, they explode with a noise like the firing of a platoon of musketry, carrying off all the scales, and leaving the plate as smooth as a newly-planed board.

The dexterity with which this heavy hammer is managed by the workman on his high platform is something wonderful. He can give at will a blow of the full force of the ten-feet fall of the seven-and-a-half-tons hammer, aided by the expansive force of the steam let in above the piston. or a stroke as light as the tap of a lady's fan. "We can chip an egg by this hammer without crushing it," said Mr. Tognot to us. We did not see the experiment tried; but as we watched the blows, now heavy, now light, as the sides or edges of the plate were presented, we had no doubt that the statement was literally true. We may say, in passing, that a couple of years ago one of the proprietors of the "Franklin Forge," while in Great Britain, visited the leading mechanical establishments, and found nothing equal to his own. "I would not give shop-room to their machines!" he said.

There is no limit to the size of the plates which may be made by the processes which we have described except that imposed by the facility of handling. As they leave the forge the usual size of our *Roanoke* plates is about three feet wide, twelve or fifteen long, and four and a half inches thick. The thickness of the plates, as it happens, is just that of the width of a page of this Magazine. Such a plate weighs from 4000 to 7000 pounds, according to its size. As it leaves the forge it is a solid plank of iron. at-



FORGING THE PLATE.

tached to the heavy "handle" of which we have spoken. It is cut off from this by a machine, which squares both ends. The plates of irregular shapes, which are required for special parts, are fashioned by appropriate Beyond machines. this, the whole of our Roanoke plates are wrought by the hammer. They are simply planks of iron, and with the production of these the work of the Franklin Forge ceases. Now as no part of the sides of a ship is a plane surface, these plates must all be bent to special curves, and the holes drilled in them for the bolts which are to faster them to the sides of the ship. This work is performed at the "Novelty Works," to which we will follow our plates.



DRILLING PLATES.

Pending the arrival of our plates we will explain what is to be done. The holes for the bolts have already been bored in the ship's side by the carpenters, and the lines have been drawn upon her by which the size and shape of our plates has been determined. Now in order to have the holes in our plates come exactly over those bored in the wooden body we must have a fac-simile, or "templet," as it is called in carpenter's work, of every part of the hull. easily done by taking a piece of thin board and marking the holes in it through the vessel's side. The whole series of templets will cover the whole of the ship's sides which are to be covered with plates. Now lay "templet No. 1, bottom course," upon "plate No. 1, bottom course," marking upon it the precise place for the bolt holes, and we are ready to go on with our work of drilling. There must be the utmost precision in this. Suppose, for example, that our templet is not marked quite right, that instead of the holes coming, as they should, exactly over the ones in the frigate, one or two of them come half-way over the hole or to one side of it, it will be a difficult thing to remedy. One of two things must be done: either the wood must be cut away to suit the plate, or else the plate must be made to suit the ship, otherwise the bolt could not pass through. As our armor is four and a half inches thick, you will see that it is not a desirable task to cut through so far in so small a hole; on the other hand, the bolts must fit water-tight in the ship, and if the carpenter plugs the hole and

makes a new one, we may spring a leak in action and so lose the vessel. Having seen the necessity of caution we will mark off our plate, which has now arrived at the shop.

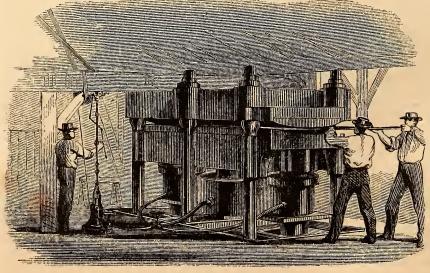
Let us then chalk our piece of armor all around the place where the holes are to be drilled, lay the fac-simile of the ship's side upon it, and mark through with a steel point; now remove the templet, and you will see a number of little circles which you are to follow in drilling. Now call some of those strong-armed laborers, and they with the aid of the crane will transport the mail to the shop where it is to be drilled. Here they will place it on a long bed, which is provided with rollers so that it can move easily. The drill is set revolving, and in a short time the hole is bored through the plate. This hole must also be "countersunk." As you may not know what that is, I will tell you that it is a depression in the shape of an inverted cone, so that the head of a common wood-screw would fit in it, except in ours it is many times larger. will look at the top end of the drill now, and where it enters into the machine will see that there is a V-shaped part. This is the countersink: it being flat and having sharp edges, revolves in the hole which the drill has made first, and so leaves its own impression there. It is not customary to have the drills made in this manner; but we have many holes to drill, and can not wait to change it for another. We have countersunk our plate, so that the bolts which go in the holes may sink in even with the outer surface.

If they were square on the head outside, when shot struck them they would be broken off and the plate would become loose. Now, if an enemy will only hit one of these countersunk bolts, we should be very much obliged to him, as we could then screw up the nut on the other end of the bolt, and so make the armor more secure. The drill is "fed" through the plate by means of a screw, and you will see the iron starting out from it in a thin spiral. It is supplied with soft soap and water, not because it is dirty, but to keep it cool: were it not for this it would speedily become hot with friction, lose its temper, and do nothing. We have now got our first plate drilled and countersunk according to our templet. The plate must now be made to conform to the ship's side. It is merely a straight flat piece; but the vessel has a beautiful curve throughout its length except in the middle, where the curvature is slight, and to this the solid plates must be made to fit as closely as a glove does to the hand.

As it happens they are not quite ready to show us the operation of bending these solid plates, but in the mean while we are asked to see the mode of building a "turret," like that of the Monitor; for our ship, the Roanoke, is to have three of these turrets. These are made of a series of plates of rolled iron, eleven in number, each an inch thick. As they come here from the mills where they are rolled they are simply iron boards, nine feet long, three wide, and an inch thick. Each of them is to be bent into the shape of the segment of a circle, twenty-three feet in diameter, which is to be the size of the turrets. For this purpose a massive press has been prepared. The bed, which is movable up and down, has its upper surface turned to the precise curve of the turret. This is raised by a hydraulic ram capable of giving a pressure of 1400 tons against a stationary plate, whose lower surface has the same curve as the bed. The flat turret plate is slid into this press, the ram is worked, the bcd rises, and the plate is bent to the curve of the mould. This is done without

heating the plates, the enormous pressure being sufficient to give them the form required, without the necessity of rendering these inch plates ductile by heat. They are now taken to an adjacent building and temporarily set up into a turret. Here a circle of solid oak timber has been laid down as a foundation. Upon this a frame-work of boards has been built of the shape of the turret, to support the plates in the position which they are to assume. This looks much like the skeleton of a gigantic cistern. Against this frame the plates of the first course are placed, the necessary holes for the bolts having been meanwhile punched in them. Then the second course is set up against this, the bolt holes of which must be made to correspond exactly with those of the first. This is done by a simple process. The end of a pine stick, of the size of the holes in the first plate, is covered with paint, thrust through the holes, leaving its mark on the plate of the second course. These white marks show exactly where the holes in the second course are to be made. This being done, the third course is set up in like manner; the places for the holes marked, the plates taken away and punched, brought back again, set up in place; and so on with the whole eleven courses of which the turret is composed. The holes in these plates are punched instead of being drilled, as we have seen done in the thick plates. This is performed by a powerful punching machine, which, at a single stroke, drives out a "button," making a clean hole of the size required as rapidly as the workmen can move the plates under the punch. We have seen twenty holes of this size punched in a minute. The courses are all so arranged as to "break joints;" that is, the joints between no two courses are directly opposite each other. The courses being all set up, if we look through the holes we shall see that, although they come very well in a line, there are some little irregularities—a very slight variation in each plate becoming quite noticeable when multiplied by the whole eleven. This is very easily remedied by means

of a steel instrument called a "reamer"—a bit, in fact, with two sharp edges. This is passed through the whole length of the hole, and turned about, trimming off all the irregularitics, and making the hole as smooth as the bore of a gun. Our turret is now set up and finished, with the exception of the fixtures and the portholes for the two guns. These are to be drilled out of the solid mass, and the edges of the plates properly secured. Each plate has

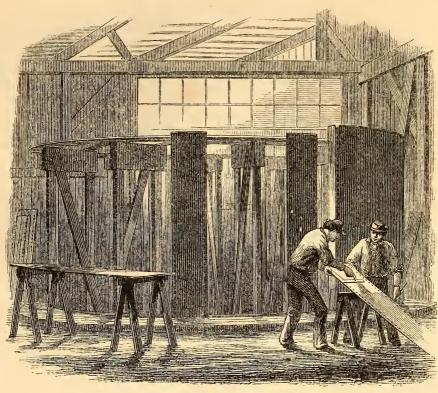


BENDING THE TURRET PLATES.

of course been numbered — "Plate 1, Course 1," and so on through the whole series, 242 for each turret, if we count correctly; so that, having been taken down, they can be readily set up on board the vessel itself in just the same order. On the vessel the turret rests upon a circular base of brass, which revolves upon a similar plate upon the deck, by means of a shaft worked by a steamengine.

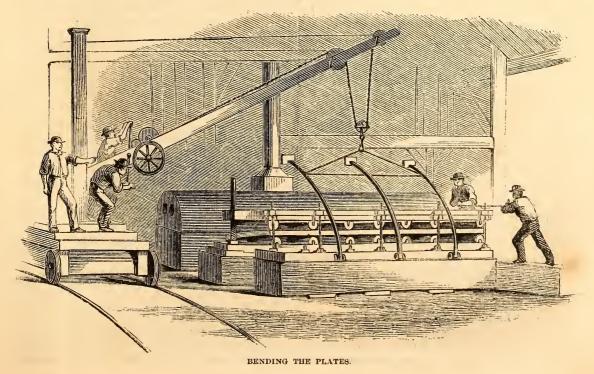
We are now told that the operation of bending the Roanoke plates is to begin. We cross to another shed, where we see a furnace about the size of a carpenter's

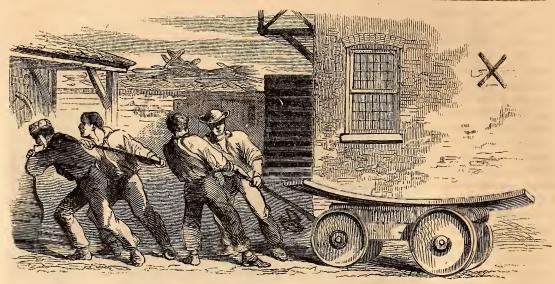
this lies the plate, resting upon its fiery bed; for these plates must be softened by heat, since we have not yet attained to machinery powerful enough to bend such a solid mass of iron when cold. A few yards distant is the press, which differs wholly from that which we saw bending the turret-plates. As no half-dozen of the ship-plates have precisely the same curve, it is necessary to have a pair of dies for each shape. To make so many separate dies would be a work of enormous labor and cost.



SETTING UP THE TURRET.

work-bench, with a movable iron cover. In | The necessity of this is obviated by a very simple contrivance. The bed, or lower die, consists of a series of large iron bars running across the width of the press. Each of these rests upon a stout screw at each end, by which it can be raised or lowered at will. A templet representing a model of a particular part of the ship's side is laid upon these bars, which are raised or lowered, at one end or both, until they exactly fit the model. The upper die, which is movable, is a heavy iron casting, with adjustable bars on its lower surface, like those on the top of the lower





TRUCKING PLATES.

die; this is let down, and the bars are adjusted to those of its mate, and then we have a mould for this particular plate. In this way any required curve can be given with a single pair of dies by adjusting the bars in the proper position. The plate, which has been for two hours in the furnace, has become thoroughly heated to a cherry red, in which state it is apparently almost as ductile as lead, and is ready for bending. A sort of three-fingered iron hand has been resting under it. A crane mounted on a truck moving upon rails is wheeled up, the chain attached to the hand, the plate withdrawn from the furnace, wheeled to the press, and swung between the The upper one, which has been raised a yard or so, is let go, and comes down with a rush, and the softened plate is bent nearly to the form of the dies at once. There are also a set of screws along the sides for tightening the dies where necessary. The foreman glances along the plate, and if any part has not come down the screws at the place are tightened by means of a wrench turned by two stalwart men; the perspiration, forced out by the heat from the glowing plate and their own exertions, streams from every pore; but slowly and surely the screws are tightened, and the plate is brought exactly to the required sweep. The whole operation of bending, after the plate has once been put in the press, hardly occupies five minutes. It is then swung out by the crane, and deposited upon a truck to be wheeled away and suffered to cool. Our plate is now finished, and will fit to its required place on the ship's side as closely as a coat made by the most accomplished master of the sartorial art.

We will now follow our plate to the Navyyard, in Brooklyn, where it is to be fitted to our ship, the *Roanoke*, which lies in the dry dock, waiting for us. On the way, however, we stop at the "Continental Works," to observe the process of building the new *Monitors*, for so we must designate them until they have received their appropriate names. There are three of them in different stages of construction; so that

we can take in at a glance the different processes of constructing the hulls of an iron vessel.

In our Magazine for April of the present year we described minutely the processes of building a wooden ship. All the preliminaries are the same for an iron vessel. The model, plans, and working drawings are made in precisely the same manner. But they are to be wrought out in iron instead of wood, which requires a great deviation in details. In place of large oaken "knees" and "futtocks," we have slender-looking "ribs" of iron; instead of thick planks for the "skin," we have iron plates of less than an inch in thickness. If we conceive an Indian canoe enlarged to the size of a man-of-war, we shall have an almost perfectly accurate idea of the hull of an iron vessel, as we see it in process of construction, bearing in mind only that the birch-bark sides and slender ashen supports are replaced by iron plates and ribs. These plates and ribs are riveted together in the most elaborate manner, and this constitutes the chief apparent work of building an iron hull. and ribs have been bent each to its exact shape, and the countless holes have been punched, every one being to a hair's-breadth in its appropriate place, before the pieces are brought to the stocks where they are to be built up. Upon each vessel are a hundred or two of workmen, seeming to cling like bees to its sides. Little portable furnaces at short intervals are heating the rivets, which boys are carrying around to the places where they are wanted. The riveter takes one of these, red-hot, and thrusts it through the hole; another workman, on the other side, holds a heavy iron bar against the end; the first workman, or, more likely, two of them-for the work must be done while the rivet is hot-hammers it home. A head is thus formed upon each side, and the rivet contracting in cooling binds the plates together, making a water-tight and air-tight joint. They have to work in almost every conceivable position; hammering upward, downward, and sideways. Sometimes we sec them flat upon their backs, like miners in narrow

seams of coal veins, striking upward. So plate by plate the hull is built up, from keel to deck. As we look upon her the first impression is one of extreme fragility. If we cut an egg-shell lengthwise through the centre, one half of it would present an appearance not unlike, in shape and the comparative thickness of structure, our iron hull, which is to float the defensive armor and aggressive turret of our new *Monitor*. In fact if it were to be exposed to a cannon-ball, it would be pierced as easily as an egg-shell would be by a pistol-bullet. But it is to be exposed to no such hazard. It is to be protected by a shield which, in a general way, we may consider impregnable.

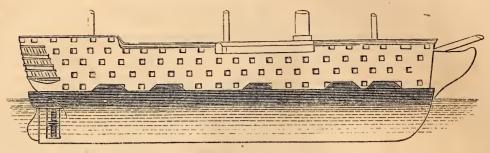
Whether any thickness of armor can be absolutely impregnable may be a matter of doubt. There is an old paradox of the schoolmen which runs in this form: "We can conceive of an irresistible force and also of an immovable body. Now suppose this irresistible force meets that immovable body what will be the result?" The answer is, that the irresistible force will be resisted, and the immovable body will be moved. A question not unlike this is presented to artillerists and naval constructors of our day: "Can a gun be constructed which will send a ball through any armor that can be made? and can an armor be constructed which will resist a ball from any possible gun?" Theoretically, we must answer both of these questions in the affirmative, and so give the paradox: "We can make armor which will resist any shot, and can make guns that will penetrate any armor." Practically—the vaunted English experiments of Sir William Armstrong to the contrary notwithstanding-we think the advantage lies on the side of the armor. We believe that our new Monitors will be, for all practical purposes, impregnable. We think the chances are a hundred to one that the turrets which we have described would not be injured by any gun yet constructed; and that if additional strength should be required to repel an additional projectile force, that the thickness of armor can be increased more easily than the projectile force. Theoretically, there is no limit to either. Practically, there is a limit to both; and this, we think, will be reached in the case of the cannon sooner than in that of the armor.

Let us now look at the means which were taken to render the hulls of our new Monitors impregnable. The thin shells which we have seen building are to be placed beyond the reach of the shot of the enemy, which would pierce them as if they were parchment. About five feet from the top of our hull an iron shelf, strongly braced, projects about four feet from the side. The width of this shelf is filled up first to the thickness of more than three feet with blocks of solid oak, all around the vessel. Outside of this solid mass of wood, braced with iron, are bolted the armor plates. It is yet a moot question whether a given thickness of iron possesses more resisting power if composed of one solid plate or of a series of thinner plates. Our Ro-

anoke armor, as we have seen, is of solid plates; that of the new Monitors is to be of a series of five plates, one over another, each an inch thick, or five inches in all. This armor-shelf, as we have seen, projects about four feet over the sides of the thin hull, which we have described. It is some five feet high. This hull and all but two feet of the armor-shelf is below the water when the vessel is afloat; consequently, no shot fired from an opposing vessel or battery can possibly reach the lower hull without first having penctrated the iron-plated armor timbers. "platform"-for this is the most convenient term by which to designate it-projects at the sides, as we have seen, about four fect beyond the proper hull; but at the bow and stern much more, in order to afford a like protection to the rudder, propeller, anchor, and capstan. projection at the stern is about ten feet, at the bow about sixteen. In the illustration which heads this article, the original Monitor, as she appeared out of water, is accurately given from a drawing "made to scale" at the "Continental Works." In the new Monitors—for so we must provisionally call them—some modifications in lines and proportions have been introduced, which we do not think proper to specify. only affect points of detail. The first Monitor was so thoroughly "thought out" by Mr. Ericsson that in all essential features the others are copies of her upon a larger scale, with increased powers of offense and defense—thicker armor, sharper lines, stronger turrets, and heavier armament.

We note in leaving the "Continental" that they are "putting up" the turrets. The process is the same as that which we saw at the "Novelty," with the exception that the plates are bent heated instead of cold; and so the powerful hydraulic press is dispensed with. A plate, after being brought to a red heat, is brought to a mould of the required curvature. One edge is fixed under a stationary clamp; a movable clamp is screwed down upon the other edge, and thus the plate is bent to the shape of the mould, the operation being aided by hammering down the plates with heavy wooden beetles. The rcsult is the same in both cases: the plates take the required form. Which mode is better is purely a question of economy and time. In the one case the work is done by costly machinery, without heating and by few men; in the other, by simple and inexpensive machinery, but with a larger force of workmen.

The description of the armament of these vessels—that is, of their offensive power—does not come properly within the scope of this paper. We merely say in passing that the revolving turret of Mr. Ericsson—one of the two most striking features of the *Monitor*—is designed simply as a means of always keeping an enemy before her guns; as they command the whole range of the horizon, no manœuvring can elude them. They can be pointed in an instant in any direction. The two guns are thus rendered equal in effective force to at least eight mounted on stationary carriages.



LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP CUT DOWN.

We now pass on to the Navy-yard, where our Roanoke is awaiting the arrival of the plate whose manufacture we have so patiently watched. She was once a double-decked frigate, the companion and counterpart of the ill-omened Merrimac; but has now been cut down, so that when afloat she will present a comparatively small surface to the fire of an enemy. The accompanying diagram will illustrate what we mean by "cutting down" a vessel. We do not think it advisable to give the exact lines of the Roa-Our diagram represents the hull of the English Royal Sovereign, 131 guns, as she was, and as she is to be when cut down to a "cupola battery" with five turrets. The light lines give her original appearance with her five rows of port-holes; the dark lines show her shape as cut down. A change something like this, only not so great, has been made in the appearance of our Roanoke. We may here note that Captain Coles of the English navy claims to be the inventor of the "cupolas" or "turrets," as applied to the protection of guns. His cupolas differ in form and construction from those of Mr. Ericsson, but the idea is the same. It is abundantly capable of proof that Mr. Ericsson proposed this mode long before Captain Coles broached it to the British Government; and while we are not justified in affirming that the Englishman borrowed it from the American, it is certain that the reverse was not the case. Not improbably the idea may have occurred to each, quite independently of the other. It is certain, however, that Captain Coles's project met with no favor

from his own Government until the success of the *Monitor* had demonstrated the value of the idea.

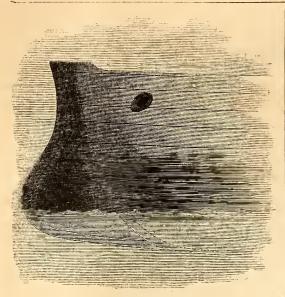
We now come to our Roanoke. She lies in the Dry-Dock, held up by blocks and shores, and surrounded by scaffoldings, upon which a small army of men are busily engaged. The plate is lowered to the scaffold by guys and blocks, after which it must be managed by handspikes, levers, and movable "rams;" for the sides and ends of

the ship below the water-line retire so rapidly that we can not get at them with cranes and pulleys. After infinite tugging the plate is lifted to its place. We find it fits exactly, and the holes in it come directly over those in the ship's side. The bolts are driven in; their heads fit tight into the "countersink," leaving a smooth surface outside; the nut is put on on the inside, and screwed up by a heavy wrench. So plate by plate, and course by course, the ship's sides, from some distance below the water-line, are armed in mail.

The bow is also to be furnished with a "ram." To construct this the forward plates, instead of terminating at the stem of the vessel, are allowed to project some feet beyond. At the extremity a solid piece of iron is placed between the plates projecting from the two sides, and the angular space between this and the proper bow of the ship is filled up with solid timber, all firmly bolted together. The accompanying diagram shows the form of the ram, the shape of the bow being indicated by faint lines. such a solid projection as this at the bow, our ship-provided it can get a chance-would crush in the sides of any wooden vessel at a blow. The Congress offered no more effectual resistance than an egg-shell to the rush of the Merrimac. To be sure the iron prow was, if we are rightly informed, broken off in the collision, seriously damaging the assailant, but this was owing to the faulty method of its construction. think no casualty of this sort possible in the case of the Roanoke.



SCREWING UP THE BOLTS.



THE RAM.

The bow offense being thus provided for, the stern defense must not be overlooked. At the stern are placed the screw, which forms her propelling power, and the rudder which directs her. A steamer crippled here becomes a helpless log upon the water. These are protected, as we have seen, in the *Monitors* by the projecting armor platform; in the Roanoke they are defended by an iron "hood," which looks very much like the shell of a huge turtle, bolted to the ship's side in such a manner that the screw can play freely. The deck must now be covered with iron plates of sufficient thickness to render it bomb-proof, and proof against a plunging fire from the guns of a fortress, and the top of the turrets likewise guarded by proper iron The vessel is now complete, as far as grating. her armature is concerned. She is in effect a floating iron fortress, impregnable, we believe, to any assault to which she will be exposed. Of her armament we do not now propose to The subject of cannon must be reserved for another paper.

We now propose to visit a vessel wholly different in plan and model, involving some peculiar principles. This is the "Stevens Battery," which has been for years in course of construction at Hoboken, in New Jersey, just across the Hudson River from New York. We must premise that grave doubts are entertained whether this vessel will meet the requirements demanded by the improvements in offensive warfare made since her plan was formed. But considering the large amount which has been already expended, and the still larger sums which will be required to complete her, we think it proper to present a somewhat minute description of her construction, and of the offensive and defensive qualities which it is claimed she will possess. For this we are wholly indebted to Mr. Watson, of whom we have previously made mention. He says:

It was a beautiful afternoon in June when we started on a visit to the Stevens Battery at Hoboken. Arriving at the yard we were conrecously received, and at once given

the required admission. So down through gardens edged with sweet-smelling box, through green lawns, we went to the coffer-dam, or dock, where she has been lying ever since 1854, now more than eight years. We passed over the narrow gang-plank which boards her, and found beneath our feet a long black massive hull of peculiar and ingenious form. She is a shot-proof vessel of war, capable of great speed and under extraordinary control, throwing a broadside of great weight. The Messrs, Robert L. and Edwin A. Stevens are the designers and inventors, and suggested her to the Government as long ago as 1841. There has, however, been but twenty months' work in all upon the battery. The hull is completed, with the exception of some of the deck's bulkheads and minor matters: the engines, propeller-shafting, blowing and pumping machinery, and boilers are finished and in place; the armor, the armament, the decks, the screw-propeller, and upper works are yet to be completed. The cost of the work done has been \$728,435, of which Congress appropriated \$500,000, the remainder having been advanced by the Messrs. Stevens. Subjoined are some of the details of the vessel:

#### THE HULL.

Length over all	420 feet.
Breadth over all	
Depth from upper or fighting deck	
Draft of water without coal or stores	
Draft of water with coal and stores.	
Fighting draft	22 feet 6 inches.

The vessel is an iron screw-steamer, constructed in the usual way of the best-selected plates, beams, and anglebars. Her lines are unusually sharp, resembling those of the fastest North River and ocean steamers. Unusual strength of hull is secured by longitudinal bulkheads, by a heavy box-keelson running from stem to stern, and by the shot-proof decks and continuous side armor.

#### THE ENGINES.

Number of screw-propellers	2
Number of engines	8
Diameter of cylinders	3 feet 9 inches.
Length of stroke	3 feet 6 inches.
Number of boilers	
Horse power	

The screws are under the quarters, or a little on one side of the after-end of the ship, and work independently; each being driven by four compact beam engines entirely below water. For the information of the mechanic we attach a few details which are necessarily technical, for which we hope the non-professional reader will spare us his displeasure. The valve-gear is the link motion adjusted by separate engines as in modern screw-steamers. The engine-frames, eight in number, are in effect cross arches connecting the bottom, sides, and main deck of the vessel: they are composed of wrought-iron plates formed into box-girders on the Britaunia Bridge principle. The strength, proportions, and workmanship of the engines are not excelled, it is believed, by any commercial or war steamer. The boilers are of the flue-tubular variety, as used in modern ocean steamboats and the best river steamboats.

## THE ARMOR.

The two leading principles of the vessel for protection from shot and shell are as follows: First. The vessel is settled two feet lower in the water in action, by letting water into compartments arranged to be emptied rapidly by powerful steam-pumps. This is done for the purpose of saving the weight and cost of two feet of the depth of the armor, which otherwise would be necessary; of allowing a flatter slops, and hence a greater resistance of the armor; of employing, to the greatest practical extent, the best known armor—that is, water; of giving the vessel greater speed while cruising, chasing, or retreating, by throwing overboard the weight of water in the tanks, or, in other words, by dispensing with this two feet of water protection; and of enabling her, for the same reason, to pass over bars into harbors which she could not otherwise reach.

Second. The use of inclined instead of vertical armor for the purpose of changing the direction instead of stopping the whole force of the enemy's projectiles. The side-armor consists of a triangular structure of locust timber extending outside the shell of the vessel from stem to

stern. Its lower slope is plated with iron 3½ inches thick to a depth of four feet below the fighting line. From the outer corner of this side protection the shot-proof casement or main armor proceeds, upward and inward, at an angle of one vertical to two horizontal, to a height of 28 feet from the bottom of the ship, and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet from the fighting line, where it is covered by a flat shot-proof deck. The main armor extends only over the engine's boilers, blowing and pumping machinery, that is 107 feet forward and 74 feet aft the centre. Its ends slope upward and inward at a similar angle, from the 21 feet deck, which is shot-proof, and which extends forward and aft the armor to the extreme bow and stern. The inclined armor, or casemate, is composed of 63 inches of iron plates, backed by 14 inches of locust timber, in which are imbedded six-inch wroughtiron girders two feet apart. The whole is lined with halfinch plate iron. It is supported by the engine frames, by heavy braces, and girders between the boilers, and by the frames and sides of the ship. The horizontal shot-proof decks are composed of 11 inches of iron plates, resting on 6-inch wrought-iron girders, filled in with locust timber and backed with half-inch iron plate

#### THE ARMAMENT.

This consists of five 15-inch guns, weighing 25 tons each and capable of throwing round shot of 425 pounds in weight, and two 10-inch rifled guns. The guns rest on wroughtiron shot-proof carriages, of which the recoil is taken up by India-rubber springs, the carriages are situated on top of the casemates, and are trained by steam-power by means of a shaft passing through the gun-deck to within the casemate. Each gun is loaded with celerity by being pointed to a hole in the deck protected by a shot-proof hood, below which is a steam-cylinder of which the piston-rod is the ramrod of the gun. All the machinery and men for working the guns are thus within the shot-proof armor. The guns are protected by a covering of wrought-iron armor in addition to their own immense thickness-sixteen and a half inches maximum—outside the bore.

### THE UPPER WORKS, ETC.

The twenty-one feet shot-proof deck, fore and aft the central armor or casemate, affords ample accommodation for men and officers. Above this deck, and flush with the twenty-eight feet gun-deck which forms the top of the casemate, is a light deck, extending at the sides of the casemate, and forward and aft from stem to stern. The entire twenty-eight feet, or gun-deck, is thus level (excepting the usual camber), and unincumbered over the whole vessel. Only the part of it that forms the top of the casemate is shot-proof. Above the twenty-eight feet deck are flying bulwarks to be turned down in time of action. The height of the bulwarks from the water at the load line will be thirteen and one half feet. The fourteen feet deck affords ample space for stores, etc., and for the salt-water tanks for settling the vessel to the fighting line. Below the fourteen feet deck, forward of the boilers, are the blowers and pumping-engines and coal-bunkers. Abaft the engines are coal-bunkers also. Capacity for coal, 1000 tons. The fresh-water for consumption on board will be condensed from the exhaust steam; besides which there will be fresh-water tanks. The vessel will be light-ed with gas made on board. The ventilation of the offi-cers' and men's quarters will be superior to that of ordinary vessels, as they will be entirely above water. In cruising and in action the entire vessel will be ventilated by the blowers. As the guns are in the open air, and the ship's company separated from them during action by a casemate, the deleterious effects of smoke and sound will be avoided. The ventilation by blowers, the freeing of the vessel from water in the manner proposed, and other operations new to the naval practice of the Government, have been successfully employed by Mr. Stevens for many years. The vessel will have two light masts for emergencies, but will not ordinarily carry sail.

# FIGHTING QUALITIES.

First. Iron armor 63 inches thick, backed with 14 inches of the most impenetrable wood, and standing at the acute angle of one in two to the line of fire-that is, one degree of inclination to two of height—is a vastly stronger protection than has ever been applied or found vulnerable by any experimenters at home or abroad. At the same time it is comparatively light, as its extent is reduced by confining it to the central part of the vessel, and by immersing the vessel to a deeper fighting draft. The parts of the vessel fore and aft the central casemate are also thoroughly protected by a horizontal deck, which is not only shotproof but one foot below the fighting water-line. water protection, as far as it can be judiciously employed, is at once the most perfect and cheapest armor.

Second. The side protection, extending from stem to stern, is intended to answer these four important purposes: 1st, Protection from projectiles; 2d, From disaster by collision; 3d, Increasing the immersed beam, and the consequent stability of the ship when fighting; and, lastly, adding in a very great degree to the horizontal and vertical strength and stiffness of the vessel.

Third. The immense power of the engines and the fine lines guarantee a much higher speed than has been attained by any sea-going war or commercial steamer. This vessel will have the entire horse-power of the Great Eastern with about one-third of her resistance, or twice the horse-power of any war-vessel. The sharpness of her lines is unprecedented in any government practice, and in any except the latest and most successful commercial practice.

Fourth. The ability of the vessel to turn rapidly round on her own centre, without making headway, by means of two screws, instead of occupying the time and making the circuit required by all other war-vessels, will give her remarkable and important facilities for manœuvring when in action. In connection with her great speed, it will enable her to overhaul one after another of the enemy's fleet within a very short time, to run close alongside an enemy, to present herself for action in the most effective position, to bring her broadside to bear in any direction, to turn round in narrow channels, and, when necessary, to retreat in any direction with facility.

Fifth. The employment of two entirely distinct means of propulsion-the two screws and their respective sets of engines-will enable her to be steered in case of accident to the rudder, and will afford just double the ordinary amount of security against breakage of machinery in

fighting or cruising.

Sixth. The employment of barbette guns, or on the top of the casemate instead of within it, gives all of the entire range of the horizon. Three guns can be fired at a time in line with the keel, forward or aft. By setting the guns—by a graduated index-plate within the casemate—so that they shall point at the proper relative angles, and then placing the vessel, either by turning her on her centre or by going ahead or astern, so that one gun bears upon the object to be hit, the fire of all the guns may be instantly concentrated upon that object without losing

time in training each gun.

Seventh. The use of the heaviest successful ordnance known not only makes the gun its own armor, but affords the following advantages in fighting the ship: The smashing effect of a single heavy projectile upon a single point on the enemy's sides is vastly greater than that of an equal weight of lighter projectiles. In close quarters—a position the vessel is by her speed and manageableness able to assume at option—the velocity of a projectile, that is, its effect, would in like proportion be increased without bringing a greater strain upon the gnn. It is believed that a 15-inch gun may carry an elongated projectile of half a ton weight. The smashing effect of such a missile would not only be greater than that of a lighter missile, but more destructive at a low than at a high velocity, according to the representation of military engineers. there is no casemate over the guns the enemy can not pour shot and shell into port-holes at close quarters; for the same reason the guns will not be limited to the few degrees of range permitted by the ports, but can sweep the horizon. The cost and weight of the casemates over the guns are dispensed with, and the seven guns thus arranged will be as formidable as a whole broadside arranged in the ordinary way; and with these remarks closes the description of this battery.



THE LIEUTENANT IN COSTUME.

# IN THE BUFFALO COUNTRY.

SOME years ago,\* Mr. George D. Brewerton, a lieutenant in the United States Army, gave an account of a portion of his journey across the continent from the Pacific shores to the "Settlements" in the States. The first of these papers narrated his "Ride with Kit Carson," from Los Angeles to Taos. The second article described the journey from Taos through New Mexico, across the Great American Desert, past Santa Fé to the Mora. The concluding paper, which was to describe the remainder of the journey, with the illustrative sketches, was for a while lost at the time of the fire which destroyed the establishment of the publishers of this Magazine. They have since been recovered; and the article is herewith presented. Although in point of time it relates to events which occurred some years ago, so little change has taken place in this region that it is as true to fact to-day as though now first written. The great physical features of the region remain unchanged. The same unpeopled expanse stretches before the traveler, and must be crossed in the same manner. How long this will continue to be the case no man can say. The project of a railway to the Pacific, which was then pronounced feasible, and sure of ultimate accomplishment, has been

\* Harper's Magazine for August, 1853, and April, 1854.

revived. When this is carried into effect, the voyager across the continent will meet with a very different class of experiences. Meanwhile, as a record worthy of preservation, we present our contributor's account of his transit through the Buffalo Region:

As Independence is the eastern, so may the Mora be considered the western prairie port of the great Santa Fé trail. It is here that the returning caravans make their final preparations for the trip, and catch their last glimpse of even Mexican civilization. The Mora is therefore, during the season of travel, a halting-place of no little importance, and presents at times, when visited by the busy traders, quite a lively appearance; indeed during the summer of 1848 there was scarcely a day which did not witness the arrival or departure from this camping-ground of a fleet of those prairie ships, the unwieldy Santa Fé wagons.

I have stated in my "Incidents of Travel in New Mexico," of which this article is a continuation, that I had determined to accompany one of the numerous parties then leaving for "the States." This caravan—for it may well be called so—was a large one, consisting of three trains, numbering upward of one hundred wagons in all. By thus uniting our people obtained a more per-

fect assurance of journeying unmolested through the hostile Indian range than if we had pursued our course in smaller numbers; for the Arabs of the plains—as the Comanches may not improperly be styled—seldom lack caution.

Our party was made up of one hundred teamsters, nearly all of whom were young Missourians. These, with sundry traders, travelers, and Mexican herdsmen (whose duty it was to keep watch and ward over an unruly drove of about five hundred loose cattle which were to follow in our wake to the frontiers), made up a force of one hundred and thirty men, the majority of whom were sturdy, athletic fellows, well armed with rifles, and though wanting discipline, very fair material for a "free fight" with a barricade of wagons between themselves and their enemies.

As it was at the Mora that I received my first impressions of the Great Prairies, it may not be improper, before entering upon a narration of our adventures while in the "Buffalo Country," to attempt a description of the peculiarities of this region which I was so soon to journey through.

Mere words are inadequate to picture forth the vast plains which are emphatically the "Great Prairies of the Far West." I am disposed to believe that the traveler feels this more fully in approaching them, as I did, from the westward than in the easier transition which is experienced in journeying toward them from the alternate hills and dales of the Missourian frontier, where the eye having no standard for comparison becomes familiarized to their peculiar formation, from the almost insensible change in the nature of the ground. But here—where their western

barriers, the Rocky Mountains, tower aloft like the gigantic coast of an inland sea; where majestic steeps, many of them snow-capped or robed in clouds, seem saying to the grassy waves which skirt their pine-clad bases, "So far shalt thou come, and at our feet shall thy green expanse be stayed"—it is here, I repeat, that the voyageur feels most fully that he is gazing upon an unfamiliar land, for the realization of which no previous experiences of travel could have prepared him.

Clothed in the verdant livery of spring, or decked in the more luxuriant robes of early summer, they present the appearance of a sea of grass and flowers, save where some stream, fed by the mountain snows, stretches across the landscape, marked by the trees which fringe its banks and rear their wall of foliage above the otherwise almost unbroken level. Nor does a comparison between the prairies and the ocean cease with the great extent of surface presented to the eye: motion seems added to increase the delusion; each passing breeze, as it sweeps over the long grasses, gives an undulation to its ridges which is enhanced and heightened by the rapid succession of light and gloom derived from the shadows of flying clouds.

"The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye,
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny rides."

Nor are these mighty wilds solitary or untenanted. The buffalo feed over them by thousands; the timid deer or graceful antelope meet the eye at every turn; and the Indian makes



THE PRAIRIE OCEAN.

them not only his hunting-ground but too frequently the theatre of scenes and conflicts the particulars of which but seldom reach the ears of the dwellers in our Atlantic cities.

There is a wild excitement, too, connected with the everyday life of the trapper and hunter in this section of the country which is almost incredible. So intense is it, in fact, that more than one young man, whose talents and fortune would have fitted him for the occupancy of a brilliant position in the world of civilization, has turned his back upon society and its refinements to endure the oftentimes fearful hardships of this adventurous career.

It is necessary to add to the foregoing observations upon the country a few explanatory remarks, which will enable the reader to understand somewhat of the interior economy and government of a Santa Fé trader's camp, as well as to give him an insight into the general routine of our prairie life. I have said that our caravan consisted of three trains. Now though these trains were for the time being united as a matter of mutual accommodation, it did not by any means follow that they lost their individuality; on the contrary, each train was still a little world of its own, being regulated by its particular laws and ruled by its special "wagon-master." This wagon-master is an all-important personage, whose authority is little less than that of a captain's upon shipboard; with this exception, perhaps, that Missourian teamsters are wild boys and hardly so obedient as a disciplined "Jack tar." The wagon-master is therefore a great believer in the force of moral suasion, and seldom resorts to knock-down personal arguments unless under circumstances of a highly aggravated character. It is part of his manifold duties to ride from point to point (for they are invariably mounted) during the progress of the train, as his presence may be required, to fix the camping-grounds, give the signals for halts and departures, and superintend the issuing of provisions.

Our everyday mode of life upon the road was very much as follows: The camp was awakened at daybreak; and breakfast being prepared and dispatched, the cry of "Catch up!" from the wagon-master's fire warned all hands to get ready for a start. Then ensues a scene of noise and confusion which baffles description—a contest between unruly oxen who won't be yoked, and their irritated drivers who are determined that they shall. At length all is ready; and at the command "Stretch out!" each wagon falls into its appointed place, and with a universal cracking of whips we begin our march.

The rate of travel is from two to three and a half miles an hour, and the distance driven varies, according to the proximity of water, from fifteen to forty miles per day. Having reached the camping-ground, the wagon-master decides upon the position of the "corral," which is immediately formed by driving the wagons into a circular or horse-shoe form, where the tongue of the leading wagon which enters in advance rests Indian favors in the way of shot and arrow

upon or near the inner hind-wheel of that which follows it, so that each wagon overlaps the other, and thus forms a continuous barricade, with the exception of an opening some twenty-five feet in width, left vacant to enable the cattle-guard, in case of an alarm, to drive in their charge. With a view to such contingencies the animals are usually herded in the vicinity of this avenue. which can be closed by means of wagon-chains coupled together and stretched across the entrance.

The unyoking completed, then begins the business of the camp. The cattle-guard is detailed and takes its post. The cooks of the various messes (which number about ten men in each, and take by turns the office of cook and purveyor-general to their fellows) are soon busily engaged in collecting wood, or, if in the buffalo range, the dried excrement of that animal for fuel; the fires are kindled, and ere long all hands devote themselves most assiduously to the bacon and hard bread. Now comes the fun and jollity of prairie life. The labors of the day are over, and a little "euchre" or "old sledge" amuse some, while others try hunting or fishing if there be facilities at hand; or, what is yet more fashionable, spread a blanket beneath the shadow of a wagon, and doze until the sinking of the sun. By nightfall you will find the men collected in little groups about their respective fires, where they crack their rough jokes and relate their personal adventures in the way of hair-breadth Indian encounters or unheard-of buffalo shooting, until the watchful stars, the silver time-piece of the prairies, have marked the midnight hour, and they drop off one by one to their beds, or rather blankets, beneath the open sky.

The first rays of a July morning sun had not yet gathered sufficient power to dispel the lowlying mists of the prairie when those magic words, "Catch up!" transformed our camp into a very Babel, which was only terminated as the cry of "All set!" announced our readiness to depart; and ere many minutes had elapsed the word was given to "Stretch out!" and our caravan unwound itself like a mighty serpent from its coils, and took the great Missouri trail, which lay before us like a faintly-penciled line toward the hazy horizon.

"Off at last!" was my mental exclamation as I lifted myself into the saddle; and as if to echo my thought, I heard a sun-browned teamster near me say to his companion, "Well, old hoss, we're bound for the States, sure as shootin'; and I'll allow that there ain't a man in this crowd that's better pleased to see the last of the Greasers' way of living than myself."

From the Mora we journeyed on for several days, passing the camping-grounds of Santa Clara Spring, Ocate, Colorado, and Punta del Piedras (Point of Rocks), without meeting with any adventure or incident of unusual interest. save an occasional meeting with an incoming train, whose travel-soiled wagons bore traces of

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rents, until our arrival at Rock Creek. While here encamped it was reported among our men that a conflict had just taken place between a band of Eutaw braves, who had left their mountain haunts for the purpose of hunting the buffalo upon the great prairies, and a war party of Comanches, whose commission is generally a roving one, their object being simply to commit the greatest amount of rascality in the shortest possible time.

As the story ran, it appears that the Eutaws had encamped for the night, leaving a large portion of their caballada grazing in the mouth of a cañon at a short distance from their fires, where their owners, secure in the watchfulness of those to whose care they had been confided, felt but little anxiety for their safety. the moon was rising the Comanches, numbering only sixteen warriors and two squaws, entered the other extremity of the cañon, and upon observing the horses, determined to gratify their cupidity, even at the risk of a difficulty with the Eutaws, who, in high good-humor from the successful termination of their hunt, were at that moment quietly seated beside their fires, peaceably enjoying themselves in their own fashion; which, in the present instance, signified squatting upon their haunches before the blaze and discussing their tobacco in blessed unconsciousness of the proximity of their new neighbors, or the unfriendly visit which they were contemplating.

The night passed quietly away; the smokers finished their pipes, and then lay down to sleep as men slumber after a weary march. The fires smouldered and died out, until their whitening ashes looked like ghostly shrouds as they lay bleaching in the moonlight, and the warriors on guard grew drowsy in their fancied security; when, just as the first dull glimmer of the coming day betokened the presence of the dawn, one shrill, wild whoop aroused our Eutaws to a sense of their danger, and with this Comanche reveille yet ringing in their ears, they sprang to their feet to behold their caballada flying before their captors up the steep defiles of the cañon, from the farther extremity of which the Comanches doubtless intended to gain the open prairie beyond: an expectation which was never destined to be realized, for though an Indian may be taken by surprise, he is seldom wanting either in expedients or quickness; and our Eutaw friends had lived too long in a bad neighborhood, and, it may be, stampeded too many caballadas themselves to be easily astonished, or to hesitate long upon their proper course of action.

Fortunately for the Eutaws they had a few of their best horses yet remaining to them, being those which, having been "hobbled" beside the fires of their respective owners, had consequently escaped the notice of the stampeders. To cut their bonds and fling themselves upon their backs was the work of a moment; and ere the Comanches had gained the centre of the defile with their ill-gotten booty the enraged Eutaws had overtaken them and were in their midst. It was now a hand-to-hand encounter, no quarter being asked

and none given. The Comanches did their best by throwing themselves upon the sides of their horses and practicing every artifice in which the art of Indian warfare is prolific; but though they battled desperately it was in vain, for the deathdealing arrows of their foes made fearful havoc. while their own random shots did no material harm. The contest was too unequal to be long sustained, and ere the morning mist had lifted itself from the broad expanse of the prairie, or the red sun struggled out from the eastern cloudbanks to light up this scene of savage strife, the victorious Eutaws were again reclining by their fires, where sixteen gory scalps, waving ghastly in the breeze from their lance heads, and two lamenting squaws, attested the prowess of the conquerors. Had these unlucky females been wise they would have unsexed themselves for the time, at least so far as to have held their tongues; but, sad to relate, their grief overcame their prudence, and induced them to "give their sorrow words" in open defiance of the expostulations of their captors, until at length an old chief seized a club and settled the matter by splitting the skulls of both.

When this story first reached us we were disposed to regard it as a somewhat more than doubtful legend; but the ensuing day was destined to prove its truth, for as we neared the place I rode forward in advance of the wagons, thus preceding their arrival by upward of a mile. Upon nearing the locality indicated I observed a flock of vultures, which hovered like ill-omened spirits above the spot, flapping their broad wings as they circled lazily in the polluted air. Guided by their flight, I put spurs to my horse and pressed onward until I halted amidst the very scene where the conflict had taken place.

As I mused and moralized my meditations were interrupted by the cracking of whips and the vociferations of impatient drivers which announced the arrival of our train; nor was it long after the corral had been formed before our excited teamsters, many of whom were young Missourians embarked for the first time upon a prairie trip, came running up, and expressed, in the opinion of our older frontiersmen, a great deal of unnecessary astonishment upon beholding the nearly fleshless skeletons which strewed the ravine. Among our drivers there were men of the true mountain stamp, who had traveled, and trapped, and "starved it" until their hearts had grown harder than their hands. Men who had been down to Chihuahua, and wern't skeared at a redskin dead or alive-no, they would "go under" if they were-old fellows who had roughed it until they made it a point to be surprised at nothing, so far as prairie life is concerned. These reprobates, after a careful search through the ravine, found one of the Comanche skulls which had been picked almost clean by the vultures and wolves; and having fastened this ghastly mark upon the end of a wiping stick, they put it up at sixty yards and commenced trying their rifles at one of the eyes, or rather at the hole where the eye ought to have been.

It was late in the morning of the ensuing day ere our wagons "rolled out" from "Graveyard Corral," as some of the old stagers chose to designate our halting-place, out of compliment to the unsuccessful horse-stealers. While awaiting the signal for departure I spent a half hour in looking up the skeletons of the unlucky squaws whose song of lamentation had been so abruptly terminated. After a careful search I finally found their bones beside the ash-heaps which marked the location of the Eutaws' deserted fires.

The next point of interest after leaving the scene of the Indian massacre was a hill-if an elevation of upward of a thousand feet can be so modestly styled-which rises abruptly from the surrounding plain between Rock and Rabbitear creeks. This hill is known as the "Round Mound"-a name derived from its circular, conelike top. It is visible in clear weather from a distance of many miles; and as the optical dclusion occasioned by the extreme rarity of the pure and transparent atmosphere of the Great Prairies continually deceives the beholder into the belief that much lesser clevations are close at hand when they are in reality some miles distant, it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for parties of two or three to detach themselves from the passing caravans for the purpose of visiting this remarkable locality. I, for one, have a painfully distinct recollection of the weariness with which my friend Mr. Danvar and myself dismounted to stretch ourselves upon the green sward at its base, after accomplishing the five instead of three miles which we had fondly imagined to lie between us and the object of our curiosity. How very unwilling we felt to undertake the ascent of the steep which we had so imprudently declared should be scaled, even to its top, before our return! But it wouldn't do to "back out;" it wouldn't do to be laughed at; and it wouldn't do to waste any farther time in the enjoyment of our luxurious So with heavy hearts and weary legs we proceeded to fasten our horses, and then commenced the journey upward. And "such a gettin' up," or, to speak more strictly, such a falling down, I never hope to see again. Thrice we halted upon the way and voted Round Mound a humbug, and our self-imposed excursion a most intolerable bore. Then Danvar would insist upon stopping to give vent to strong expressions; and yet another delay was due to a slip, which destroyed my equanimity and carried away the seat of a pair of buckskin pantaloons at one and the same moment. But "perseverance overcomes all obstacles;" and by dint of puffing, blowing, and mutual assistance, we gained our goal at last. But having once reached the summit, fatigue was all forgotten as the delighted eye took in the wide expanse; on every side, a vast extent, probably upward of one hundred miles of country, was presented to our view. If we had been disposed to linger at our restingplace below, we now felt strongly tempted to make a long stay upon the crest. The distant

into snowy specks upon a perfect sea of vegetation. The emerald huc of the verdure at our fect faded with increasing distance into bluer tints, which in their turn became gray and misty as they neared the hazy horizon.

As we still lingered, entranced by the grandeur of so novel a scene, I was but too harshly recalled to a sense of this world's stern realities by an exclamation from Danvar.

"Hang it, there go our animals, or a pair that look amazingly like them! The sooner we get down again the better. I would not lose my buffalo horse before we get to Lost Spring for Madam Jules's bank."

My friend was off in double-quick time, and as I felt a great degree of interest in "Bucephalus," in whose come-back-again qualities, in case of a stampede, I had not the slightest confidence, I followed suit with all possible speed.

Upon "comparing notes" at the bottom of the hill, where I found Danvar rubbing his shins and groaning dismally meanwhile, we made the pleasant discovery that our apprehensions had been realized, and that our horses, tired of waiting, had pulled up their picket pins and stampeded. Luckily for us they made their way back to the train.

Two or three days after our Round Mountain adventure I had my first experience in Buffalo-It was a sultry day—the very hottest which we had experienced since our departure from the Mora. Remember, too, that a hot day in this locality is no trifling affair; for the "Santa Fé Trail" can sometimes, in the absence of that grateful breeze which usually sweeps these plains with the regularity of the Pacific trades, produce a specimen of warm weather which would do no discredit to the equator itself. The heated air appeared every where rising from the burning ground—the very oxen seemed an exponent of the enervating weather, as they lolled out their froth-specked tongues and panted wearily as they stretched themselves upon the grass. We had been encamped a full hour, and were now in that lazy. slumbersome condition which seemed to fall upon our people as regularly as the afternoon set in. I had ensconced myself under a wagon, where I had made up my mind to remain and "take it coolly" until sundown. But who shall declare what an hour may bring forth, or where is the future more uncertain than upon the great prairies? I, in the innocence of my heart, was planning a quiet nap and the peaceful enjoyment of a cigar, when the cry of "Buffalo! buffalo!" resounded through the camp, and all hands, or perhaps I should say the "youngsters," turned out accordingly.

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THE FIRST BUFFALO.

glance at the flying beast was enough for my enthusiastic self. I took the "buffalo fever" at once in its severest form, had my gun ready in the twinkling of an eye, and in less time than it takes to write it had sallied forth; and too impatient to await the saddling of my horse, had started off on foot, quite regardless of the "old stagers," who gave vent to their feelings in a subdued but expressive smile as they beheld my hot pursuit. It was, as I have said, an intensely hot day, and I half believe that the rascally old bull was amusing himself at my expense, by enjoying my vexation as I hurried breathlessly after him through the coarse grasses of the prairie.

After running the buffalo for upward of two miles, in accomplishing which he had repeatedly allowed me to get almost within gun-shot ere he would gallop teasingly away, I found myself, in sporting phrase, "very much done up," and was about to abandon the enterprise in despair, when, to my great joy, the old fellow crossed a ridge, which not only served to screen me from his sight, but even furnished a cover behind which I could advance unseen. Having got within killing distance—which I did by crawling upon my hands and knees to the summit of "the rise"-I lay concealed until the movements of the animal should expose the proper spot at which to aim; that is to say, low down and directly behind the fore-shoulder; for if hit elsewhere the buffalo, who is exceedingly tenacious of life, will generally manage to make his escape, even though his wounds should ultimately prove mortal. Upon the discharge of my musket the bull snorted and jumped aside, but otherwise seemed but little discomposed. I then reloaded, and with a more deliberate aim fired a second time, but apparently with no better success. Somewhat piqued by my previous failures, I rammed home a cartridge, and was advancing for a third time, when I observed the animal to be lying upon the ground, where he was tossing his head and tearing up the earth about him with his short but dangerous horns. Fully satisfied that he was now completely within my power—for I had been told that the buffalo, under such circumstances, never lies down unless he has received a fatal wound-and elated by the prospect of securing him, I was so imprudent as to show myself to the infuriated beast. A moment's reflection would have proved to me the danger of this act; but in the present instance the reflection was an afterthought, and came too late. For, as if my presence had inspired new vigor into his wounded frame, the huge creature sprang to his feet,

and with something between a groan and a deep bellow, which to my excited ears sounded more like the first puff of a high-pressure engine, came dashing madly toward the spot on which I stood. There was no time to be lost. To retreat seemed impossible, and no shelter was at hand; so, with a hasty determination to stand still in ' tracks," and trust my safety to the chances of a final shot, I drew up my piece, with an inward prayer to the old gun, as I raised her to my shoulder, to "shoot centre now or never." There was a flash, a thin wreath of sulphurous smoke floated idly up on the summer air as the report of my

musket resounded along the prairie.

I looked toward the buffalo. The huge beast hesitated as though he had felt the ball; then bounded forward, stumbled, advanced again; once more staggered and once more recovered himself; and then, just as I almost seemed to feel his hot breath upon my check, the creature fell headlong and rolled heavily at my feet, while the life-blood, welling from his wounds, ensanguined the grass on which he lay. As I subsequently discovered, my shots had all taken effect; and the last ball, to which I owed my safety, had struck him behind the fore-shoulder and had gone quartering back: thus ranging directly through the vitals. With all these hurts it was wonderful that the animal had not gone down at once.

If my first attempt to approach the wounded buffalo had been too hasty, my present advance was conducted with consummate care. after the exhibition of temper with which I had already been favored, I really felt delicate about intruding myself upon so irritable a beast. I retired accordingly to the skeleton of a deceased specimen of the same species that lay conveniently near, and there held myself in readiness to take my departure at a moment's warning, while I amused myself by throwing every avail-

able bone-concluding with the skull-at the ponderous brute which I had brought down. Finding him unmoved by these insults I made bold to approach the body, and having satisfied myself by numerous tests that the "vital spark" was actually extinct, I took courage, drew forth my bowie-knife, and proceeded to butcher my first buffalo. To do all things properly and in order I rolled up my sleeves, and having determined to take off the hide, which, with its recent ball-holes, would be an undeniable proof of my prowess in the chase, commenced the After making the preparatory incisions in a scientific manner, I began to strip off the skin, and for a whole half hour labored vigorously at the task, pulling, slashing, and hacking, right and left, at the huge carcass, with an occasional comment, "not loud but deep," upon the toughness of the beast, until I blunted the knife, lost my temper, and finally sat down to relieve myself by anathematizing the whole affair.

My situation may be briefly summed up thus: It was a broiling day, the perspiration oozed freely from every pore; the camp was some two miles distant; and I, in melting mood, was stretched alongside the stiffening buffalo, which I had killed but was unable to cut up. short, I was exactly in the position of the gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle: it was a large elephant, a fine elephant, and all things considered a very cheap elephant at the price; but for all that the lucky man didn't know what to do with him. So, finally, I determined that, as the hide was not to be got off, I would content myself with the tongue, which I hoped to get out of its head somehow in the course of an hour or two. Falling to work again, I ultimately succeeded in getting out the lingual member. To this trophy I added the tail, which I cut off as an additional evidence that I had positively slain a buffalo. Shall I tell the precise time that I took to boil that old bull's tongue to an edible state of tenderness, and how we at length concurred in the judgment of Nigger Bill, who gave it as his professional opinion "dat if Massa Leftenant boil dat tongue till de end ob de world de debble himself would nebber be able to eat him;" or shall I chronicle the sly allusions to the tale of the "Lieutenant's buffalo?" On the whole, I don't think that I shall.

As we neared the valley of the Cimarron we found the soil growing much more sandy—a circumstance which added greatly to the labors of our panting cattle, who were frequently halted to breathe as they pulled the huge wagons over the heavy roads which we were now traversing. Our supply of water, too, except when encamped at the Springs (of which Middle, Upper, and Cold Springs are the principal), was of the scantiest; for, although our trail lay close beside the Cimarron, the name of river can only be given to it during the dry season by courtesy, and not, if water be necessary to the existence of a river, as its due. Indeed the Cimarron, which takes its name from the great numbers of Rocky Mountain sheep, or "Big Horn," found about its head wa-

ters (Cimarron being the Mexican appellation for that animal), is, during the mid-summer heats, nothing more than a bed of sand, with an occasional pool or buffalo wallow; for that animal frequently spends the hottest portion of the day in these natural bath-tubs—a fact which adds nothing to the purity or sweetness of their waters, as our parched lips could but too often testify. Water of an inferior quality can, however, be generally procured by digging for it in the sand banks, where the river sometimes is. It was in traversing this, the most arid section of the Santa Fé trail, that the early traders experienced their greatest difficulties.

It was in the vicinity of the Cimarron that I witnessed, for the first time, one of those terrific prairie thunder-storms which are nowhere more terrible than in this particular locality. We were encamped upon a dead level; for fifty miles on either side of our corral there was probably no elevation higher than our own wagon bodies; we had not even the satisfaction of knowing that a neighboring tree might attract the electric fluid more readily than ourselves; and in this exposed situation we bore the brunt of a battle between conflicting armies of opposing clouds, which, I verily believe, approached more closely to the earth than clouds ever did before or ever will again. Yet, after all, there was something glorious in their conflict. I have seen the war of elements upon the great deep, where the hoarse murmur of an angry sea was added to the storm; I have heard the thunder ring and crash among the defiles of a Rocky Mountain gorge; but never have I experienced so fully the sense of a personal manevolence (so to speak) in the gathering and onset of a tempest as I did in this instance.

The day had been an unusually sultry one; and knowing that I should be called at midnight to take my tour of camp-guard duty (a service from which not even the wagon-master himself was exempt), I had retired to my blanket at an early hour, and there slumbered deeply until a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and a hoarse voice in my ear, saying, "It's twelve o'clock, Sir!" recalled me to the realities of this everyday world. Now there is nothing particularly pleasant in being aroused at midnight, or in being requested at that "witching hour" to leave your blanket and your dreams, your bed of prairie grass and your castles in the air-and all for the delights of a two hours' watch, with, it may be, a reasonable prospect of playing target to some prowling Indian before you are relieved. But although these matters were something of an old story to myself, I felt on this occasion a sensation of discomfort and a vague apprehension, or what some people call a presentiment, of impending evil, which I was at a loss to account for, and equally unable to overcome. But the guard duty had to be done at all events; so, under the influence of this latter conclusion, I groped my way, rifle in hand, to the half-extinguished fire, beside which the companion of my watch was already standing. After some little conversation, he remarked,



STORM ON THE PLAINS.

"We are going to have a rough night of it, Lieutenant.'

"Why so?" I asked.

"I have crossed these plains seven times," was the reply, "and never before have I felt the air so hot and stifling. We shall see a prairie storm, and no common one at that, before our guard is ended."

I had barely time to remark the almost suffocating closeness of the atmosphere when a low, muttering sound seemed to verify his words; while the plaintive moan of the fitful night-wind, as it swept gustily along, seemed more like the wail of some restless spirit than the sighing of a mid-summer's breeze. Half an hour might have passed away, when, as I stood leaning upon my rifle indulging in the sombre fancies suggested by the deepening gloom, I was startled by a sharp, sudden flash of the most vivid lightning I ever remember to have seen. For a moment our corrals and the surrounding prairie were brought out with a distinctness that rendered even the most minute objects clearly visible; and then, as they relapsed into a blackness which, by comparison, appeared even darker than before, one tremendous peal, the signal-gun of the advancing storm, rent the air, making the very earth tremble beneath the shock. This was succeeded by a brief interval of repose, whose silence seemed, if possible, more terrible than the previous uproar; and then the thunder burst forth with redoubled violence, not in that low, grumbling tone which we are wont to hear when it wakes the echoes of some far mountain side, but with sound like that," was the quiet reply.

a force and energy that made us fain to bow our heads and cower before the gale as if Azrael himself had ridden upon the blast. And thus for two mortal hours did the tempest rage and the wild wind continue to do its work; while the rain, accompanied by hail, came down in torrents, saturating the thirsty earth until even the parched prairie could contain no more, and its overflowing waters gathered in great pools upon our camping-ground, in which we, the soaked camp guard, having arrived at that highly satisfactory hydropathic state in which one can be no wetter, stood at length with a proud consciousness that the water, so far as ourselves personally were concerned, had done its worst.

But the incidents of this eventful night were not yet ended. Though the fury of the storm was past, we were destined to witness a new and scarcely less exciting spectacle. By the now increasing light I had observed my companion bending his ear toward the earth as though he had caught some sound which he wished to hear more perfectly; and ere the lips could form the words to put a question, my own ear remarked a faint continuous rumbling which, though hardly perceivable at first, grew more and more distinct as it came swelling up from the southwest. As it continued to increase I asked, "What can . that mean? It is certainly not the storm, for that is breaking; besides, the noise is too continuous, and evidently comes nearer.'

"I know it is not the storm, for neither wind nor the muttering of distant thunder gives out a "You don't mean to say that it's the trampling of the horses of a band of Indians, do you? This is no time for even a Comanche to be abroad, and neither gunpowder nor bow-strings would do their work properly to-night."

"Never mind what it is, Lieutenant, we can do no manner of good here; and if it is what I think, a thousand men would no more stay their progress than one of Jake Hawkins's rifles could fail to shoot centre in a mountain man's hands."

By this time we had reached the mouth of the corral, where my companion examined the fast-ening of the chain which secured its entrance, muttering, as he did so, "It ain't no use; iron won't stop them if they head this way."

The tempest, as I have already remarked, had abated; and as if to light up the strange, and, withal, somewhat fearful sight which we were about to witness, the stars began to struggle out from the fast-dissolving cloud-banks. Glancing in the direction from whence the first alarm had come, I had no longer any need to ask its meaning; for I beheld, toward the southwest, a dark mass of diving creatures advancing across the prairie with the rapidity of a horse at speed, but so compactly, and with so uniform a movement, that but for the trampling of the myriads of hoofs, which seemed to shake the very ground on which we stood, I should hardly have supposed, by that uncertain light, that a countless herd of buffalo were stampeding before the storm;\* but so it was, and fortunately for us their leaders took a course which brought this tremendous drove within some ten or fifteen yards of our encampment instead of dashing them against our wagons. Had they done otherwise, the trepidation which our presence would have excited among the foremost could have been of no avail, as the weight of the frightened mass, who were pressing close upon their rear, would inevitably have forced them forward, and brought the herd, willing or unwilling, into contact with our corrals. For nearly an hour the buffaloes continued to pass by. I have no words to do justice to the scene. I must therefore leave it to the imagination of the reader to fill up the details of so unusual a spectacle. Let him fancy the uproar of their deep bellowings-the shock of their heavy hoofs—the wild night—the recently storm-swept prairie—the starlit sky, with its hurrying clouds-and, lastly, the certainty of their doing us a mischief should they change their course-and I think that he will agree with me when I say that, taking it all in all, the romance of the thing being duly considered, I have but little liking for such midnight cattleshows, and should much prefer to take their singularity for granted than to witness it personally for the second time.

Between the Cimarron and the crossing of the Arkansas lies a long arid stretch or journada; and as no water is to be found upon the trail, it becomes necessary to prepare the caravan previously to its setting out for encountering the difficulties of what, in prairie parlance, is usually termed a "water-scrape." With a view to such contingencies each wagon is, when properly equipped, provided with a five-gallon waterkeg, which is, or ought to be, filled just before starting. In the present instance, as the pull would be a heavy one and the day was excessively hot, the wagon-masters determined to make the greater part of the distance by moonlight, or starlight if no moonshine could be had. We did not therefore leave camp until early in the afternoon, when, in compliance with the order to "stretch out," I once more mounted Bucephalus and jogged soberly along, meeting for days with no special incident.

The first rays of the morning sun were glittering upon the broad bosom of the shallow Arkansas as our leading wagons entered the stream. It was a pleasant sight to gaze upon withal, for here at last was something tangible. I stood at length upon the banks of a tributary to the "Great Father of Waters;" and as the pleased eye beheld the gliding of its tide, I almost fancied myself in a civilized land, when-just my luck-down comes Bucephalus, who banishes my day-dreams with a vengeance by precipitating me neck and heels into the very waters which I had been so gladly contemplating. had been brought down from my high horse in more respects than one, and gained the opposite bank in a very matter-of-fact mood, where, with teeth chattering in my head, I straightway fell to moralizing upon the uncertainty of stumbling horses, and the vanity of building castles in the

It was therefore with no slight degree of gratification that I heard our "wagon-master" direct his teamsters to "drive up and corral;" which being done, I managed to secure a blanket, and, having shrouded myself therein, notified "Nigga Bill," our man of all work, that he would, at his own personal peril, permit any man to disturb my slumbers, unless, indeed, the Comanches should make an inroad into the camp, and not even then if he could help it. I am inclined to believe that my nap that morning would have astonished the "Seven Sleepers" had those worthy gentlemen been present and wakeful enough to have appreciated my performances. Be this as it may, I slept like a dormouse in winter-quarters until the full vigor of the mid-day sun convinced me that my covering was somewhat of the warmest; whereupon I went through the usual preparatory formula of yawnings, extension movements, and other matters of that sort, and then -awoke outright.

As I raised myself into a sitting posture upon my blanket my ear was attracted by a gradually increasing sound which soon resolved itself into the roll of an approaching train, and ere long the snowy tops of some sixty-odd heavy mule-

<sup>\*</sup> It is no uncommon thing for not only buffalo, but even the caballadas of the traders, to "stampede," or fly before the heavy gales which sweep the bosom of the Great Prairies. This is particularly the case when, at times, these tempests are accompanied by hail, to escape which the buffalo, when in a wooded country, invariably make for the timbers, even though it should be far distant from their feeding-ground.



FORDING THE ARKANSAS.

wagons made their appearance above the ridge, through whose undulations lay the road which we had yet to travel.

Having halted their caravan, the strangers next proceeded to make camp in our vicinity: but as a meeting with a train had been an event of almost daily occurrence since our departure from the Mora, I felt no particular interest in regard to the new-comers until some time after they had "corraled;" when one of our party, who had "been visiting," informed me that these wagons were, for the most part, owned by that singularly enterprising Santa Fé trader, Aubrey, who was then accompanying them.

Now as "Little Aubrey" had become almost as familiar an appellation among Western men as a Jake Hawkins's rifle, I determined to go over and pay my respects forthwith. So, after making a hasty toilet in true prairie style—which is much like that of a Newfoundland dog, by giving yourself a succession of shakes-I took my rifle (always a wise precaution upon the Plains) and started for the fires of our new neighbors. Upon reaching their corral I found Aubrey, with a few of his friends, seated upon the ground, where they were encircling a gaudy serapa, which had just been stretched out as a diningtable for the traders. Having been introduced to Aubrey, who invited me to join their party, and "take prairie fare, if I could eat fat cow," I made myself perfectly at home by sitting down forthwith and securing a fair share of "elbowroom," while black Juba, Aubrey's sable valet, supplied me with the instruments for the coming onslaught upon the cookery.

The dinner equipage was of the plainest, being nothing more than a three-legged iron pot, while to each guest was allotted a tin cup, a pewter soup-plate, and accessories to match. In this latter respect, however, the demand upon black Juba was slight, as most of the gentlemen brought their own tools with them. You may talk about your venison and your South Down mutton, but let me assure you that when our host's black boy opened that same three-legged iron pot, with a flourish which would have done honor to the best-drilled waiter of a fashionable hotel, I would not have exchanged the savory smell—to say nothing of the substance of that buffalo-stew-for all your nick-nacks. In mountain parlance "Buffler meat ain't bad, 'specially fat cow, and hump-ribs at that-well, it ain't."

We cleared our dishes till black Jake fell into a profuse perspiration, and exhausted nature could achieve no more; and then sunk back upon our blankets to enjoy our brandy-and-water (for few men are teetotalers if they can help it when west of the Council Grove), and watch the airy smoke-wreaths as they went circling upward from some of the very best cigars which had crossed my lip since our departure from Los Angeles.

"Little Aubrey," like my friend Kit Carson—whose portrait, as he appeared when I knew him, is herewith given—is (alas that I should now say was) a man of medium stature and slender proportions, with keen eyes, iron nerve, great resolution, and indomitable perseverance. As a Western pioneer he has done much which would be well worthy of mention, but I shall re-



late but one of his adventurous feats—his astonishing ride from Santa Fé to Independence, in Missouri, a distance of 780 miles, which he accomplished during the early summer of 1848, in the incredibly short period of less that eight successive days. The circumstances are as follows:

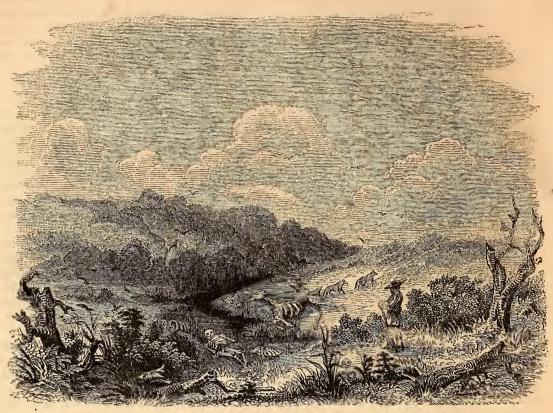
Aubrey had come out, early in the spring of 1848, with a large amount of goods to Santa Fé. As the American troops were then in possession of the country, our merchants, relieved from the interference of those unscrupulous plunderers, the Mexican custom-house officers, found increased competition but greater facilities for their trade. Business was therefore "looking up," and Aubrey found no difficulty in getting rid of his stock, at an advance which netted him, as stated, over 100 per cent. upon his original investment. Knowing the favorable state of the market, and the description of merchandise best suited to its wants, our trader determined to attempt a hitherto unheard of enterprise, by making a second trip to St. Louis, and bringing out another stock before the cold weather should embarrass the communication between Santa Fé and the Settlements. To accomplish this

erse the whole Santa Fé trail, most of which is dangerous on account of Indians. Having laid his plans and announced his scheme, Aubrey then undertook to convince his unbelieving friends, by offering to wager a considerable sum that he would come in within his time. Now as a bet, particularly with the "money up," seldom goes a begging in New Mexico, it was not long ere some confident individual expressed his willingness to "size" Aubrey's "pile;" and as one wager bcgets another, the subject became a fashionable point to differ upon, and many were the boots, and numerous the hats, to say nothing of the "tens" and "twenties" which were hazarded upon Aubrey's "intentions." At length all was ready, and the trader, with a few companions and a small but carefully-sclected caballada, set out upon their They rode hard, but the leader outstripped his men, and by the time that Aubrey had reached the "Crossing of the Arkansas," which is generally considered about half-way, he found himself, with his last horse given out, alone, and on foot. Nothing daunted, however, he pushed on, and reached Mann's Fort, some 15 or 20 miles from the ford. Here he procured a remount, and then, without waiting to rest, or scarcely to break his fast, he departed and once more took the trail. Near Pawnee Fork he was pursued, and had a narrow escape from a party of Indians, who followed him to the creek; but finally he entered the village of

Independence within less than the time which he himself had specified. It is said that, upon being assisted from the saddle, it was found to be stained with his blood.

Upon the day following the passage of the Arkansas we halted near Mann's Fort, a little government post, or half-way dépôt, then garrisoned by a handful of volunteers, who drank corn whisky, consumed Uncle Sam's bacon and hard tack, drew their pay with undeviating regularity, and otherwise wore out their lives in the service of their country. In the mean time these doughty warriors dispelled their ennui by chasing buffalo, or sallying forth to scout up and down, with a general understanding that they were to quarrel with the Comanches if they could catch them—a combination of circumstances which, as it requires two parties to make a bargain, occurred but seldom.

the market, and the description of merchandise best suited to its wants, our trader determined to attempt a hitherto unheard of enterprise, by making a second trip to St. Louis, and bringing out another stock before the cold weather should embarrass the communication between Santa Fé and the Settlements. To accomplish this Aubrey allowed himself but eight days to trav-



A PRAIRIE SCENE.

night—an event which obliged him to leave his wagons, which, as I have understood, were afterward discovered and burned by the savages. Since then it has "become fashionable" with the idle teamsters, while encamped near the spot, to amuse themselves by arranging and rearranging these disjointed bones into separate heaps. When I last saw them the leg-bones were laid in rows, having been placed with great regularity, while the skulls formed a ghastly circle upon the ground.

It was late in the afternoon of a sultry day in August when we encamped upon the borders of a stream known as the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas. When we reached it its waters were at their lowest stage, being scarcely knee-deep at the ford; but our wagon-master concluded not to cross until the ensuing day-a rather unwise procedure in frontier traveling, where the most approved rule is, "Pass a river while you can." In this instance our departure from so prudent a maxim was bitterly regretted by all who felt any anxiety to reach the Settlements. For though the sun set brightly, the deepening twilight brought freshening winds and gloomy clouds, the forerunners of a storm, whose pouring torrents drenched us to the skin, and threatened our devoted camp with a renewal of the deluge upon a small scale. Nor was it until high noon of the following day that the sun peeped out from his misty wrappings to dry our wagon-covers and promise a cessation of the rain. But alas! for our future prospects, the modest stream of yesterday was now a full-grown river, white with eddying bubbles, and so swollen with its new-born importance that it went

roaring and blustering along, tossing the drift-wood hither and thither, picking noisy quarrels with the gnarled roots of venerable trees, and altogether comporting itself like a mad, head-strong brawler of a torrent as it was. As any attempt to cross it in its then agitated condition was a thing not to be thought of, we resigned ourselves to our ill-fortune with what philosophy we might, and, having located a water-mark, retired to our camp to wait until "something should turn up," or, which would be equally satisfactory under the circumstances, till the waters should go down.

As we would be stationary for that day at least, I tried to while away the time by taking my gun and sallying forth with the hope of killing something which might diversify the monotony of bacon and hard bread. With this praiseworthy desire I walked down the river, following the windings of the stream until having gained a sufficient offing from our fires, when I left it abruptly, intending to make a considerable detour, and then return to the water at some point yet lower down. So far as game was concerned, this tramp of mine proved any thing but a successful one; for, save a prowling wolf and a dismal-featured owl, I regained the river without encountering any thing which would justify the expenditure of a cartridge. Upon once more nearing its banks I remarked a strong and almost overpowering stench, which grew more terrible as I advanced. Curious to discover the cause I pushed on, the expostulations of my olfactories to the contrary notwithstanding, and found the swollen stream to be literally filled with the bloated and putrid carcasses of decay-



PAINTED TREES.

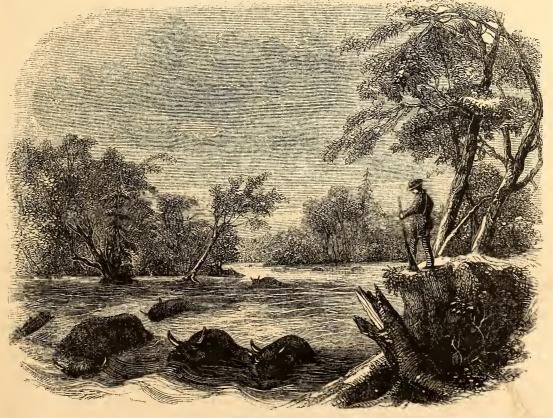
ing buffalo. They had been driven, most probably, by Indians into the swampy lands adjoining this portion of the Fork, where they had mired down by hundreds

It was truly a revolting spectacle, and I soon felt anxious to escape from the dreadfully sickening air; so turning my back upon the tainted stream, I followed, as nearly as the denseness of the undergrowth would permit, the general direction of the river, until I caught sight of our white wagon-covers, and once more regained the camp. Before doing so, while passing a thicket in the river-bottom, I found a little grove of trees, the trunks of which had been partially

barked and rudely painted with Indian hieroglyphics, the interpretation whereof was doubtless best known to their authors-at all events, I didn't care, after my recent adventure upon the Arkansas, to spend much time in deciphering them, the more so as it was by no means improbable that their authors might drop in unexpectedly to interfere with my studies. At our "Water Camp," as we called this enforced haltingplace, we were doomed to spend the two succeeding days; and then—the waters having receded sufficiently to permit of our departure—we went on our way rejoicing, determined that henceforth our camp should be upon the right side of a creek, and, if possible, a little beyond it.

And now, as we have accomplished more than half our journey, it may not be out of place to introduce at this point of our narrative such brief remarks as the limits of an article will permit upon the general features, climate, and animal life of the Great Prairies.

The most fertile district of the plains lies east of the Diamond Spring. The soil is here better adapted to cultivation, the grasses more luxuriant, and the flowers of a gayer dye than upon any other portion of the trail. There is also a marked difference in the quality of the timber that fringes the streams or unites to form the beautiful groves which charm the eye of the voyageur as he approaches the waters of the Missouri, and that which is found between Diamond Spring and the settlements of New Mexico. Indeed as the cotton-wood is almost the only tree which is met with until you reach Council Grove,



DEAD BUFFALOES.

and not even that unless upon the banks of some never-failing river, where it is protected from the fires which sweep annually the surrounding country, the traveler is necessarily obliged to depend for his fuel upon the dried buffalo dung, which furnishes an excellent substitute for wood for all culinary purposes. As regards the supply of water (putting its quality out of the question, for of that I can say but little which is favorable), the traveler will never be put to serious inconvenience-except, perhaps, upon the Cimarron, or between that river and the crossing of the Arkansas. Indeed, in our own case, we suffered more from a superabundance than a scarcity.

The climate of the "Great Prairies" is excellent. I never enjoyed better health than while traversing them; and I would cordially recommend any person who is suffering from dyspepsia or a tendency to consumption to pack up his traps, take leave of the doctor, and "throw physic to the dogs," or out of the window if he prefers it, and then, with a good horse and one of Sharpe's patent rifles, a bowie-knife, and a Colt's six-shooter, let him "make a break" and go Westward to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains; and, believe me, if living in the open air, rough fare, and rougher exercise—and, above all, the pure atmosphere of this elevated region -do not work wonders and effect a cure the case must be an uncommon one and bad indeed.

Among the numerous animals who find their homes or feeding-grounds in this remote region, we may enumerate the following: The buffalo; elk; antelope; mustang, or wild horse; prairie wolf, or coyote (canis lutrans); the large gray wolf; and, in the vicinity of timber, the black bear; while least, but seldom last upon the list, the little "prairie dog" claims his share of attention.

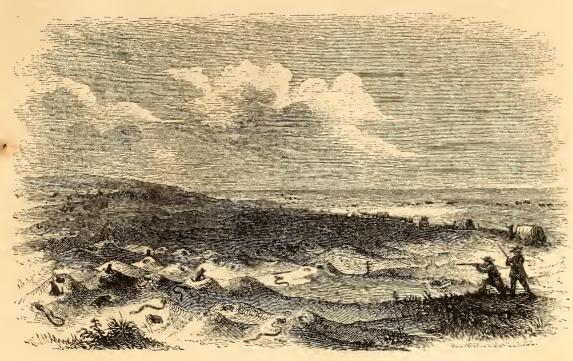
The buffalo, the universal theme of prairie travelers, are to be found at times in such immense herds that their huge forms darken the plain as far as the eye can reach, while the very earth seems trembling beneath the shock of their trampling hoofs, as they rend the air with deepmouthed bellowings. The habits of this animal would appear to be marked with a certain regularity. For instance, they usually spend the day-unless in intensely hot weather-in feeding along the ridges, where the watchful bulls draw a cordon, as it-were, of sentinels about the herd, and, thanks to their sensitive noses! give instant warning of the approach of danger if coming from the windward. In the morning and at sundown they generally leave their feeding pastures to seek the pools, often many miles distant, from whence they drink. In migrating for this purpose the buffalo commonly follow each other in Indian file; thus forming those innumerable paths, or "buffalo trails," as they are called, which traverse almost every portion of their feeding-grounds. Occasionally the leading bull will halt to roll himself upon the grass (most probably to clear the hide from dust or vermin). Upon reaching the same spot the next buffalo

will follow his example; and so on throughout the hcrd. This accounts for the holes, or "buffalo wallows," as they are styled, which are so frequently to be met with upon the Great Prairies. There are two modes of hunting this animal—on horseback and upon foot. The former method, which is much the most exciting, is that usually resorted to by the savages, of whose exploits in this way a prairie writer speaks as follows:

"The Indians as well as Mexicans hunt the buffalo mostly with the bow and arrows. For this purpose they train their fleetest horses to run close beside him, and when near enough, with almost unerring aim they pierce him with their arrows, usually behind the short ribs ranging forward, which soon disables and brings him to the ground. When an arrow has been misdirected, or does not enter deep enough, and even when it has penetrated a vital part but is needed to use again, the hunter sometimes rides up and draws it out while the animal is yet running. An athletic Indian will not unfrequently discharge his darts with such force that I have seen them (30 inches long) wholly buried in the body of a buffalo; and I have been assured by hunters that the arrows, missing the bones, have been known to pass entirely through the huge carcass and fall upon the ground."

The method of hunting upon foot-or "still hunting," as it is termed—requires a greater amount of caution, and is infinitely more laborious than the chase upon horseback. In the one case you have only to urge on your steed, taking care to keep him so perfectly under your control that you may be enabled to jump him aside at a moment's warning, in case the enraged beast should (as it is apt to do when too closely pressed) make a rush at you with his dangerous horns; but in "still hunting" the thing is managed differently. In this instance the hunter must take advantage of every favorable peculiarity of the ground as he crawls cautiously upon his prey; and, above all, he must keep himself carefully to leeward of his prey; for should the buffalo "wind" him, even though he may have been as yet unseen, the alarmed animal will carry his hump steaks far beyond the reach of even a "Jake Hawkins's" rifle in double-quick time. In buffalo shooting it is useless to throw away your ammunition by aiming at the head; you might as well expend your balls upon a stone-wall outright, as to imagine that they would pierce the thickness of skull and matted hair which protects the brain of a full-grown buffalo bull. After all I prefer the "still hunting," for if you be cool and wary you may crawl upon a herd, and after dropping one of the bulls "on post," creep up and, by making a barricade of his huge body, secure as many of the beasts as you may require.

So much for the "monarch of the plains;" and now for a description of the least among their four-legged inhabitants—the little "prairie dog," which has been called, and probably is, a species of marmot. This diminutive animal has



PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE.

attracted the notice and elicited a "favorable mention" from almost every prairie writer. Among others, Gregg alludes to it in the following strain:

"Of all the prairie animals by far the most curious, and by no means the least celebrated, is the little prairie dog. This singular quadruped is not much larger than the common squirrel, its body being nearly a foot long, with a tail of three or four inches. The color ranges from brown to a dirty yellow. Its flesh, though often eaten by travelers, is not esteemed savory. Its yelp, which seems its only canine attribute, resembles that of the little toy-dog. A collection of their burrows is usually termed a 'dog-town,' which comprises from a dozen or so to some thousands in the same vicinity, often covering an area of many thousand square feet. They generally locate upon firm dry plains, coated with fine short grass, upon which they feed, for they are no doubt exclusively herbivorous. But even when tall coarse grass surrounds they seem commonly to destroy this within their 'streets,' which are nearly always found paved with a fine species suited to their palates. They must need but little water, if any at all, as their 'towns' are often, indeed generally, found in the midst of the most arid plains—unless we suppose that they dig down to subterranean fountains. At least they evidently burrow remarkably deep. Attempts to dig or drown them out of their holes have commonly proved unsuccessful."

For myself I could never bear to interfere with the gambols of these playful little creatures by shooting at them. They seemed such "jolly dogs," and had such a comical, good-natured way about them, that I derived a much greater pleasure in watching their pranks than I could give him a trial at all events. So I forded the

have gained from "making game" of them. I liked to come suddenly upon their "towns," and watch the precipitation with which some villager who had been caught too far from home would retreat to the nearest burrow. How quickly he would make his short legs fly, and what a comical figure he would cut in scampering across the ground; but once at his own door, how resolutely the little rascal would face about and raise himself, squirrel-like, upon his hind-legs, to shake his head and utter a sharp, irritated yelp, ere he precipitated himself, head-foremost, into the cellar of his under-ground habitation. It is an old saying, that "poverty makes strange bed-fellows;" and I fancy that the poor prairie dogs lead rather a hard life of it at times, from the society which is forced upon them; for besides the "dogs" and their infant families, you will find each burrow inhabited by a rattlesnake and a small owl. Whether these lastnamed inmates take "possession," and are thenceforth deaf to all "notices to quit," or whether they are a kind of country cousin on a summer visit to the houses of their four-footed friends it is impossible to say. They would appear to get along amicably together, but I am inclined to believe that the younger pups some-times find the presence of these "boarders" a very killing sort of nuisance.

We had just completed one of our shortest day's travel; certain moving objects in the distance revived my buffalo fever, and awoke, moreover, a longing for "hump steaks." So I set out alone from camp. When I reached the river I found that the buffaloes were on the opposite side; and that, moreover, they were making off with all their ungainly speed. One old bull, however, lagged behind; and I resolved to shallow river, and thereby nearly came to grief. It would be a long story to tell how I stalked the old veteran, gave him several shots which ought to have killed him, but somehow did not; how I prepared to give him one more, which I was fully persuaded would serve to introduce his huge carcass to a very intimate acquaintance with my hunting-knife.

But that shot was never destined to be fired; for as the rammer clinked in the barrel I beheld what, at first sight, would seem to be a mustang, as the wild horse of the prairies is commonly called, rising the grassy ridge that divided me from the yellow sand-hills. As a mustang is an everyday matter in this section of country, I was not at first disposed to pay any particular attention to its movements. But a moment's consideration assured me that there was something unusual in its appearance, which, coupled with the fact that I was sufficiently versed in hunter's craft to know that the wild horse of the prairies would never willingly advance toward the spot on which I stood, in the very face of the strong wind which was then blowing freshly from my position to his, and which would immediately inform him of my presence, induced me to scan this new-comer more clearly. Ere five minutes had elapsed another, and yet another mustang followed it, and as they came rapidly toward me three Indians, who had hitherto been concealed by lying upon the farther side of their horses, now rose suddenly into a sitting posture upon their saddles, and announced at once their own most undesirable proximity and my imminent peril.

Had I been upon horseback, or had there been a cover to which I might retreat if too closely pressed, I should have felt but little uneasiness; for with a good gun and plenty of ammunition, and a chance to run away if you can't do better, one white man is, or ought to be, equal to two redskins, or possibly, when your scalp depends upon the issue, even three. But situated as I was, on foot and alone, with two long miles between myself and assistance, I must confess that I felt somewhat "hurried." I hardly fancied "a fire in the rear;" but to stop where I was seemed even less desirable. So with one look at my wounded buffalo, I muttered, "I reckon you're no great account after all, hardly worth butchering;" adding, as the new arrivals took a direction which might head me off from the river, "Deuce take the fellow who calls this kind of hunting good sport!" But there was no time to be lost; so I "put out" forthwith, and made what a Kentuckian would have called "the tallest kind of tracks" for water.

Upon reaching the brink of the Arkansas I felt satisfied that it was not my ford; but as my situation was just at that moment not unlike the gentleman's who, having got into difficulties, was a "little pressed for time," I "plunged in, accoutred as I was." Nor did I tarry to "bid them follow," knowing that they would take that liberty without waiting for the ceremony of an invitation. I had barely floundered, with my

musket for company, into a hole where the water was "seven feet large," the author being "six scant," when a chorus of yells from the bank, followed by the dash of an arrow or two into the water beside me, with the prospect of another better aimed next time, assured me of the arrival of my pursuers.

I remember diving and remaining under water until I concluded that the possibility of being shot was preferable to the certainty of being drowned should I remain much longer sub-But on coming up to breathe, chuck went another arrow into the stream, within a most uncomfortable proximity to my devoted head—a procedure which induced me to go under in haste. It would occupy more space than I could conveniently afford were I to chronicle all my ups and downs, duckings and divings, ere I finally struck bottom and once more regained the shallow water; and then, in less time than it takes to write it, I "might have been seen" making for a little thicket of reeds which I had observed at the upper extremity of the sand-bar that I was then traversing.

Having reached this cover, which I found sufficiently dense to furnish a temporary concealment, I halted to breathe, and then, in nautical phrase, proceeded to "take an observation." A single glance convinced me that if the Comanches had had it all in their own way at first, they had but little to brag of now. apparent mishap in getting into deep water had evidently saved me; for the savages, in their hurry to overtake me, had ridden in until their horses had fairly logged down among the treacherous quicksands of the Arkansas, where their disappointed yells, as their steeds floundered helplessly in the mire, gave abundant proof of their anxiety to get forward. As may readily be supposed, I felt any thing but sympathy with their misfortunes. Indeed, next to their having broken their necks, I considered it the very best thing which could possibly have happened to them, and only hoped that they might continue to remain fixtures. "My star is in the ascendant at last, and I'll teach you to interfere with my afternoon amusements!" was my mental exclamation as I slipped a few more buckshot down the barrel of my gun, having previously poured a pint or two of water from the muzzle as a necessary preparation before using it against the copperskins. I then, with no amiable intentions, got a long, steady aim at Comanche No. 1, who looked any thing but pleased with the selection as he writhed himself like a wounded snake in the saddle, at the same time yelping at me most dismally for want of a more killing mode of annoyance. Having cast my eye along the barrel until I was fully satisfied that one at least of my pursuers would be placed beyond the help of Indian surgery, I pulled trigger, but only to discover that a wet gun is a poor tool to fight Having tried two more caps with no better success, I concluded, as my enemics seemed to be getting out of their embarrassment, that it would be best to depart. And it was well that



A SHOT AT THE COMANCHES.

I did so; for I had barely left my position when my pursuers extricated themselves from theirs. It was still rather "a near thing;" for I was on foot, single-handed and almost unarmed, while they were three in number, well furnished with weapons, and mounted upon horses, somewhat tired, it is true, with their exertions in the river, but still abundantly able to get over the ground much faster than myself. Luckily for me, the "river bottom" just at this point consists of a succession of ridges, well covered at that season of the year with a luxuriant growth of long grass. In this grass I took refuge; and by dint of crawling while ascending a slope, and running when an intervening ridge sheltered me from my pursuers, I managed to elude the Indians, who searched for me upon every side, and would inevitably have overtaken me had not the strong wind which was blowing at the time kept the grass in continual agitation, so as to render it impossible to detect any particular movement in its midst. I finally reached camp about dusk, hungry, tired, wet, and withal as much scared by my adventure as I had ever been before or would willingly be again. It was certainly a narrow escape. Had I been taken my story would have been a brief one: my bones might have furnished matter for speculation to some future traveler, while my curly scalp would have adorned the lodge of a Comanche brave, or, it may be, have been sent as a delicate token of affection to some copper-colored belle of the wilderness by her Indian admirer.

Between the Arkansas and Cottonwood Creek we passed, among other camping-grounds, those of Cow Creek, Little Arkansas, and Turkey Creek, at each of which we lay down and rose again, broke bread and boiled coffee, without meeting with an adventure which might be recorded here. Upon nearing the Cottonwood—a

little stream that takes its name from the trees which cast their broad shadows across its placid waters—we overtook a long cavalcade of friendly Indians, probably so called from the fact that they are protected by the United States, and display their gratitude by stealing from our citizens whenever an opportunity is afforded them for pilfering with security. These were the Sacs and Foxes, who were then returning from a buffalo hunt upon the Great Prairies. found these copper-colored gentry in high feather from the successful termination of a recent difficulty with their mortal enemies the Pawnees, with whom they had had a skirmish which resulted in the death of a couple of Pawnee braves, whose scalps, it was reported, were even then journeying toward the Settlements among the household traps and plunder of a Sac chief. These fellows, with their gay blankets, ponies, packs, strange attire, and fantastic equipments, presented quite a picturesque appearance as they followed each other in Indian file across the plain. A drive of eight miles from Cottonwood brought us to Lost Spring, and fifteen more to a clear fountain of sweet cold water whose crystallike purity has justly won for it the title of the "Diamond Spring." From thence we pressed onward, making our jaded cattle do their best in our anxiety to reach Council Grove, the nearest American settlement.

Upon the afternoon of the day following our departure from Council Grove we encamped for the night in some timber bordering on a stream known as Hundred and Ten Mile Creek. From this point to Independence the distance is estimated at from ninety-five to one hundred miles; and as the road was no longer dangerous, Danvar and myself, impatient of the snail-like progress of the trains, determined to press forward, and by dint of hard riding anticipate the arrival

of the caravan at our destination by a couple of days. With this intention we passed the evening in preparing for our contemplated trip by baking a quantity of biscuit in one of those three-legged iron conveniences known to the initiated as a "Dutch bake-oven." To these apologies for the "staff of life" we added some ground coffee, a little brown sugar, and a few slices of cooked bacon, and then, having slung a battered tin coffee-pot with a couple of cups to match to the horn of a saddle, by way of camp-equipage, we lay down to sleep until the first glimmer of the morning should shed its light upon our road.

Daybreak found us in the saddle, and as we departed I turned my head more than once to gaze, with a certain feeling of regret, upon the shadowy forms of the huge wagons with which we had for nearly sixty days been traveling. By nightfall we reached a point of low scrubby timber, or rather undergrowth, known as "Black Jack:" here we halted, and after a sort of picnic supper lay down to sleep. The afternoon had been a gloomy one, and the evening's promise of rain had begun to be fulfilled as I rolled myself in my solitary blanket with a saddle for my pillow. But I was by far too weary to mind trifles, and fell asleep in spite of the great drops which came pattering down upon my face as I departed for the "land of Nod." It was after daybreak when I awoke, and upon clearing my eyes from the rain-water, the first object which met my gaze was the lugubrious countenance of my afflicted friend, who, wrapped in the ample folds of a Navajo serapa—supposed by a popular fiction to be water-proof-was making himself most intensely ridiculous in his desperate attempts to

assume such a pyramidical formation as might best enable him to shed water.

After a vain attempt to kindle a fire we opened mess-bags, which were found to contain a moist composite of soaked bread, brown sugar, and bacon, which, with the help of a broken paper of pepper, made up a delightful mess. It was no use grumbling, so we betook ourselves to the saddle, where the first four hours' riding provedthanks to drenched buckskins and dripping saddle leathers!—anything but agreeable. It cleared by noon, but with the meridian heat of an August sun came a new vexation in the shape of a legion of horse-flies, which buzzed noisily about the ears of our animals, settling, in spite of our united efforts, upon every unguarded portion of their bodies—where they practiced phlebotomy to an extent that nearly maddened the poor beasts, whose heated flanks were soon fairly blood-stained from the number and severity of the bites. We soon found ourselves obliged to encamp; but as the day waned the insects disappeared, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we once more mounted to complete our final march.

By sundown we had crossed the State line of Missouri, in passing which Danvar declared that, if it were not for stopping his tired animal, he would get down and kiss the ground, so delighted was he to set foot upon the soil of a State that contained all which was dearest to him—his wife and child. Though my friend had the advantage of me in these respects, I sympathized most fully with his enthusiasm; so we celebrated the event by giving three hearty cheers, and then pushed ahead. We rode hard, making our jaded horses do their best, and en-

tered the thriving village of Independence at two o'clock A.M. of the ensuing day.

I was up betimes, for when the brain is busy it is no easy matter for the body to sleep. What an astonishing thing a fourpost bedstead was; how very large a two-story brick house looked! I seemed walking in a dream. How pleasant it was to sit down once more to "corn doins and chicken fixens;" and how exceedingly embarrassing under such circumstances to be hampered with such conveniences as forks, cups, spoons, and all the various et ceteras without which civilized humanity is unable to feed itself! But with these minor drawbacks we enjoyed high physical health and wonderful appetites, and withal



A PLEASANT NIGHT.

a feeling of self-reliance, which inspired us with a consciousness of superior power; for we had breathed the pure atmosphere of the Great Prairies until every nerve was braced, and every sinew strengthened to its fullest vigor.

My story is told. From the broad Bay of San Francisco to the turbid waters of the rapid Missouri, I have laid before the reader the incidents of my journey; but kind recollections of the rough yet true souled men who were my companions, ay and friends also, during this adventurous trip, have been revived in their preparation for the press, and I should do my own heart injustice if I neglected to pay the tribute of a few remarks to those who have warmed themselves by my camp fire and slumbered beside my bed. Frémont has written most truthfully when he says, in referring to the strength of this sympathy, that "men who have gone through such dangers and sufferings as we had seen become like brothers, and feel each other's loss; to defend and avenge each other is the deep feeling of all." The existence of these hardy mountaineers is one of continual peril and privation. Its rewards are vigorous health and strong excitement. Its end, in most cases, a violent death and an unknown grave; or, haply, a broken arrow, a shivered lance, and the disjointed fragments of a bleaching skeleton lie scattered upon the prairie, the sole relics left by the wolf and vulture to chronicle the fate of one who struggled until numbers overcame the resistance of despair.

I have spoken of the oftentimes violent termination of the mountain man's career. I will conclude

the Far West" his description of the tragic end of a trapper, one of whose adventures I narrated in my "Ride with Kit Carson." He says:

"During the past winter a party of mountaineers, flying from overpowering numbers of hostile Sioux, found themselves, one stormy evening, in a wild and dismal cañon near the elevated mountain valley called the 'New Park.'

"The rocky bed of a dry mountain torrent, whose waters were now locked up at their spring heads by icy fetters, was the only road up which they could make their difficult way; for the rugged sides of the gorge rose precipitously from the creek, scarcely affording a foothold to even the active Big Horn which occasionally looked down upon the travelers from the lofty summit. Logs of pine, uprooted by the hurricanes which sweep incessantly through the mountain defiles, and tossed headlong from the surrounding ridges, continually obstructed their way, and huge rocks and boulders, fallen from the heights and blocking up the bed of the stream, added to the difficulty, and threatened them every instant with destruction.

"Toward sundown they reached a point where the canon opened out into a little shelving glade or prairie, a few hundred yards in extent, the entrance to which was almost hidden by a thicket of dwarf pine and cedar. Here they determined to encamp for the night, in a spot secure from Indians, and as they imagined untrodden by the foot of man. What, however, was their astonishment, on breaking through the cedarcovered entrance, to perceive a solitary horse standing motionless in the centre of the prairie! by quoting from the pages of "Ruxton's Life in Drawing near they found it to be an old grizzled



FATE OF BILL WILLIAMS.

mustang, or Indian pony, with cropped ears and ragged tail (well picked by hungry mules), standing doubled up with cold, and at the very last gasp from extreme old age and weakness. Its bones were nearly through the stiffened skin, the legs of the animal were gathered under it, while its forlorn-looking head and stretched-out neck hung listlessly downward, almost overbalancing its tottering body. The glazed and sunken eye, the protruding and froth-covered tongue, the heaving flank and quivering tail, declared its race was run; and the driving sleet and snow and penetrating winter blast scarce made impression upon its callous and worn-out frame. One of the band of mountaineers was Marcellin. and a single look at the miserable beast was sufficient for him to recognize the once renowned Nez-percé steed of old Bill Williams. That the owner himself was not far distant he felt certain, and searching carefully around the hunters presently came upon an old camp, before which lay, protruding from the snow, the blackened remains of pine logs. Before these which had been the fire, and leaning with his back against a pine trunk, and his legs crossed under him, halfcovered with snow, reclined the figure of the old mountaineer, his snow-capped head bent over his breast. His well-known hunting-shirt, of fringed elk-skin, hung stiff and weather-stained about him; and his rifle, packs, and traps were strewed around.

"Awe-struck, the trappers approached the body, and found it frozen hard as stone, in which state it had probably lain there for many days or weeks. A jagged rent in the breast of his leather coat, and dark stains about it, showed he had received a wound before his death; but it was impossible to say whether to his hurt, or to sickness, or to the natural decay of age, was to be attributed the wretched and solitary end of poor Bill Williams.

"A friendly bullet cut short the few remaining hours of the trapper's faithful steed; and burying as well as they were able the body of the old mountaineer, the hunters next day left him in his lonely grave, in a spot so wild and remote that it was doubtful whether even hungry wolves would discover and disinter his attenua-

ted corpse."

# A PARTIE CARÉE.

I.

"HOW is it that I am always seeing Ann Le Barron, and am forced to speculate about her? What attracts me? She is neither talented, handsome, nor good. What is it to me how she looks or behaves? She is no example to follow. She is perplexing, for she lives in ambush; but what for?"

Eliza Mayhew shut up her grandfather's seaglass, through which she had peered seaward in the hope of discovering a sail-boat supposed to be somewhere in the bay. Instead of the boat she had seen Ann Le Barron walking, like a sentinel, back and forth at the end of Brown's Wharf, where, as it happened, no vessels were moored. By the time Eliza had tied the glass in its canvas case and shut the portico door her grandmother called her to dinner, with a shrill voice, which made Eliza answer loudly, "Coming!" But she went slowly, rubbing her aquiline nose with an air of irritation, lost in an effort at guessing the reason of Ann Le Barron's walking on the wharf in the middle of the day. Eliza was mild, sensible, and twenty years old; but her grandmother, with whom she had lived since the death of her parents, treated her as if she were a wayward child; therefore when she commenced her dinner with a preoccupied air Mrs. Mason attacked her.

"Now do tell me, 'Liza, if you are going to eat these fritters in a dream?"

"No, grandma."

"You do torment me about your eating."

"She's a solid girl, Nancy," said old Mr. Mason; "something keeps her alive."

"You know nothing about it, Mason; hold your tongue. Will you have a piece more of this beef?"

"Grandfather," said Eliza, brightening at some thought, "may I have Dick this afternoon to go to ride?"

"No; you can't have him."

Now Mr. Mason meant "yes;" but his wife opposing him when he said "Yes," and when he said "No," his speech was contrary to his intention from principle.

"For mercy's sake, why can't she have Dick, who is eating his head off in idleness?"

Eliza smiled at her grandfather, who said again that she could not go to ride.

"Do you go," said Mrs. Mason to a shock-headed boy who was peeling potatoes in a corner of the kitchen, "and see if John is at the barn, and tell him to tackle Dick at two o'clock. Where are you going, 'Liza?"

"On the Neck."

"What for? Why don't you ride Ship Bay way? But if you will go the Neck road, stop at Mrs. Jones's, and get me some of her dried camomile flowers; they are the best in the world."

By two o'clock Eliza was jogging briskly along a leafy, narrow road, running through the neck of land which jutted into the sea on the side of the bay opposite the pleasant village of Shelby. The wild rose was in bloom, and the young briers crept over the rough stone walls to bask in the June sun. The paths that led into the woody swamps were green with delicate moss and pale, stalky plants, and Eliza stopping Dick, thrust her head out of the chaise, and looked into them with a vague delight. wind fluttered the leaves of the scrub oaks, and trembled in the birches, and broke into low sighs when it reached the dark unmoved pines that dotted the landscape. After riding several miles she struck into a steep cross road, gullied by rains which had washed the soil away, leaving a bed of rolling stones over which Dick was urged with a gay chirrup. The road came to

an end suddenly, as if it had just convinced itself that there was little need of its going on to She plunged boldly into a marshy nowhere. meadow, guiding Dick by a row of stakes which pointed toward a clump of ancient, storm-beaten fir-trees. Here she left the chaise, climbed a sandy hill, and saw a wide space of sea, stretching westerly till lost in a misty distance. A boat was anchored in the lee of a little island, and on the boat she anchored her eyes.

"There they are, Dick!" she called.

Dick pricked up his ears comprehensively, although, from his position under the hill, he was precluded from a view of the cause of her exclamation.

For the benefit of the ants, perhaps, she made little sand-mounds with her foot, while she indulged in a reverie, sentimental but allowable, for it was a happy and an innocent one. ently she smiled, and shook her head with an expression of reproof as she said,

"Come, Dick, we will go back."

She was detained so long at Mrs. Jones's by questions concerning life "down to the shore" that it was five o'clock before she got home.

"What upon earth made you stay so?" her grandmother asked. "Dick has been wanted for a funeral."

"Why didn't you let Bill go instead?"

"Bill does not understand funerals. know how he run back in the procession at old Mrs. Crosby's funeral, and what confusion there was. Dick takes to them naturally."

"But he is buried safe, I suppose, without Dick."

"After tea you must sew; don't waste your time in reading.

After the sewing was finished Eliza read three chapters in "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and one in the Bible. As a corrective to the dissipation of the afternoon she imposed the penance of not looking out of any window, either down the main street, at the head of which the house stood, or over the bay which rolled before it.

II.

"Where can Eliza Mayhew be going?" said Ann Le Barron, as she saw her pass from her chamber-window.

"She rides often, you know," Mrs. Le Barron answered. "Her grandfather has two horses, and she can afford it."

"I am sick of her praises of Dick; it is so childish in her.'

"Mr. Mason bought the horse, I remember, about two years after your father was lost. will be fourteen years this fall since I heard the news. You might have had a horse too, if he had come home."

"No such luck! I wish you would alter that pink dress; I want to wear it this evening.

The widow went in search of the dress. Ann drummed on the pane, her eyes roving vacantly for some object of interest outside; but as the house stood on a back street there were few

Her eyes falling on an old mahogany secretary which stood in the chimney recess, a thought occurred to her. She opened it, and took from one of its pigeon-holes a morocco case, containing the miniature likeness of a man with pale eyes and a paler complexion, in a sky-blue coat and ruffled shirt.

"I look like him," she soliloquized, rubbing the gold frame with her handkerchief. "He was aristocratic. But I remember seeing him only once, and then he wore a tarpaulin hat. He tossed me in his arms, and I cried, because he tumbled my frock."

She put the picture back in its place, and went to the glass to observe her own features, in which attitude her mother discovered her.

"Mother, how near to a Frenchman was father?"

Mrs. Le Barron, glancing at the secretary as if something there could answer the question better than herself, replied,

"His father was French, I believe."

"Am I like him?"

"Very much."

"I wish he had lived."

"He was very proud, and, I am afraid, not very happy; he couldn't bear any thing that wasn't genteel. But, Ann, you should be happy; although we are not rich, you have more than he had."

"How long may it last? The minute grandfather dies Uncle Tom will swoop up every thing, and turn you and me out of the house. You know it. You know that he is a rascal—a mean, dirty villain."

"Try on your dress," her mother said, shortly. "It is nearly tea-time; here comes father

Captain Green, a hale, bluff old salt, stormed in with a string of live fish, which he held up close to Ann, and demanded that they should be cooked immediately for his supper.

"Don't bring them up here, grandfather!" snapped Ann; "a chamber is not the place for fish!"

"Hity, tity, Miss! a sailor's daughter mustn't be so squeamish. But your mother has ruined you; she is weaker than dish-water. Where do you think I got 'em? The young lawyer prig -what's-his-name? that comes to play cards with you-gave them to me. I was on the wharf when he came in; he had a spanking breeze to round the pint in!"

"Mr. Allen, do you mean?"

"That's the man."

"What nice fish they are!" said Ann, with a coquettish voice. "I'll help you to fry them, mother."

"It's more than half past five," said Captain "Shelby has had its supper; we are Green. behindhand."

After the tea-things were put away the pink dress was donned, and Ann, lighting the astral lamp in the parlor, took a scat there, with a patient "will-you-come-into-my-parlor" aspect. passers-by. It was empty, and she turned away. The rays of the lamp, however, only attracted

two young ladies, who came in, possibly with | the hope of meeting other visitors, for Ann's was a regular rendezvous. But none came, and the young ladies soon departed. Ann retired, and, while Eliza Mayhew was interested in Mary Beaufort and her "white muslin cloak," twisted her thin silky brown hair in papers. Her gaping mother was in waiting, for it was her duty to put out the light. Ann's fingers clutched a curl-paper in mid-air as she caught the tones of a manly voice, which came nearer and nearer, singing,

"We have been friends together!"

"I have come up to bed too soon," she said. Mrs. Le Barron stopped gaping, and swung one foot over the other while she listened; but the voice passed on and was soon out of hearing, and the light in Ann's cold blue eyes faded.

The singer in the street, Henry Allen, went on his way to his room in the Montgomery Hotel, which stood at the lower end of Main Street. As he passed Mr. Mason's square white house, whose inhabitants were undoubtedly wrapped in slumber, he said to himself, "Nice girl! but how strict they keep her;" and hummed,
"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will."

In the hotel he met his father, Judge Allen, of Belford, a town twenty miles inland. He had sent Henry from his own office to practice law in the marine locality of Shelby, and was now come to visit him as a judge and as a father.

"You smoke too much, Henry," was his

greeting. Henry threw away his cigar. "How is my mother, Sir?"

"She is well. Any case on hand?"
Henry laughed. "Yes, Sir—a sailor's-rights case; but they are such a rascally set it is hard to get at the truth of a trespass at sea."

"Read your Story, Sir."

"Come up stairs and see how my books are thumbed." On the way they met Tripp, the landlord, who informed Henry that a solemn gent had come from Boston with lots of Ingyrubber cloth, on a fishing lay, he expected.

"That's pleasant," said Henry.

"How's pickerel in your parts, Judge?" inquired Tripp, clattering down stairs without waiting for an answer. The Judge entered the chamber, which, besides the ordinary furniture, was adorned with several stuffed birds (Henry was his own taxidermist), and pictures whose frames were his handiwork also. When the Judge saw on a small table some workman's tools and a work-box in the process of construction, he said "Pish!" but Henry, quickly screwing up the lamp, directed his attention to the open books around it, and said, "This is the way the midnight oil goes."

"I hope so," answered the Judge, taking a judicial seat on the sofa.

"Now for a pump," thought Henry.

A long conversation ensued upon family and business matters, in which the Judge discovered | countenance was so serious. He discerned no-

that the amount of Henry's legal earnings for his first year in Shelby, now just ended, was forty dollars. He confessed that he had bought a boat with the money. The Judge admitted that boating might be pleasant. Henry thought the admission was a gain, and grew eloquent on the topic, when his father interrupted him and went on with his practical remarks. In time a moderate but steady practice might be obtained in Shelby, and he advised him to stay. Henry hastily affirmed that he would. Both were satisfied with this arrangement; Judge Allen because he had a suspicion that the vocation of Henry was not that of a lawyer, and Henry because he was sure that he could never come up to his father's ideas of sharp practice. The Judge reasoned within himself that it would not matter if he should not rise in the profession; it would at least give his mind a dignified bent, and add to the respectability of his position.

"I think," said Henry to himself, after the Judge had retired, "that father despises ingenuity. Mechanical skill is below a lawyer's skill, of course. But my motto is 'Ne quid nimis.' Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la," he sang, proceeding to brush his young whiskers into curl. He was so tall that the top of his head rose above the top of the small ancient mirror he was contemplating his visage in. "By Jove, this glass must be fixed!" He found a bit of wood, which he whittled into a cleat and fastened the glass to it slantingly, standing before it to observe its effect. It reflected a good-humored, regularfeatured face with no particular meaning; and if it had been large enough, would also have reflected an agile, slender, well-shaped figure, with long, narrow white hands, and long, nar-

"I say," said Tripp, opening the door without knocking, "are you going fishing to-morrow?"

"Not if my father is here."

"When you do go, I wish you'd make up to that feller that's just come."

"Introduce us to-morrow and I'll settle it."

"What does the old man say of Shelby?"

"He likes it."

"Good, you'll stay then and court some of our belles. There's Miss Mayhew."

"You mustn't interrupt my studies, Tripp." "Oh no, by no means; I hope they won't

consume you." And Tripp vanished.

Judge Allen went home the next day, and Henry resumed his mechanical labors, which were interrupted by Tripp's bringing the stranger who had arrived the evening before, and whom he introduced as "Mr. Bassett, come to Shelby for his health." He left the room immediately after the introduction, with the air of having made an unwonted concession to good manners.

Henry laid down his tools to observe his visitor, whose manners were so cool, and whose thing very noticeable in his appearance, unless his eyes might be called so; they were gray, open, cold, and penetrating. His hair was stiff, his complexion sallow, and his figure insignificant.

"Can he laugh?" he thought.

"This little Shelby is a pretty place," Mr. Bassett said; "what are your amusements? Your business I see—'Councilor,' to say nothing of mechanics."

 $``I ext{ fish."}$ 

"Good. Let us put out. 'Where lies the port; what vessel puffs her sail: come, my purpose holds to sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars until I die."

"Well," answered Henry, meekly, "I'll get

the lines ready."

In an hour the Andromeda was plowing down the bay under a good breeze, with Henry at the helm, while the crew, which consisted of Sam

Tripp, baited the lines.

Another hour brought them to the fishing-ground, where they anchored the boat, and cast their lines. But Mr. Basset took no pains with his; he pondered the sea in silence, allowing his hook to rest on the bottom, where it was unmolested.

"Do you feel a bite, Sir?" inquired Sam, from the other side of the boat, where he and Henry were taking in plenty of fish.

"I do, indeed," he answered. After a while he began to pull in his line, saying, slowly,

"O God, O God! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable Seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't!"

He threw himself by the folds of the lowered sail, where, shielding his face from the sun, he studied the sky as silently as he had pondered the sea. If his companions could have seen his face they would have detected tears upon it—tears that came from some depth of sadness he would allow no mortal to discover—tears that he was already denying, for he was smiling; his lips were drawn apart from his teeth, which were set together with fierce resolve.

"Hey," he called, presently, "are the finnies shoaling in?"

"Fast," answered Henry. "Let me know

when you have had enough of this, will you?"
"I should like to stay long enough to get the
secret of these splendid emergld tints: the sea

secret of these splendid emerald tints; the sea is a kind of rotary grass just here."

Henry looked down into the water, and said, "I have never thought of it before."

"See, a little way beyond us the water is a steely blue, and farther off it is a perfect azurc."

"Ain't it green all over off soundings?" Sam asked.

"Good boy," replied Mr. Bassett; "hoist sail, we will go and see."

The sail was hoisted, and the helm was delegated to Sam, for Henry to smoke and chat with Mr. Bassett. The chat was mostly composed of long answers to Mr. Bassett's short questions.

By the time they arrived home Henry had been gauged. Mr. Bassett had come to Shelby to be amused, and he had found in Henry one willing to oblige him. As for the latter, mere companionship was enough. The young men of Shelby had little leisure, and Mr. Bassett promised to be a godsend in the way of idleness. Besides, as Shelby was a marine locality, for most of the time there was a dearth of masculine society. Three-fourths of its sons went to the great deep in pursuit of whales, and the village was in a chronic condition of sadness over their departure, or gladness at their return. They made plans for the future, but Mr. Bassett made no reference to his own antecedents or belongings. Henry remained in ignorance of his station and circumstances—an ignorance which proved to be the fate of all who made his acquaintance afterward.

v.

For some occult reason Eliza Mayhew kept Several days elapsed before closely indoors. her solitude was invaded; but the time had not been unhappily employed, for her disposition was cheerful, and her mind pre-eminently feminine. Pleasant occupations filled each day; if she was ever idle, her idleness was devoid of ennui. Her grandmother taught her early to fulfill those laws which create the individuality of home, and make clean the faces of its Lares and Penates. In time she improved her grandmother's system; to her well-scoured boards she applied table-cloths and carpets, and hung curtains beforc the windows, which remained in spite of Mrs. Mason's declaration that they drew flies. The front yard, devoted in past years to grass, dandelions, and two distracted, barren peachtrees, now bloomed with roses and lilies, and was adorned with gravel paths bordered with The windows of her own chamber were filled with beautiful plants. The mantle shelf was covered with splendid sca-shells from the shores of the under-world, and instead of vases or pictures she had curiously woven and colored baskets made by the natives thereof. The old mahogany furniture, inlaid with threads of white wood in spider-like patterns, suited the character of the spacious, low, wide rooms.

Saturday afternoon she went to her chamber for rest and amusement. She looked out of the western window over the wooded shore curving round the head of the bay. A border of salt meadow made desolate that end of the village below the house, but now its coarse, plentiful grass glistened cheerfully in the warm sun. A creek ran its crooked length through the meadow, crossed by a half ruined bridge, at the head of which a wind-mill waved its arms with a faint Eliza was not profound enough to feel the poetic monotony of the landscape, but she liked the sunset when it struck its rosy bars across the waters of the bay, and darkened the woods on the shore. She composed herself for sewing, and had finished a scallop in a crimson merino sacque, when, happening to look out again, she saw Ann Le Barron in the street,

nodding with a nod which signified that she was | this sort had occurred between the girls, Ann coming in.

"Where have you been this age, Eliza?" she said, entering with bustle; "I have not seen you since Tuesday, when you rode by our house.

"I have been busy at home."

"You are always busy. What a perfect bower your chamber is! How lucky you are with plants; mine always die. What's the news?"

"I have no news. Will you take off your

bonnet?"

"I did not come to stay; but it is so pleasant here that I am tempted." Without farther invitation she threw it off.

"Grandmother is making your favorite sweet biscuit to-day.'

"Oh, I am so fond of them!"

She arranged her hair before the glass, exclaiming against her complexion, and wishing that it was as clear as Eliza's, sat down near

"I should like to be as well off as you are, and then I should not be tired of Shelby perhaps."

"What's the matter?"

- "Oh, I don't know. What makes you contented?"
  - "A thousand things."

"All trifles?"

"Yes, many of them; but we can't have great events here, you know."

"No, and I need excitement."

- "I love it too;" and Eliza turned a faint rose color.
- "You? why you are the quietest girl I ever saw! You never seem to need any company. Have you seen Henry Allen lately?"
  "Not for ten days."

"A Mr. Bassett is staying at the Montgomery hotel. Nobody knows any thing about him; but he has struck up an intimacy with Henry Allen. We may see him at church to-morrow, and of course he will be at the picnic next Tuesday. What shall you wear then?"

"This merino sacque for one thing. It is always damp and chilly at picnics, you know."

- "What a good idea! I should like to try it Eliza took out her needle and gave it to on." her. "How I like it!" she exclaimed. "How becoming red is to me! You don't look well in it. I wish I could have one; I am so thin that I always suffer with the cold."
  - "Take this and wear it."
  - "But what will you do?"

"I have shawls."

"I know you have. You have so many things that it will not rob you if I keep it. I am delighted to have it. Is it nearly done?"

"Not quite."

She took up her needle again, and Ann looked on complacently, very well satisfied with her afternoon's labor.

"I was puzzled what to wear. This crimson will look well with my brown dress, and my complexion won't look dingy."

It was not the first time that transactions of

always obtaining the advantage. Mrs. Mason now made her appearance to consult with Eliza about frosting the cake destined for the picnic. She asked Ann how her mother was, and if she didn't perceive that old Capen Green, her grandfather, was losing his faculties? It was a fact that her family grew childish early.

Ann reddened slightly, but made an indifferent reply. She knew that she was no favorite with Mrs. Mason, who was not sparing of sharp words; but Eliza's friendship was valua-

ble, so she never retorted.

"Tea will be ready soon, Eliza," said Mrs. Mason, going; "don't keep me waiting one minute. We have nothing very nice for you, Miss Ann; I believe you are fond of goodies."

She ate six of the tea-biscuit, and Mrs. Mason was pleased enough with the compliment to her cookery to allow her to depart without a sarcasm.

Saturday eve was a season of quiet in the Mason homestead. The work was dispatched early, and it was still twilight when Eliza went to her chamber with an unlighted lamp. opened the western window; her head was tired, the fresh air might revive her. She suffered the same dissatisfaction which always troubled her after an interview with Ann, whose power of assimilating others to the tone of her mind could not be resisted. She was surprised and angry that she had made no attempt at self-assertion. The sickle moon was sinking in the clear western sky, against which the wind-mill stood in dark relief, its arms winnowing the air. Her eyes followed their motion, and as they dipped toward the bridge she saw a figure crossing it. A strange place, she thought, for an evening promenade, closing the window.

It was long afterward when Bose, the dog, woke her with his howling in the carriage-house. She sprang up to look into the yard, and saw a man walking slowly by. She watched him out of sight, but as Bose continued his howls she threw on a wrapper and ran down to the carriage-house and pulled him out by the ear. He growled in his throat still.

"What do you see, Bose?"

She looked toward the gate and saw the figure she had thought out of sight, and though her heart stood still she went up to it, Bose follow-

"Thank you for your courage," said a melancholy voice. "I am an inoffensive pedestrian, and am here in the hope of quelling the beast. Come here, Sir. You are a deuce of a dog."

Bose sniffed at him through the bars of the gate, and snorted faintly.

- "People do not walk about Shelby by night, unless they are on a stealing excursion," said Eliza.
  - "Are you not afraid of thieves?"

"Dear me, no."

"What is the dog's name?"

"Bose."

"Bose! Bose!"

The dog gave a little yelp, which made her laugh.

"This is awkward," said the stranger. "I think I must go: farewell, my canine foe!"

As he disappeared Eliza boxed Bose's ears and called him a fool, but allowed him to go in with her to sleep before her door.

#### VI.

Shelby was Congregational—that is, all the élite of the town; there were one or two inferior religions for the lower sort. Eliza was at church early the next day, and Ann entered as the congregation rose for the first hymn and walked up the aisle; for Captain Green's pew was in the rear of the congregation, and Mr. Mason's near the pulpit. Eliza made room, offered her a hymn-book, and went on with the singing, unmindful of her furtive looks toward Henry Allen, who was in the hotel pew opposite. He walked home with them, and Ann, after Eliza had gone, obtained a programme of the picnic, and the news that there would be a dance at Shelby Hall in the evening. Moreover, Henry discovered that he was engaging her to dance with him the first quadrille.

Early on Tuesday Henry Allen drove round with a large wagon to collect information and viands. When he stopped at Mr. Mason's, Eliza talked to him with so much coolness that he fell into a brown study unexpectedly, while unpacking hams on the picnic ground, upon her dignity and apparent want of feeling.

"'I would I were a boy again!" he sang.

"You work like a man," Tripp commented; "you are the head and front of this business. I see that I can leave you in charge."

"I shall be down to the house by eleven o'clock. Every thing will then be ready. Mind, I am not to be asked a single question afterward about arrangements."

He got home just before noon, fagged and hungry, and found Bassett lolling on his sofa, and the floor strewed with feathers from one of the stuffed birds which he had beaten to pieces with a ratan cane, a weapon he always carried.

"Now," said Henry, vexed, "I think you might have made yourself more useful. You have spoiled my owl."

"'Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight; The owl hath his share of good."

Henry lighted a cigar, ran his fingers through his hair, and contemplated the ruined bird.

"It was a tiresome, dead thing," said Bassett; "no color in it. Why not keep something beautiful about you?"

"Beautiful!" Henry echoed, with contempt. I was a week catching that owl."

"Wretch!"

"Shall you condescend to go to the picnic, and to our humble dance?"

"Will a dog named 'Bose' be at either affair?"

"Perhaps a puppy will."

"Embrace me.

"I say, there's a couple of girls I shall intro- Allen says," he thought.

duce you to!" said Henry, his good-humor coming back suddenly. "Get on your good clothes; you needn't appear in your Mackintosh."

"''Tis not alone my inky cloak."

"Have you been an actor?"

"Yes, in a tragedy where the hero was left out in the cold: go on with the couple of girls."

"They are entirely different."

"Is it possible!"

"If you laugh I will not introduce you."

"Am I not called the Solemn One?"

Henry blushed, for it was true; Tripp's name for him had been adopted in Shelby.

"Miss Eliza Mayhew, orphan, lives with her grand-parents, very strict people; sees little company herself; has an immense sense of propriety; is handsome and good. Miss Ann Le Barron, fatherless; lives with her mother and grandfather, Captain Green; poor, but of good standing. It is the jolliest house in Shelby; no formality there. I visit them often—every body does."

"Is Miss Ann handsome and good too?"

"Well, I don't know; there's something nice about her; she always puts me in good spirits."

"There goes the dinner-bell. Come to my room when you are ready to take me along."

Henry found him astonishingly dressed in a light-gray coat and trowsers—a match for his complexion in color-and a green velvet vest. He envied him the tie of his cravat and the fit of his boots. Tripp drove them to the grove, which was already filled with people moving under the trees, which were decorated with shawls, bonnets, and hats. Children were running about, swinging, jumping rope, or playing games. Henry found Eliza Mayhew tying up bunches of flowers, surrounded by a group of talking girls. Ann Le Barron sat on the stump of a tree near them, in the crimson sacque. Her light hair fell in delicate curls against her face, hiding its sharp contour; the folds of her brown dress clung about her picturesquely. The group of girls fluttered apart as Henry approached with Mr. Bassett, who recognized her at once; but she did not dream of his being Bose's knight-errant. He bowed to her, and, turning away, began a lively chat with the girls.

"He is as contrary as the devil," thought

Presently Ann, with an air of abstraction, sauntered up, and addressed some inquiry concerning somebody she had not seen to one of the girls. Henry interrupted Bassett to introduce her. She made a sweeping courtesy and flourished her handkerchief, with a few inaudible words.

"She is coming la Française now," whispered the girls.

Bassett fixed his eyes upon her. She felt them, and kept her side-face toward him. When he spoke, and she turned it to answer, something in her cold blue eyes baffled him.

"There is 'something nice' about her, as Allen says," he thought.

When it was time to arrange the feast Eliza was stationed at a dry-goods box to pour tea, and Ann was placed by another to serve coffee. Several young gentlemen volunteered to carry cups for them, and it fell to Henry to be Ann's cup-bearer. Tripp was inclined to supervise the kettle of hot water on her box, and, while Henry went to and fro, made comments upon whatever fell under his philosophical eye.

"I've always noticed," he said, running a cup over which she held out to him, "that religious people are awful hungry on such occasions. Do you believe they get up these things to improve

their appetite?"

"Is Mr. Allen so religious?" She laughed.

"Well, in the main he is. His family are strict; they keep the church going in Belford. They are Unitarians, though. Unitarianism ain't so costly as our kind; they don't keep so many missionaries. The Allens could pay if it The Judge is worth a hundred thousand cool; the young one is a first-rate-catch."

He looked cunningly at her; and she said, without meeting his eye, "I thought that he was a poor lawyer."

She lied.

"Isn't she sly?" he thought.

"Mrs. Higgins says your coffee is full of grounds," said Henry, returning with her cup, "though she has had three cups, and will take a fourth."

"I'll shake the pot for her," said Ann.

"He won't live in Shelby," continued Tripp, watching him as he conveyed Mrs. Higgins her coffee; "he'll grow tired. But that Mr. Bassett there is as contented as an old puss, watching the clouds here, and a-staring at the water there."

Ann looked round and saw him standing by Eliza. "Are any of his friends with him?"

"Not a friend."

"I should think he would object to settling here if his friends live at a distance."

"I don't know where they live-and that's the droll of it—nor where he came from. And I do not know how old he is; but I'll bet he is thirty."

"He must find it dull if he has no business nor profession."

"He has nary one that I am aware of."

"You are wanted, Miss Le Barron," called

"Shall I give you some tea, Sir?" Eliza asked, when she saw Mr. Bassett standing near.

"If you please."

"It is not over-nice, I am afraid."

"How is Bose?" sipping tea from his spoon. "Are you the one?" she asked, with an un-

disturbed smile.

"You did not recognize me, then? I knew you at once."

"How could I? you were black from head to

"How should I have known you?" he persisted.

She transparently answered, "I suppose Mr. Allen told you." There was an implication in

her words which she perceived when too late, and she turned a vivid rose-color, which flashed her face into animated beauty.

"I should like," he thought, "to see that look often from this undeveloped soul. There is enough here to make a man—" A wicked light passed into his eyes and faded, for Eliza cried "Oh!" suddenly. From the swing just behind them a little girl had been tossed high in the air; she caught at a branch which delayed her fall an instant. He sprang forward like lightning, and she fell on his extended arms with so much force that he was brought to the ground. But he held her up unhurt. His face was scratched. and he was so giddy with the shock that he was not conscious of Eliza's wiping his cheek with her handkerchief, which operation she continued Then he looked at her till somebody laughed. and grew still paler. Confusion of tongues arose. Every body left the tables, and told him how lucky he had been in breaking the fall of the child. The mother, when she found her unhurt, shook her, and every body went back again.

"I wish my face was scratched," said Henry.

"Why?" she asked.

"If you can't guess I don't care about being scratched."

> "'I was a child, and she was a child, In a kingdom by the sea,"

said Mr. Bassett.

"I have a mind to leave on the strength of my accident. Don't you come, Allen; I had rather walk by myself. I shall see you this evening, Miss Mayhew. If you dance—"

Henry made a rapid attempt to interrupt him, but recollecting himself stopped.

"Will you do me the honor of dancing with me?"

"With pleasure, Sir."

Ann Le Barron saw him coming down the field and quietly moved in his way; her arms were folded, and her curls slightly agitated.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said, with an

air of anxiety.

"Not in the least."

"You are quite a hero."

"Yes, now I am," with a meaning look.

"Shall we meet you to-night?"

"Are you to be at the dance?"

"I think of going."

"I shall be there. How gracefully your curls float!"

"Do you think so?" shaking her head. "Why do you go away now?"

"I have not been able to see you at all."

Before she could answer he had bowed him-

Ann went straightway to Eliza and asked her what she thought of Mr. Bassett.

"Oh, that plain man! I haven't thought of him. I liked the way he caught Sophy Smith, though."

"You never notice men."

"Yes I do;" and Eliza blushed again.

"What are you blushing for? I wanted to

know if you thought that Mr. Bassett's manners were peculiar?"

"No, I did not think so."

At all events he had succeeded in awakening a feeling in Ann, which was so new and delightful that she was disposed to dream over it. There was pleasure, tumult, expectation in it. She had fallen a victim to so slight a matter as a genial voice, a pair of penetrating eyes, and a few trifling words. Or was it something more? Had she received in this way an admonishment that it would be better for her to avoid the experiment of making her life empty-hearted and selfish? It had been her design for months to marry Henry Allen-and since she had learned that he was independent of his profession, and that his social position was higher than her own. There was wisdom in the plan. He was goodlooking, amiable, and a gentleman; but neither his approach toward her, nor his retreat from her, had ever tightened her heart or quickened Cold, methodical, vain, her cat-like breath. longing for luxury, should she not have been an intellectual beauty since she must be the heroine of a few written-down facts? The poor qualities of patience and persistence were hers, and the faculty of understanding what she wanted, and of placing her aims within the scope of her powers.

Her advantage was an insidiously compulsive individuality, which few understood. It was, of course, the secret of her attraction.

"Ann!" Eliza called, who was packing plates in a basket, "you look serious."

"I am tired."

"Ride home with me; I shall soon be ready."
Mr. Bassett wended his way out into the road,
receiving and returning kindly salutations with
many new acquaintances. He struck into a bypath soon, and was out of sight.

"Mea culpa!" he cried aloud, tapping his breast. "I can not outlive myself. Where I find lambs there I also find, in myself, a wolf. Have I come to the shores of the sounding sea to suffer from puerile sensations and be visited by debasing thoughts? Will my grief take beside it my besetting sin?" His thoughts went back to the past. He remembered sin, loss, desolation; but, in spite of them and his self-accusations, he entered the hotel in almost good spirits. Why he felt so he would not inquire. He would not be self-troublesome just then.

"How's the scratch?" asked Henry, putting his head in at his door an hour afterward.

"Come in, and blow a cloud and rest."

Henry threw himself on the bed, vowing that he had been up since daybreak. He began to talk drowsily, and Mr. Bassett relapsing into silence he fell into a sound sleep, from which he started to ask the time. It was eight o'clock.

"Time to dress, Bassett; where are your lights? Did you have a good time to-day? You didn't talk to Miss Mayhew."

"She is a fine-looking woman."

"Finc-looking woman, indeed! Don't you wish she had feathers?"

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- "She is lucent, fair, placid, good."
- "Not so lucent."
- "You like her, my boy!"

"Your boy does."

- "You do not understand her."
- "Ah! that is a good idea."

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, bother! get ready, will you? I am stung to-day with a million mental mosquitoes."
"It is a nipping and an eager air."

"I say," said Henry, returning for a moment to the room, "have you yourself any feelings in particular?"

"" I have not loved the world, nor the world me— But let us part fair foes."

"Confound your poetry!"

A second time that day Henry was destined to be astonished, for Mr. Bassett appeared before him in a full dress-suit of black and patent-leather pumps.

"Lemon-colored gloves!" said Henry, looking at his own wrinkled, dingy-white pair.

"You know I am not a handsome man, and the tailor tries to help me out. Now you—"

Henry looked down his length of limb, straightened his shoulders, put his thumbs in the button-holes of his blue coat, and made a small pirouette.

"Donkey!" said Mr. Bassett to himself.

"Bassett is rather unfortunate!" thought Henry, starting for the hall, for he was Master of Ceremonies.

He received the young ladies as they arrived in squads, unprotected, as was the custom—invitations having been issued by a committee. Eliza came early, looking as fresh as a flower, in the calyx of a pale-green silk. The bands of her hair shone like jet, and clung so smoothly to her face that its pure paleness seemed framed in black.

Ann Le Barron was the last to arrive. She swept up the hall as cool as Sabrina, in a cloud of tarletan—cheap, but becoming; skirt rose upon skirt to the slender waist. Her arms and bosom were covered with illusion. At the back of her head was fastened a bunch of delicate flowers and leaves, which trailed down her shoulders, and gave her an air of peculiar grace. From the foot of the hall she looked like a beauty. Bassett thought so as he entered, and thought so more seriously when he saw her dancing with Henry, for she danced beautifully.

"You dance like a fairy," said Henry, halfenveloped in the whirl of her skirts. "Give me this flower," he begged, touching one.

"What will you do with it?" she asked, with cunning eyes.

"I shall keep it forever."

She broke it from its stem, and, after twirling it across her lips, gave it to him.

Eliza was watching them without surprise, but she turned the bracelet on her arm as if she wished it were a flower.

"Are you engaged the next set?" Ann inquired of him while he was pinning the flower to his coat.

"No; will you dance again?"

"Oh no, not the very next; what will they

"Do you suppose that I care what is said?"

- "I see the Gurneys and the Haskells are here; I hope they won't insist upon dancing with me."
- "Say you are engaged to me when you are bored."

"Thank you. I like to dance with you, your arm is such a support."

"Is it?" he answered, with a look as if he would like to offer her its support again. "Bythe-way, while I think of it, shall I come to your house to-morrow evening and teach you to play chess, as I promised?"

"Do; don't fail to come; I am so anxious to

learn!"

"How well she looks, don't she?" said Henry, joining Mr. Bassett after the dance.

"Who?"

"Eliza Mayhew."

"Where is she?"

He had just been observing her.

"Over there; where are your eyes?"

"I have been looking at you and Miss Le Barron."

"Easy soul; and how well she dances!"

"She is gossamer."

"I am going to play the second violin for the next dance. It will be your chance for display."

"Now, Music, wake from out thy charmed sleep!"

"Why can't you talk sense?"

At the first scrape of the violin Mr. Bassett was bowing before Eliza. She rose, and, without speaking, they took places in the quadrille that was forming. He felt a dreamy repose stealing over him, and wished neither to break the silence nor to move. When the time came for them to advance she offered him her ungloved white hand, and he felt its warmth striking through his glove. At the first opportunity he pulled it off and thrust it into his pocket. Again their hands met, but the change was unnoticed by her. He still waited for her to speak, and at last she said,

"I dance badly."

"You do."

She looked up and met his grave eyes looking kindly into hers.

"How beautifully Miss Le Barron dances! You observed her."

"She likes dancing; I believe you do not."

"Oh yes. Do you like it?"

"No; but then I am thirty."

Eliza pitied Mr. Bassett, because she thought he lacked, in her estimation, all that she thought Henry possessed. Mr. Bassett would have pitied her if he had been certain that she felt a preference for Henry. But she was undemonstrative; even Ann was ignorant of her feeling.

Mr. Bassett continued to chat with her till Henry joined her; and for the remainder of the evening he hovered round her, except when drawn away by Ann, or when he danced with some pretty girl. He was in high spirits, espe-

cially when he perceived that Eliza was unmoved by his flirtations. Mr. Bassett sought Ann, more for the purpose of observing her than of dancing; but when a waltz began he placed his arm round her, and they whirled away.

"Does it make you dizzy to waltz?" she asked, fixing her eyes on his as deliberately as if she were sauntering across the floor instead of waltzing with all her might.

"I am not to the manner born as you are."

"I am French, you know."

They stopped and rested against the wall. She opened her gloved fingers.

"You must be warm," she said, glancing at his white hand.

He made no reply; but his expression gave her a desire to tamper with him. He watched her while she played with her fan.

"He is not a man to wind round one's fingers," she thought.

"It is your turn to forward," he said.

Returning from her vis-à-vis, she showed him a candid, artless face, and asked, "Do you mean to live here?"

"No; what do you think of me?"

"I have no opinion."

"Let me tell you what you would be with me soon."

"What?"

" Natural."

She threw a glance in the direction of Henry and half closed her eyes. He comprehended that he was being compared with him-to whose disadvantage? His swarthy cheek flushed; she saw it, and for an instant her own face changed. "Natural!" she exclaimed, with a laugh. "You think me affected, then?"

"Not that exactly; but-"

He hesitated to say any more, she appeared so disturbed, and looked at him with such a tell-tale expression that he felt a sudden intuition of her intentions.

She complained of being tired, refused to dance again, and took a seat, where she remained silent and thoughtful.

The ball came to an end, as all balls do. A coach conveyed most of the ladies home, Ann among the number; but Eliza walked, accompanied by Henry, who lingered at the door. "Good-night!" she said, giving a quick sigh.

"Good-night!" he replied, without going.

They stood silent for a moment; then he bent down and kissed her beautiful lips, opened the door for her, waited till he heard her fasten it, and then walked down the street dazed, till he came in contact with several young menunsated revelers-with whom he adjourned till morning at the Montgomery. None of them were so gay, so rattle-pated as Henry.

Eliza, in her quiet chamber-

"Where the faded moon Made a dim, silver twilight"-

was half-undressed, in happy perturbation, before she thought of the unread chapter. struck a light, and opening the Bible read, without heeding their import, the dread words:

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

he made the attempt to speak of her cousin's death, who was his friend. She thought of his trouble before she felt her own grief, and would have spoken some words of sympathy if Mr.

VII.

Henry was called away on business the next day to Ship Bay, a sea-port near Shelby. Mr. Bassett, with Sam Tripp, took the Andromeda and sailed down the bay in the morning and staid out till night. Sam described the voyage to his father as being rather tedious, but added that he thought Mr. Bassett, alone by himself, was a nicer man than when he was with somebody. "He laughed twice to-day, once when I told him a story, and the other time when he dropped a great heap of letters overboard, tearing them into bits first. 'Sam,' says he, 'there's a flock of young gulls for you!"

Henry drove into the yard of the Montgomery the following afternoon with a sober face. Seeing Mr. Bassett's boot soles on his window-seat

he went up to his room.

"I have brought," he said, "awful news from Ship Bay. A vessel arrived there this morning with the tidings of the wreck of the bark Minerva, and, with the exception of two men taken off by this vessel, the total loss of her crew. Twenty families had relatives on board. She was struck by a heavy sea which swept her fore and aft. Those who were below were drowned in their berths. Those who were on deck clung to the rigging, and after the main-mast was cut away, they crawled into the forward rigging and froze to death."

""With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one,"

said Mr. Bassett, with a shudder. "What a picture to bring here in such a bright, warm summer day!"

"I saw one of the men; his account was horrible. Ann Le Barron's only brother was the last that died-'game to the end;' when he fell on the deck his head cracked open as if it had been a dry pumpkin that had fallen! One cry rose above the gurgling water as it poured down the hatchway: after that, nothing was heard. The mate died singing 'Caroline of Edinboro Town.' Ned Mayhew, Eliza's cousin, broke off his fingers and dropped them overboard before he breathed his last. There wasn't much cursing, the man said, nor much praying. had little hope of rescue, for the weather was thick, and it blew great guns; but they cheered each other, and promised to hold on and not fall on purpose. They didn't mind each other's dying a bit, and when one tumbled all that was said was, 'There goes Jo,' 'Bill is down,' or, 'Tom is off.' 'I tell ye,' he concluded, 'when death comes that way 'tain't much to face it; 'tis as easy to die as it is for me to take this chaw of tobakker.'"

"Who will spread the news?"

"One of the men is on his way here."

They were excited and restless, and agreed shortly to go over to Mr. Mason's and tell Eliza. Henry was more disposed to cry than she when

he made the attempt to speak of her cousin's death, who was his friend. She thought of his trouble before she felt her own grief, and would have spoken some words of sympathy if Mr. Bassett's presence had not restrained her. Mr. Bassett noted it, and accused himself of indelicacy in venturing to come with Henry. Mrs. Mason cried bitterly; and Mr. Bassett endeavored, with so much success, to say something to calm her that she begged him to come again when he rose to leave.

That evening the disaster was known in Shelby, and the next day every door stood open for neighbors and friends to come and go with their burden of sorrow. It was not the first time that such an occasion had drawn them together.

Mrs. Le Barron grieved savagely for her son; she loved him better than she loved Ann, and in her bitterness revealed it. The loss of his only grandson made old Captain Green peevish and complaining. Altogether Ann had a miserable time at home. Her own feelings were shaken. In the last few days since the calamity she met Mr. Bassett daily, in his capacity of a consoler of the afflicted. His gentle goodness had touched her heart. As soon as he became conscious of the impression he had made she ceased to inspire him with any interest. It was her fate to be bereft of power when she rose above her selfish instincts, or lost the equipose of her will.

The day that a funeral sermon was preached in remembrance of the crew of the Minerva there were to be funeral baked meats at Mr. Mason's, and among the guests invited to partake of them were Mrs. Le Barron, Ann, Mr. Bassett, and Henry. The parlors were opened each side of the antique porch, and supper was laid in the long middle room. Ann sat apart so pale and sad that Henry, compassionating her, took a seat beside her, and they conversed in a low tone. He too was troubled. Eliza was so reticent; why she should be he could not understand. Every one, besides, in this time of trouble, carried an open heart! When tea was announced he took pains to be seated next to Ann. Mr. Bassett sat opposite in a reflective mood, sensible of the current which was drawing them together. It was well that it proved easy for him to be a spectator merely; for he had discovered Eliza's heart.

After supper Ann and Mr. Bassett found themselves in one of the deep parlor window seats. The room was in shadow; but outside the rays of sunset still illuminated the air.

"Who would suspect the sea as it looks now?" he said. "Its surface is so calm that white ribbons are woven across its blue. The sermon to-day makes it a fearful illusion."

"Illusion!" echoed Ann, looking out over the

"Do you court illusions?"

"I never had any."

"Must you have mathematical certainty in your mind to be satisfied?"

"Of what?"

"That the wind will rise and render those white ribbons into green wreathing serpents."

She made no reply but kept her eye fixed on the sea, and he was silent too. Darkness crept down the street, turned the bay into a level shield of cold steel, and stole into the room. As Mrs. Mason called Eliza to light the lamps an overmastering impulse seized Ann and made her speak with gasping breath.

"Would to God that what I think now were

not illusion, or that what I feel is!"

He continued silent and motionless. Had he turned his face toward her, or spoken a word, her soul would have broken loose in some way—in defiance, expostulation, or entreaty. He watched the gradual growing of the light round the lamp-wicks, and when it widened the room into a clear view, he spoke to Mrs. Mason across it on some trivial matter, and then turning to Ann, said,

"Speaking of illusions reminds me that I have had an idea of astonishing Shelby with private theatricals; of course it must be given

up."

"It would be nice to have them in the winter," she answered, pleasantly, though she was in a desperate mood.

Her cheeks, usually so pale, were crimson, and her eyes glittered; dark images filled her mind. She thought of her young brother dying on the wreck in the wild, icy sea; of her mother widowed, bereaved; of herself unlovely and unloved; and hot tears battered against her eyelids, but she would not allow them to fall.

She was glad to get home and be alone. By morning her self-possession was restored, and she was ready to face life with all energy.

## VIII.

Mrs. Mason was pleased with Mr. Bassett. He was neither light-headed nor light-hearted, she said, as some folks were, though she would call no names. Eliza knew that she meant Henry Allen; but as Mrs. Mason found fault with nearly every body, she laid little stress on her words. Since the night of the dance she believed that there was a happy understanding between her and Henry. With an egoism which belongs to girls like her, she thought it natural that they should meet, love, and marry. That she had disposed of her affections to the very first presentable young fellow she thought suitable did not occur to her. So much being established on her part, there could be no exaction, suspicion, nor jealousy; nor the foolishness of lovers' quarrels, nor the silliness of love-making. The tranquil acceptance of his attentions had at first given Henry satisfaction and a sense of security which made him dally with opportunity, and put off from day to day the fulfillment of his intention to ask her to marry him. Now he continually felt a vague irritation against her: that it was instigated by Ann Le Barron he did not dream. His own feelings were "all right," he professed. It was hard that he should be left so in doubt, but he could not make a fool

of himself by thrusting his love before her unless he knew her feelings. Meantime he devoted most of his evenings to Ann. Several weeks passed and nothing happened—nothing frequently happens in real life. Time, at the best, is filled up with rubbish not worth recording, except by the angel who writes in our Book of Life.

The tide of human affairs in Shelby flowed over the disaster which had thrown it into an agony of grief and remembrance. One evening Henry and Mr. Bassett joined the sewing circle by invitation. Eliza Mayhew was not there, but Ann Le Barron was; and she, Henry, and Mr. Bassett were the last to leave when it broke up. Henry offered his arm to her, and asked Mr. Bassett to walk with them, but he declined, and hastening to the Montgomery entered his room and locked the door.

Some time afterward he heard Henry come up stairs and try the door. "Bassett!" he called, "let me in; I must talk with you."

He heard no answer.

"I'll break the door in!" he called again.

"You haven't the courage," Mr. Bassett answered from within. "I won't let you in. Go to bed."

Early the next morning Henry was off by stage to Belford. Mr. Bassett avoided society for the space of a week, and occupied himself with sailing and horseback excursions. He was not surprised when a rumor reached him before the end of it that Allen had offered himself to Ann Le Barron. Nobody believed it; every body vehemently denied it; still the rumor spread.

When Henry came back he was busy with his papers for several days, and kept his room closely. One evening, however, he called on Mr. Bassett. A desultory conversation set in, which was kept up on both sides with spirit for a few minutes, and then they fell into a dead silence.

"Let's take a walk," said Henry; "it is a splendid night; harvest moon, big and red, lights up every thing!"

Mr. Bassett agreeing, they sauntered through the village and went up the east road, which crossed a hill, on the top of which they stopped to look out seaward.

Though Mr. Bassett quoted

"The silver margin which aye runneth round The moon-enchanted sea hath here no sound,"

Henry did not look up; he was obstinately bent on whipping the hem of his trowsers with a switch. They descended into the village again and walked to the other end of it. When they came to Mr. Mason's house they saw Eliza sitting in the porch watching the moon, which shone in her face. Henry came to an abrupt halt; Mr. Bassett, saying to himself, "Deuce take it!" passed on, with a sweep of his hat in her direction, without turning his head.

She rose impulsively, and resumed her seat with slow dignity, without speaking to Henry. He sat down on the step before her, and imploringly put his hand on her arm. She kept her regards on the moon. He knew no more than

the moon what she felt, but he knew better than ever that he loved her, and that he was a fool. He dashed his hat on the ground and began to cry, as men can cry sometimes; torrents of tears fell from his eyes, which he made no attempt to wipe away. Neither did she.

"I loved you so," he said at last, with a sob

in his throat.

"It is true, then, what I have heard?"

"Would you have it untrue?"

He bowed his head on her knees, and she pulled him up by his hair, full of wrath at his betrayal of her and his weakness. Pride came to her aid, and suggested that, as there was no bond between them, there was no necessity for any revelation on her part. Would it not answer for her to dismiss the subject with a few lies?

"You will give me up?"

"Yes," she answered, her soul turning to the truth. "I place no value on you now; but I thought we loved each other?"

"Let me tell you-"

" No."

"I am not engaged."

She stepped inside the door.

"They have lied about us."
"Us! A lie on such a point is enough."
She shut the door.

That night, when he knocked, Mr. Bassett did not refuse him entrance, but allowed him to come in, and exhaust himself in curses, self-reproaches, and raving invective.

"'Man is man,'" quoted Mr. Bassett, with an exasperating coolness. "He will fall whenever circumstances will let him," he thought, after Henry had gone. "What would have been the result if that serious-hearted girl had taken him back?"

In less than a month Henry introduced Ann Le Barron to his mother. She was haughty, as Ann expected she would be; but in time she was convinced by Ann's strategy that Henry, being weak enough to choose her, might have been weaker and chosen worse, so she succumbed, and the olive flourished between them.

## IX.

Mr. Bassett left Shelby, "bag and baggage," according to Tripp, in the middle of September. He would go, he told Henry, before

"The autumn leaves were shed, and wintry rains Were sown in swelling seas;"

He was regretted, and gave no other reason. and spoken of, after he had gone, as he would have been had he died. "He was a better man than he looked to be at first," was said, and with that he was laid on the shelf of the past. He was a better man than when he came, for his moral atmosphere was clear. He had discovered the reason of his errors, and had learned to separate his will from his instincts. Tears rose to his eyes as he whirled along the road over which he might never travel again. In Shelby he had found a complete intellectual solitude, and there were born aspirations which he promised himself should guide him.

Out into the world, wherever he has gone, there must he be left with his new-found strength. He is not the first man who has thought himself good and lofty when alone. He will learn whether his old demons lie in wait to leap into his heart, crying, "We have been fuithful!" and again penetrate him with the lusts which betray the souls of men.

#### X.

For many nights after her last interview with Henry Eliza read her Bible with a mechanical sense of duty which pervaded all her actions, and then gave up to the trouble she had kept at bay during the day. She pondered over the success of selfishness and duplicity, and the failure of generosity and honesty. She saw that she might have retained Henry, and she despised herself for the thought. How she burned with shame that so weak a man could make her suffer so bitterly! How weak she had been to snatch at such a shadow, and rejoice over it so fatuitously!

After the shock was over, in spite of her elastic temperament she remained unhappy. Life had lost its savor. To all appearance she bade fair to settle, where so many women's souls lie perdu, into the commonplace. Her sharp-eyed grandmother knew her trouble, and cast about for some mitigation of the evils which assailed her, but finding none, wisely let her alone. Faithfulness to routine, however, brought its reward; the old pleasure of habit stole back little by little, and she was already happier than she knew. The patient fulfillment of her social and household tasks restored her her former moral beauty; what she lacked besides would come in time.

One Sabbath evening, early in May, she sat in her chamber, dull and sad. She had seen in church Henry Allen and Ann Le Barron, as man and wife, for the first time. She was thinking of them when it came into her consciousness that they were not the cause of her unhappiness. She herself must be the cause! Love for Henry Allen was a myth, and hatred against Ann Le Barron also. A sense of the narrowness of her mind, the smallness of her aims and pursuits, smote her. She had whirled on the pivot of selfhood till she could distinguish nothing beyond it. Throwing a shawl over her head, she went through the garden into the level fields lying under the star-lit sky.

""The firmament showeth his handiwork," she chanted. 'Night unto night showeth knowledge.' How my soul has been darkened! But

I see light, as I see the stars."

How she wept before she left the fields! The rain of tears made her spirit clear. As she walked homeward her self-communings elevated her beyond mundane affairs. It would be nothing to bear the ills of life, since she believed that she could keep a steadfast eye on the life to come.

For a time this exaltation lasted, then her wings cracked in its rarefied air, and she dropped to the earth unsphered again. There was no-

thing to develop her in the circumstances by which she was surrounded. But Nature came to her aid, and her eyes were opened to her beauty. It was a slow process, however. A year-two years passed, before she came to mental matu-In that time a change took place in the Old Mr. Mason was gathered to household. his fathers. Mrs. Mason sank into a quiet state from the day of his death, resigning all authority to Eliza. There was not much property left, but enough for her to retain the old house and the old ways. But she changed the old ways The material superfluity was cut somewhat. off, and an intellectual one added. The house looked poctical now, with its books and pictures and harmonious details.

#### XI.

Ann Allen lived in Belford, but her visits to her mother in Shelby were so frequent and so long that it was supposed she found a freedom and repose there that was lacking at home. was one of Eliza's crosses that Ann visited her with an assumption of the intimacy of former She made no selfish appeals as she did then, but she was the same fritterer away of time. When Henry was in Shelby, Ann postponed going there. He came and went at her direction; it saved him trouble. After obedience to her, his chief pursuits were the cultivation of grapes and pettifogging. Taking into consideration that there was no capacity in him for further growth, and none in Ann, their match might be called a suitable one. It is certain that neither were unhappy—they passed life as the multitude pass it, with a great deal of sclf-satisfaction.

She had come to Shelby to pass September, and one windy day in the latter part of the month went out to make calls, when she saw a sight that made her heart stand still. It was Mr. Bassett, "bearded like a pard," sun-burned and robust. She stopped, he stopped, and they shook hands with smiles that extended no farther than the stony back-ground of their teeth.

"Have you come to fish? Henry will be so sorry that he has sold the Andromeda now."

"He was sold too," he thought, as he said, aloud, "I have come to sketch this time."

"You have learned to paint?"
"I have been an artist for years."

She had a feeling of thankfulness, in spite of the agitation which his presence had thrown her into, that she was not allied to an *artist*. There was something itinerant in the idea.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed.

They bowed with smiles again and parted.

Hc was on his way to Mrs. Mason's. Eliza received him with calm cordiality. Mrs. Mason said that she shouldn't have known him, but that she was glad he had come back. Her warm welcome put him on the old footing at once. He felt the change in the atmosphere of the house, and saw one in Eliza that the mere time of his absence could not account for. To avoid allusion to his former visit, he plunged into general

accounts of what was doing in the world, and he found that her mind had strayed beyond the bounds of Shelby and could follow him. Taking up an Art Journal, he remarked that he had lately seen the pictures of an artist whose name he mentioned. She said that she wished the artist would come to Shelby and paint its coast scenery.

"By-the-way," he said, "I am an artist, and my desire to paint under these autumnal skies has led me here."

He wondered at the glow which came to her countenance at his words.

"When I was here before," he continued, "I had grown weary of painting, and kept my art out of sight. It was as well; don't you think so?" he asked, with a smile, "considering that I could not have gained popularity if I had revealed my profession."

She asked permission to be his guide to certain spots she had wished a painter might see; a permission he granted, and then fell into a brown study. Eliza's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him, with the recollection of the time when she was sorrowing for the loss of her cousin Ned; and she was surprised that she had not remembered until now the part he took as a sympathizing listener to all who came to him with their grief. How indifferent and unfeeling she must have appeared to him!

"'Liza," said Mrs. Mason, "Mr. Bassett must stay to tca, and it is time for you to see about it."

Is it strange that the wide old parlor, with its white panels, its new windows with large panes, its crimson carpet, and its crimson and blue clothed tea-table, at which Mrs. Mason sat in the quiet of happy old age, and over which Eliza presided in the beauty of womanhood, fair, serene, intellectual, seemed idyllic to him? They lingered at the table, and he, while drinking cup after cup of tea, told them of his visit to Europe. He had been there nearly two years, and was just returned. After tea he lingered till he saw Mrs. Mason dozing in her chair.

They met often, and his old room at the Montgomery saw little of him. When Henry heard of his frequent visits to Eliza he was tormented by pangs of jealousy and envy, for he had taken it for granted that she would allow no man to seek her. He had disappointed her—what right had she to get over this disappointment? He haunted Shelby an uneasy man. Mr. Bassett saw his uneasiness, so did Ann; but she overlooked it: he was her husband, it was safe to do so.

Mr. Bassett took care that Eliza should not meet him with Henry. To his old acquaintance he offered his painting as an excuse for not joining in parties or making visits. He was readily excused. Eliza suspected that he was poor, influenced, perhaps, by the general opinion in regard to artists, and her suspicion removed the restraint that she would have felt had it appeared otherwise. She proposed that he should ride with her to the places he wished to sketch, and invited him to dine, or to tea, almost daily. Mrs.

Mason winked to herself now and then, and kept counsel with her thoughts, but said nothing.

One beautiful hazy morning he strolled over there in his painting jacket and with his cigar. Eliza was alone, and asked him to read to her while she finished a piece of sewing. Mrs. Mason put her head in at the door in the middle of "The Talking Oak," and took it out again. Presently she sent in word that Mr. Bassett must stay to dinner, and that Eliza need not come out to help her. After "The Talking Oak" he talked and Eliza listened till they were called to dinner. During the meal both were a little abstracted, but very polite to Mrs. Mason.

"What do you say," he asked, "to ciceroning mc through the Neck this afternoon? There

are good effects abroad to-day."

"I say 'Yes;' and we will go as soon as dinner is over."

"I'll go down to the Montgomery for my pencils and board." And he took up his hat.

"Take a shawl extra," he said, when he came

"You spoil her," Mrs. Mason remarked.

He blushed a fiery red, but made no answer.

"You must stop to tea," she said. "I don't believe in Tripp's teas."

"Neither do I," he answered.

They were on the road soon, and passing Ann's window. She was there, looking through the blind, as she had looked once before to see Eliza ride by.

"Oh, it is a match," she decided. "Eliza is getting to be an old maid. She is awfully

faded; it is time she married."

For a mile or two they talked gayly, pointing out bits of light and shade, groups of trees, rocks, clouds, or glimpses of sea. But when they reached the depth of the old leafy road they grew silent, and each looked on his or her side of the road with serious interest.

"Behind yonder hill," she said, "is the view of all views, and we must stop by the marsh

and walk."

The horse was tied to a tree, and they climbed the hill, from which they saw the sea, where she had once seen Henry fishing in the Andromeda. She was thinking of that time when Mr. Bassett startled her by speaking.

"I shall not sketch to-day."

"No?"

"Nor any day here, unless you say you love me, for I love you."

She turned her face to him; it was eloquent with joy and pain.

"I love you," she said; "but do you know that I thought I loved Henry Allen?"

"I know it; but you never did."

"He kissed me"—her face turned scarlet— "and I kissed him, and you can not have the first kiss from me.'

"Eliza, I can not give you my first kiss. Forgive me for asking you for your love.

She interrupted him.

"So you have suffered?"

"Long and bitterly."

She offered him her hand.

"One thing more before I can kiss it and call it mine. Do you remember my asking you the day I came back about an artist?"

"Yes," she answered, quickly.
"I am that artist. Bassett is my middle Will you take that, with another added to it?"

"What will grandmother say?" she asked, still holding out her hand.

"Let us go and hear," he answered, taking it.

"Before tea," he said, laughing, when they entered the house.

"Mrs. Mason-" he said.

She looked up through her spectacles at him, and then at Eliza.

"'Liza, you will not leave me?" she cried.

"No," they both said.

"Well, go and eat your suppers in peace."

A mist came over her glasses, and she was obliged to take them off to wipe it away, which she did, slowly.

"Ah," she sighed, "I was young once!"

He bent over her, and kissed her withered check.

"You must kiss 'Liza, not me—an old woman."

But she kissed him back, patted his head, and told him that she believed he was almost good enough for Eliza. And Eliza said, "He is quite good enough."

## THE CARTE DE VISITE.

TWAS a terrible fight," the soldier said; "Our Colonel was one of the first to fall, Shot dead on the field by a rifle-ball-A braver heart than his never bled."

A group for the painter's art were they: The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face; A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace; And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in a porch, where the sunlight came Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine vine,

Spilling itself like golden wine, And flecking the door-way with rings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way, For the air was sultry with summer heat; The road was like ashes under the feet, And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight—our ensign was shot As the order to charge was given the men, When one from the ranks seized our colors, and then

He too fell dead on the self-same spot.

"A handsome boy was this last, his hair Clustered in curls round his noble brow; I can almost fancy I see him now, With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name? have you never heard? Where was he from, this youth who fell? And your regiment, stranger, which was it? tell!"

"Our regiment?—it was the Twenty-third."

The color fled from the young girl's cheek, Leaving it white as the face of the dead; The mother lifted her eyes, and said, "Pity my daughter—in mercy speak!"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth," The soldier answered; "not even his name, Or from what part of our State he came; As God is above, I speak the truth!

"But when we buried our dead that night I took from his breast this picture—see! It is as like him as like can be; Hold it this way, toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half sad, half wild, Passed over her face, which grew more pale, Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail, And the mother bent low o'er her prostrate child.

## BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

Na delightful morning in the month of July, when the tall elms of the College Park were clothed in their deepest green, and a balmy air fresh from the distant ocean swept through their lofty boughs, I strolled up Hillhouse Avenue, one of the most delightful and rural portions of New Haven, in search of the residence of my old friend, Professor Dana, who had married the daughter of Professor Silliman, and was quietly domiciled in this delightful "City of Elms."

He was absent from town, but his servant pointed out to me the residence of his father-inlaw, near at hand, who could give information as to his movements. I accordingly called, and met Professor Silliman for the first time. the friend of Professor Dana I was kindly received, and not only furnished with what information I sought, but was soon engaged in a frank and pleasant conversation, chiefly apon topics of a scientific character, in which whole hours almost insensibly glided by. On leaving I was pressed so cordially to return that I did not hesitate to avail myself of the courtesy. This interview took place shortly after Professor Silliman's last visit to Europe, the recollections of which constantly crowded upon his mind, and were pleasantly interspersed through his conversation.

At this time he had retired from the more active duties of life, to repose upon the laurels of a well-earned scientific reputation. He bore evident marks of advancing years, but yet was possessed of a naturally vigorous constitution and full physique, upon which the inroads of time had made less impression than is usually the case. He resembled so much the portrait painted by Wilson—to be found in his European tour, published in 1853—that I should have had troduced him to some of the pleasantest houses

no difficulty in recognizing him under any circumstances; but meeting him as I did, under the shelter of his own roof and amidst the scenes of his life-long labors, his face seemed at the moment of recognition as that of an old and familiar friend. Through his writings, and the periodic return of his Journal, I had for years been apparently as well acquainted with him as if he had existed before me with an animated form and an articulated voice; and the transition from my acquaintance with him as the conductor of an able scientific journal to a personal one seemed so slight as scarcely to be recognized.

The first volume of this journal, which is denominated the American Journal of Science and Arts, but is more generally known as "Silliman's Journal," was issued in 1818, and has from that time to the present, a period of forty-four years, occupied the most prominent position of any purely scientific periodical in America.

Professor Silliman's original intention was to pursue the practice of law as an occupation; and with this view, after graduating at Yale College, in 1796, he turned his attention to its study, and was admitted to the bar in 1802. The brilliant discoveries of Lavoisier and Sir Humphrey Davy, which opened a new field for chemical research, and directed the attention of the conductors of colleges more directly to it as an important branch of scholastic study, materially changed the views of Professor Silliman, and soon led to his abandonment of the law for the new and attractive field of chemical research.

President Dwight, who at that time presided over Yale College, was so impressed with the importance of these discoveries as to determine him to establish a Professorship of Chemistry in Yale; and knowing the qualifications of Silliman for such a position, he offered the new professorship to him. The offer was accepted, and the incumbent immediately commenced a series of preparations to fit him for his new position. He not only visited the Pennsylvania College, in Philadelphia, where chemistry was then taught, but, in 1805, paid a visit to England and Holland, a very pleasant account of which was published in 1810. This was his first appearance as an author, and the work written by him was the first account given by an educated American of his impressions in Europe since the establishment of the Federal Government. The circumstances under which this visit was made were eminently favorable to enable him to obtain a pleasant view of English society. The trustees of Yale College had the previous year appropriated a sum of money for the enlargement of their library and the purchase of a chemical and philosophical apparatus, and they commissioned Professor Silliman to visit Europe for the purpose of making these collections. He was at the same time left at liberty to avail himself of such opportunities as might occur to acquire information, especially in chemistry.

His semi-official character, and the abundant letters with which he was supplied, at once inin England. Among these letters was one to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, which he sent to his residence soon after arriving in London, accompanied by his card, to which he received no reply. Happening to dine at Mr. Greville's (the brother of the Earl of Warwick), in company with James Watt, they left the house together. On their way to town Watt asked Silliman if he had been introduced at the Converzatione of Sir Joseph Banks. Silliman replied that, having presented his letter and card without receiving a reply, he felt himself excluded from this literary assembly, which was by far the most distinguished in London.

Watt assured him that it would be perfectly in order to call again; as Sir Joseph, on account of the numerous demands on his time, was, by the universal consent of society, excused from the ordinary obligations in returning visits and sending invitations. It was expected that every stranger introduced to him would call again. Professor Silliman, who had learned the same thing a day or two before from a friend, and that Sir Joseph had made the inquiry whether he had attended his receptions, was induced to accompany Watt to his soirée.

"My reception," said hc, "was such as to make me regret that my mistake was not sooner corrected, and every embarrassment was removed by the courteous behavior of this celebrated man."

He found Sir Joseph in his library, surrounded by a crowd of the literati, politicians, and philosophers of London. He was at that time of venerable age, and so afflicted with gout as to be obliged to walk with the aid of a staff. At his converzationes the most perfect ease of manner prevailed. Each came and went as he pleased, and those present sat or stood or walked or read or conversed at pleasure. Eating and drinking formed no part of the entertainment.

Each person, however, who had been introduced to Sir Joseph was at liberty to breakfast at his house at ten o'clock, and to frequent his library and museum at any time between that hour and four in the afternoon. Silliman relates the case of a French refugee, who construed this invitation so literally that he actually took his breakfast there regularly, until the sly looks of the servants taught him that, in England as well as in France, the meaning of a gentleman always being happy to see his friends on such an occasion could not be construed into the right to avail himself of the privilege to use the breakfast-table as a matter of daily convenience.

Hoops formed a part of ladics' apparel at that day as well as now. Curiosity led the Professor, on the occasion of a "Drawing-Room" at St. James's Palace on the King's birthday, to witness the departure of the privileged guests. On ordinary occasions the nobility are not distinguished by dress; but on such an occasion bagwigs, full-sleeved coats, embroidered waistcoats, and swords appeared in abundance.

"The ladies," said the Professor, "wore hoops | "These experiments," said the Professor, "were -not in a circle, but a large oval, which distend-carried quite through; for one of the objects of

ed the petticoat like a scoop-net, over which the dress, glittering with gems and spangles, was permitted to fall. The longest part of the oval was such as to throw the dress out on either side. This furnished no inconvenience in ordinary locomotion; but in threading the narrow pathway permitted by the crowd, between the door of the palace and their carriage, it was not possible for the hoop to be expanded, and being of unyielding materials, the ingenuity of the fair wearers was taxed to twist the whole machinery round so as to bring the shortest diameter across the path. But with all this aid to ingenuity, it was no small achievement to deposit one of the ladies safely in her coach."

While Silliman was in London, Fox, corpulent and broad-chested, the younger Pitt, tall, spare, and sharp-featured, and the gifted Sheridan, occupied seats in the House of Commons. He had occasional opportunities of hearing them all in debate, and of marking the characteristic differences between them. The manner of Fox was without the dignity or impressiveness of Pitt, but his language was easy, flowing, and natural.

"He stood," said the Professor, "leaning forward as if going up hill, with his clenched fists thrust into his capacious waistcoat-pockets. Pitt, on the contrary, notwithstanding the want of symmetry in his limbs, was, when he rose to speak, full of superiority and conscious dignity."

"I had," remarked he, "a distinct view of him for six hours, during which time he sat directly in front of me. His dress was a blue coat with metallic buttons, a white vest, black satin breeches, and white silk stockings, with large buckles in his shoes. His hair was powdered. Notwithstanding the violence of the Opposition, and their long familiarity with his voice, yet, when he rose to speak, the House became so quiet that a whisper might have been heard in any part of it. Memory," he continued, "brought up before me while seated in this House, whose very seats and panels were the same as in the time of the elder Pitt and Burke, the effect of the thunder of their masterly eloquence as it reverberated among its arches.'

Every one knows that the world is largely indebted to Count Rumford, who was a native of the United States, for many useful improvements in the culinary department; but few may be aware that, in the Royal Institution of London, a series of experiments were conducted by him, under the supervision of a committee, to determine the adaptation of his various improvements in cooking utensils, or in the formation of new dishes. In addition to the large library and lecture-rooms of this Institution, there were pointed out to the Professor, in the lowest apartment, a great number of culinary utensils, consisting of stew-pans, boilers, roasters, and other similar things, which Rumford had at various times invented for the purpose of reducing the processes of cooking to scientific principles. "These experiments," said the Professor, "were

the Institution was to give experimental dinners at which the Count presided, and the patrons of his experiments attended to judge of the merits of any new dish or newly-invented mode of cooking. It was probably not very difficult to recruit a sufficient number of men for this service, where good living is so much in fashion; and could philosophical pursuits always come with equal attractions they would never want devotees."

Nor were these experiments the only ones of the kind prosecuted in London at that time. The excellent Dr. Kitchener, who did not consider the preparation of the food for the table as an art too mean to be noticed by him, prosecuted a series of experiments, as extensive as those of Count Rumford and the Royal Institution, aided by Henry Osborne, the famous cook of his friend Sir Joseph Banks, who gladly lent his services to the Doctor for this purpose. The result of which was the publication of a system of cookery, now unfortunately too much fallen into disuse, containing a series of dishes every one of which was said to have been served at the table of this quaint but excellent guide in the culinary art—an art which not only the Royal Institution, but the President of the Royal Society, thought it not beneath him to aid in developing.

There was one thing for which the Professor could not acquire a fondness, and strangely enough, as it may appear at the present day, this was the Italian Opera. "It is," said he, "the most insipid, unintelligible, and stupid thing I have ever seen pass under the form of an amusement; and yet it is the favorite resort of the fashionable world."

To enable him to travel in England Professor Silliman was furnished with a passport from the Alien Office, which forbade him to approach nearer than ten miles to the coast. His curiosity, however, led him to Portsmouth, where he witnessed the embarkation of Nelson amidst an immense crowd who had assembled to greet him. "This," said Silliman, "was the last act of respect which Lord Nelson ever received from the hands of his countrymen while living; for it is well known that he then left England forever, and lost his life on the 21st of October, at the great battle of Trafalgar. I stood," he added, "where I had a full view of his person. He was elegantly dressed, and his blue coat was splendidly illuminated with stars and ribbons. As the barge in which he embarked, accompanied by Admiral Coffin and a few personal friends, left the shore, the people gave three cheers, which his lordship returned by waving

An incident occurred on this occasion that showed that the same intolerance of restraint, when not self-imposed, that characterizes the English of the present day, and has been transmitted, in an intensified degree, to the American people, was a predominent trait at that time. During the embarkation of Nelson the curiosity of the crowd became so great that they could could speak the English language as he did.

not be restrained by the sentinels from mounting the parapet covered with green sward, and the guns which frowned over them. "At this juncture," said Silliman, "a choleric young officer came dashing in among the throng and severely reproached the soldiers for not doing their duty. When they informed him that it was not possible to keep the people back, he directed them, in a loud and peremptory tone of voice, to put their bayonets through any one who should presume to disobey. A murmur of disapprobation ran through the crowd, which soon broke forth in articulate language. 'The rascal orders the soldiers to bayonet us,' came from all sides; 'put him in the dock—put him in the dock!' and suiting the action to the word they closed around him apparently for the purpose of putting the threat into execution, when he retreated more precipitately than became the dignity of his sword and epaulets, amidst the general laugh of the crowd. I was," said Silliman, "the more surprised at such a burst of popular resentment, because the town is exclusively military, and under the immediate control of the army and navy: it was the old spirit of English freedom."

In his individual case, an hour or two previous to this occurrence, the sentinel seemed more anxious to comply with the strict requirements of his duty. He had clambered up on a common, near one of the arsenals, where he could see over the high walls that inclosed the buildings, and obtain a view of the vast collection of instruments of destruction contained within. While moralizing within himself at the depravity of human nature as here presented, his reflections were suddenly broken in upon by the approach of a sentinel who in no very polite phrase ordered him to leave. "Inasmuch," said the Professor, "as he was clothed with some authority, and held a bayonet inconveniently near, I prudently considered that it presented no case to debate, and so adopting a maxim once uttered on a similar occasion, that the request was reasonable and the argument urgent, I obeyed without delay."

While in London he was invited to meet at dinner, at the house of a member of Parliament and a gentleman of large fortune, a party composed entirely of English. His seat was next to that of a very courteous as well as a distinguished nobleman. After conversing for some time concerning America, his lordship suddenly interrupted him with the remark,

"And pray, Sir, do the Americans all speak English as you do?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the Professor; "I speak the language as most of my countrymen do."

Nor was this a solitary instance. While attending an examination of students at the University of Cambridge, he was seated near a highly intelligent gentleman, who said that it seemed to him hardly possible that any man born and educated three thousand miles from England

"After all," said he, "you must either be an Englishman, or have obtained the greater part of your education here." It was difficult for Professor Silliman to eonvince him that not only he, but all well-educated Americans spoke as the same class in England. "And yet," added he, "not only myself, but any well-educated American, may travel from London to John o' Groat's House, and thenee to the Land's End, and every where pass for a Londoner. This is the universal presumption, as appears from the ineidental remarks of the people of the country, and the questions asked eoneerning the news of the day."

So generally was he reeognized while in England as an Englishman, that it did not exeite his surprise that his companion at the University should have mistaken him for one. But he was somewhat startled, and not a little confounded, by an observation from an English gentleman with whom he was dining, and who had spent several years in the United States, that he should have recognized him as a New Englander had he not known him.

"And why so?" inquired Silliman, in some astonishment.

"Beeause," responded his entertainer, "I never knew a person who was not educated in New England that leaned his chair back in such a position as to eause it to stand upon two legs instead of four."

To the great surprise of the Professor, as well as to the infinite amusement of the guests assembled at dinner-most of whom were Americans—an instant's examination revealed the fact that he was at that moment occupying the awkward position attributed to the people of his section of the United States, although, up to that period, he was neither aware that the position was one peculiar to New England, nor that he had assumed it. He joined heartily with the others in the mirth oceasioned by the incident; but, added he, in recounting this adventure, "I am sure I shall never again forget that a chair ought to stand on four legs instead of two."

From the commencement Silliman's Journal has received contributions from some of the ablest scientific men in the country; and its first volume presents by no means an indifferent appearance, either in the character of its contents or its typographical execution, as eompared with any of the subsequent volumes. Among its early contributors are Professors Torrey and Barton, Ives and Rafinesque, in Botany; Say and De Kay, in Zoology; and Professors Hare and Beek, in Chemistry. The first volume eontains an original paper from the pen of Professor Beck on Salt Storms, one from Professor Hare on his Calorimotor, and one from Rafinesque on Atmospheric Dust. Every reader is aware that, when the sun shines through a small aperture into a dark room, its beam displays a crowd of dusty particles, in various shapes, floating lightly upon the air, and invisible in the atmosphere except under such circumstances. Rafinesque, in this paper, shows that not only the whole atmosphere of the earth is charged with these

particles of dust, but that the amount is so great as to produce the most remarkable physical changes: in proof of which the deposit at Segesta, in Sicily, is noticed. At this place are the ruins of a very ancient temple, the steps of which, upon all sides, are built upon the solid rock upon the top of a hill; and yet, at the present day, they are found eovered with a débris of earth, from five to eight feet in thickness, composed entirely of the accumulations of this atmospherie dust and the deeay of vegetation to which it has furnished food.

The conduct of this Journal met with the most unqualified approbation at home and abroad. "We should find it hard to name," said Edward Everett in 1821, "a literary enterprise in America more likely to be an instrument of raising the reputation of the country abroad in those departments to which it is devoted." Mr. Tilloeh, of London, editor of the Philosophical Magazine; M. Julien, editor of the Révue Encyclopédique; Berzelius, of Stockholm; and Dr. Thomas Thomson, Regius Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, were among the number who hastened to write to Professor Silliman commendatory letters regarding it.

But while thus successful in a scientific point of view, it was in a pecuniary aspect, for a eonsiderable length of time, a losing coneern. In May, 1821, upon the completion of the third volume, Professor Silliman stated to its readers "that the proprietors of the first volume had not yet received back the money which they have expended; nor is the editor yet repaid simply for the paper, printing, and engraving of the second volume." And yet he says that he is not disheartened; but is satisfied that it will require several years to establish it upon a successful pecuniary foundation, during which period he declares that he will be neither impatient nor querulous, but will ealmly await the period when his countrymen shall decide whether or not there shall be an American journal of seience and arts.

Among the euriosities contained in these early volumes is a series of original letters addressed by Franklin to Jared Eliot, of Connecticut, who was at the same time a clergyman, a physician, a naturalist, a philosopher, and an agriculturist, and also a member of the Royal Society of London. These letters detail some of the experiences of Franklin as an agriculturist, in which he was not successful. Like most men who have acquired means in a city, he considered that the country would furnish him with more enjoyment for his declining years than town. He accordingly purchased about three hundred acres of land near Burlington, in New Jersey, and began the experiments which he details in the letters written to Mr. Eliot.

Besides his duties as editor, which for many years he performed without aid, there was scarcely a number of the Journal, in its early period, that did not contain contributions devoted to original research from his pen. The general index, published after the Journal had been in existence for thirty years, shows that the amount large and important.

Professor Hare, to whose memory Silliman paid, in a contribution to the Journal, a fit tribute, as early as 1801 made the discovery that by means of the compound blow-pipe, fed by oxygen and hydrogen gases, a heat could be produced more intense than from any other source then known. Silliman, in 1802-3, while in Philadelphia, witnessed the performance of a series of experiments made by Professor Hare with the compound blow-pipe before Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen gas, who chanced to be in Philadelphia, Mr. Woodhouse, and several others; and at a later period, in 1803, he was occupied with him in prosecuting a similar series of experiments on a more extended scale, which formed the basis of a paper on the subject communicated by Professor Hare to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, which was soon after reprinted in the Annales de Chemie of Paris, and in the Philosophical Magazine of London.

In December, 1811, Professor Silliman instituted an extended series of experiments in New Haven, during which he melted lime and manganese, and a long list of the most refractory minerals, gems, and other substances which had never before been thus reduced. He communicated a detailed account of these experiments to the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, which was published in their Transactions in 1812, and also in Dr. Bruce's Mineral-

ogical Journal.

Yet, notwithstanding the publicity thus given by both Professor Hare and himself to these discoveries, he was astonished to read, in the Annales de Chemie for 1816, a very elaborate memoir, communicated by Professor Clarke, of the Cambridge University in England, giving a very full account of the series of experiments made by Professor Hare and himself, without recognizing either in connection with them. Silliman devoted a portion of the space of the first number of the American Journal of Science to the rectification of this error, which was still further and more completely established by Professor Hare in a subsequent number. Although no doubt now exists as to the true inventor of the compound blow-pipe in either hemisphere, yet I am not aware that Dr. Clarke ever made a recantation, or in any manner acknowledged the instrumentality of Professors Harc and Silliman in the matter.

The series of experiments growing out of this discovery were the most brilliant in his course of chemistry at Yale. By this means he was accustomed to give effect to his lectures by the fusion and volatilization of platina, the combustion of gold and silver, the fusion of rock-crystal, of gun-flint, and of corundum gems, and the production of a light beyond the brightness of the sun. That his lectures were popular, and eagerly anticipated by the students as a pastime rather than an irksome pursuit, is not at all surprising; nor is it more singular that this popular mode of teaching the sciences should have

of labor he performed in this manner was both | contributed to increase the number of students in attendance in the other departments of the

> One can readily imagine his surprise when, years after he had won renown as a lecturer, he found, on a visit to Oxford, that Dr. Daubeny, the eminent lecturer on Chemistry and Botany, could only command a meagre class of about twenty students in a University which has six thousand members on its books, and fifteen hundred in actual attendance. He was informed by a gentleman connected with the University, what appeared sufficiently obvious, that the physical sciences met with little favor with the great body of the University, and that neither Dr. Buckland nor Dr. Daubeny, both eminent in their departments, could obtain more than the small number already mentioned as attendants upon their lectures.

> "No wonder," said Silliman, "that the spirit of Dr. Buckland, a noble man, of high talents and attainments, seconded by great zeal, industry, and eloquence, should have been discouraged by classes which would be meagre indeed even in our infant colleges in the youngest States of the Union." He is said to have ended his last course at Oxford with three pupils, and his lecture-room was scarcely able to scat more than twenty-five. A number of persons who had visited him with letters of introduction from Professor Silliman, which always secured for them a kind reception, were astonished to find him lecturing to a class of a dozen pupils. The relations between these two savans were of the most pleasant character, but without a personal acquaintance. Professor Silliman had promised himself much pleasure in a personal interview; but when he reached Oxford he found that the brilliant light of this eminent philosopher was flickering in its socket. His bodily health was good, but his mind had fallen into a state of hopeless imbecility.

The journal with which Silliman's name has been so long associated, and of which he continues to act as senior editor, has assumed a position almost as an oracle on the physical sciences in the United States, and numbers among its contributors the ablest scientific men of the country. The burden of its management has of late years devolved upon his son-in-law, Professor Dana, and his only son, who now fills the professorship of chemistry so long and so ably held by the father in Yale College, while at an advanced age he is allowed to repose quietly under the towering elms that overshadow his pleasant residence.

In 1851, partly to gratify his only son, who had just grown into manhood, and partly from a desire to revisit the scenes which had so pleasantly impressed him in his youth, he made a second voyage to Europe. Forty-five years had elapsed since he had visited England, during which many important changes had taken place. His own country, then scarcely emancipated from its dependence upon England, although virtually freed from her supremacy, and held in slight esteem by European Powers, had risen with a ra-

as one of the first Powers of the earth. Her literature, her progress in art and science, but above all her rapid advance in industrial pursuits, was universally acknowledged and warmly applauded. Nor had England in the mean time been laggard. Her vast manufacturing interest, her immense colonial trade, her extensive shipping, and her mining adventures had placed her in the very foremost position as a commercial and an opulent nation. While her towns had largely increased, and manufactories had risen in all directions, the changes effected by steam upon the sea were not less remarkable, and England and the United States were generously vying with each other for the mastery in the perfection of steam navigation upon the ocean. In his former voyage the best conveyance he could procure was a small vessel, engaged in the Liverpool trade, of less than five hundred tons burden; in the latter, the journey was performed in one of those magnificent Collins steamers which reflected such credit upon us as a nation, but which unfortunately, owing to the parsimony of the Government, have been forced to retire from the competition for this trade, after having established for themselves a reputation never before gained by the merchant

One who returns to a place after a prolonged absence usually finds it so altered as to make his visit a melancholy one; but Professor Silliman had the good fortune to be taken charge of at his very landing in Liverpool by a friend whose acquaintance he had formed on his previous visit, and who now, after the lapse of so many years, stood ready to welcome him again to England. This gentleman, whose name was Taylor, was a considerable merchant at Liverpool, and at the same time an amateur astronomer, and as such held a correspondence with some of the most eminent astronomers of the day, including Sir John Herschel, Encke, and Leverrier. "We might," said Professor Silliman, "have easily passed each other in the streets without recognition; but gradually memory performed its office, and, one after another, the form, the features, and the manner of my early friend, although altered by years, reinstated themselves in my recollection." They had parted in the morning of life, and they now met in its sober evening; but although the snow had descended upon their heads it had not chilled the social warmth that glowed in their bosoms. Both were in the possession of excellent bodily health, had an ample supply of the bounties of Providence, and had been favored by the esteem of those among whom their lives had been spent. The meeting was cordial, and memory soon carried them back to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Taylor's father, under whose roof they had met and parted in youth.

When Professor Silliman visited England on a former occasion the armies of Napoleon hung like a dark cloud over the coast of England, threatening momentary invasion, and finally di-

pidity hitherto unexampled to occupy a position as one of the first Powers of the earth. Her literature, her progress in art and science, but above all her rapid advance in industrial pursuits, was universally acknowledged and warmly applauded. Nor had England in the mean time been laggard. Her vast manufacturing interest, her immense colonial trade, her extensive shipping, and her mining adventures had placed her in the very foremost position as a commercial and an opulent nation. While her towns had largely increased, and manufacturing upon their parts, the politest attention.

At the Jardin des Plants he was introduced to M. Adolph Brongniart, who now filled the position of Professor of Geology, which had formerly been occupied by his father. Professor Silliman had held for some time a correspondence with the father, and an occasional one with the son. His reception of him in his apartments in the Garden was marked by a kindness of manner that quite won the heart of his American friend. Besides his position as professor in the Garden, the father had been the director of the famous Sèvres porcelain establishment for fortyseven years, and through the courtesy of the son he was enabled to make a much more thorough examination of this remarkable manufactory than is usually permitted.

He likewise met at the Jardin des Plants M. Milne Edwards, who was likewise a professor in the institution, and occupied the identical house in which the lamented Cuvier had formerly lived. He pointed out the rooms in which he had prosecuted his studies, and the apartment in which he died. "With Professor Edwards," said Silliman, "we had repeated and very gratifying interviews, and his kindness could not be exceeded. Indeed, among the men of science in Paris we met with but a solitary instance of cool manners, but without rudeness."

With M. De Verneuille, who had traveled in the United States, he visited the geological collection of the Garden, which includes the superb collection of Cuvier, in which were the fossil fish of Monte Bolca and other localities, which had been placed at the disposal of Agassiz by Cuvier, when he was a student in Paris in 1824. The Professor recognized the labels placed upon the specimens in the handwriting of his eminent friend. Side by side with these specimens, which derived additional interest from the association which they had with Agassiz, was the famous case containing one fish apparently in the attempt to swallow another. "Mr. Bakewell has suggested," says Professor Silliman, "that the position of these two fishes is only accidental; but it is certainly more dramatic to contemplate the fish in the moment of perishing in a submarine eruption of volcanic mud, as intent upon his meal as if no danger was present."

Among his letters of introduction was one from Professor Guyot, then of Neufchatel, but now the Professor of Physical Geography at Princeton, to Professor Ritter, of Berlin, the eminent physical geographer. He found Ritter a gentleman of remarkably fine personal appear-

ance, and of prepossessing address. "I listened with pleasure," he says, "to his very excellent English. His healthful and bright appearance by no means indicated his age, as he was still in the full energy of physical and mental power." Ritter invited Professor Silliman to attend a meeting of the Geographical Society, of which he was President, where he became acquainted with Ehrenberg, the philosopher of the microscopic world, with the brothers Gustave and Henrich Rose, Professor Dove, the meteorologist, and Mitscherlich, the Professor of General and Applied Chemistry. Since this period Ritter has ceased to live, and his friend Guyot has had the melancholy gratification of pronouncing his eulogy before the American Geographical and Statistical Society.

Soon after his arrival in Berlin Professor Silliman sent a note to Humboldt, asking when it would be convenient for him to receive him. Shortly after Professor Dove called at his hotel with the announcement that Baron Von Humboldt would see him on Monday, between twelve and two, at his house in the city. Accordingly he went to Humboldt's town-house, which was a plain, unpretending edifice, in a retired part of the city, at one o'clock, and was admitted by his faithful servant, the companion of many of his arduous journeyings. Humboldt was seated in his study, which immediately adjoins his library, surrounded by books and charts. He met Silliman with great kindness, and gently chided him for not at once calling without asking permission to do so. He was quite conversant with the acts of scientific men in the United States, and perfectly familiar with the journal edited by Silliman, and his labors, to which he pleasantly alluded. He seemed to take most interest in the progress of physical sciences, and alluded commendingly to the labors of Lieutenant Maury in navigation, Professor Bache in the coast-survey, and Frémont in Western explorations.

"In person," said Professor Silliman, "Humboldt is not much above the middle size, and is not unlike in appearance the late Colonel Trum-He stoops a little, but not as much as most men of his age [he was then 82], and indicates no signs of decrepitude; his eyes were brilliant, his complexion light, his features and person round though not fat, his hair white and thin, his mind active, and his language brilliant and sparkling with bright thoughts. perfect command of the best English, and spoke the language very agreeably. I alluded to a visit he had paid to the United States in 1804, when he had traveled no farther north than Philadelphia." Humboldt told him that he had spent three weeks at that time with Jefferson, at Monticello. He remarked that Jefferson, who was exceedingly interested in his Mexican explorations, developed to him a plan which appeared to him as the natural result which civilization would assume on the American conti-

nent, in which the whole country would be divided into three great republics, involving the union of Mexico and the South American States.

"Although," said Silliman, "the associate of kings, he was evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoiced in the prosperity of the United States."

When about leaving Berlin Silliman addressed a note to Humboldt, expressing his gratification at the interview and asking for his autograph; but instead of his signature he wrote a long note, in which he said, "I have reason to fear the immeasurable aggrandizement of your confederacy—the temptation to the abuse of power dangerous to the Union. I am not less impressed with the advantages that the world ought to derive in physical knowledge, positive science, and intelligence, from this very aggrandizement. However imposing the spectacle may be, I think I already descry the distant epoch, when a high degree of civilization, and institutions free, firm, and peaceful (three elements not easily associated), shall penetrate the tropical regions and the high table-lands of Mexico. Bogota, Quito, and Potosi shall come to resemble in their institutions New York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

At the time of this visit Humboldt was engaged in the preparation of a publication on the Outline Form of Mountain Peaks, which he was writing from original observations made in his various wanderings. He told Professor Silliman that the greater part of his literary labors were performed when others slept, as the King usually required his presence at the times usually devoted to such pursuits; but he found that he could get along very well with but four hours' sleep, and hence his capacity to perform a large amount of literary labor. "His published works are a library. His faculties combine the enthusiasm of poetry with the severity of science; and from the culminating point of fourscore-andfour years he surveys the vast field of his labors, the reflection of which he is giving to the world in that comprehensive Hellenism which expresses both the universal and the beautifulthe Kosmos. He is a philosopher who belongs not so much to his country as to mankind, and when he dies no one will be found to fill his place."

Since this observation was made Humboldt, at a remarkably advanced age, has been called to his final repose; and although the event was not unexpected, yet it produced a profound impression throughout the world, such as could have arisen from the decease of no other man, however exalted his position or wide-spread his fame. I can only hope that the last days of our friend, who is far advanced in years (he is now 83), may close as peacefully and quietly as those of the distinguished philosopher whose reputation is as extensive as his Kosmos is comprehensive.

## MISTRESS AND MAID.

## A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT morning, while with that cheerful, unanxious countenance which those about an invalid must learn continually to wear, Elizabeth was trying to persuade her mistress not to rise, she heard a knock, and made some excuse for escaping. She well knew what it was, and who had come.

There, in the parlor, sat Miss Hilary, Mrs. Jones talking at her rather than to her, for she hardly seemed to hear. But that she had heard every thing was clear enough. Her drawn white face, the tight clasp of her hands, showed that the ill tidings had struck her hard.

"Go away, Mrs. Jones," cried Elizabeth, fiercely. "Miss Hilary will call when she wants

you."

And with an ingenious movement that just fell short of a push, somehow the woman was got on the other side of the parlor-door, which Elizabeth immediately shut. Then Miss Hilary stretched her hands across the table and looked up piteously in her servant's face.

Only a servant; only that poor servant to whom she could look for any comfort in this sore trouble, this bitter humiliation. There was no attempt at disguise or concealment between

mistress and maid.

"Mrs. Jones has told me every thing, Elizabeth. How is my sister? She does not know?"

"No; and I think she is a good deal better this morning. She has been very bad all week; only she would not let me send for you. She is really getting well now; I'm sure of that."

"Thank God!" And then Miss Hilary be-

gan to weep.

Elizabeth also was thankful, even for those tears, for she had been perplexed by the hard, dry-eyed look of misery, deeper than any thing she could comprehend, or than the circumstances seemed to warrant.

It was deeper. The misery was not only Ascott's arrest; many a lad has got into debt and got out again—the first taste of the law proving a warning to him for life; but it was this ominous "beginning of the end." The fatal end—which seemed to overhang like a hereditary cloud, to taint as with hereditary disease, the Leaf family.

Another bitterness (and who shall blame it, for when love is really love, have not the lovers a right to be one another's first thought?)—what would Robert Lyon say? To his houest Scotch nature poverty was nothing; honor every thing. She knew his horror of debt was even equal to her own. This, and her belief in his freedom from all false pride, had sustained her against many doubts lest he might think the less of

her because of her present position—might feel

ashamed could he see her sitting at her ledger in that high desk, or even occasionally serving in the shop.

Many a time things she would have passed over lightly on her own account she had felt on his; felt how they would annoy and vex him. The exquisitely natural thought which Tennyson has put into poetry—

"If I am dear to some one else,

Then I should be to myself more dear"-

had often come, prosaically enough perhaps, into her head, and prevented her from spoiling her little hands with unnecessarily rough work, or carelessly passing down ill streets and byways, where she knew Robert Lyon, had he been in London, would never have allowed her to go. Now what did such things signify? What need of taking care of herself? These were all superficial, external disgraces, the real disgrace was within. The plague-spot had burst out anew; it seemed as if this day were the recommencement of that bitter life of penury, misery, and humiliation, familiar through three generations to the women of the Leaf family.

It appeared like a fate. No use to try and struggle out of it, stretching her arms up to Robert Lyon's tender, honest, steadfast heart, there to be sheltered, taken care of, and made happy. No happiness for her! Nothing but to go on enduring and enduring to the end.

Such was Hilary's first emotion: morbid perhaps, yet excusable. It might have lasted longer—though in her healthy nature it could not have lasted very long, had not the reaction come, suddenly and completely, by the opening of the parlor door and the appearance of Miss Leaf.

Miss Leaf—pale, indeed; but neither alarmed nor agitated, who hearing somehow that her child had arrived, had hastily dressed herself, and come down stairs, in order not to frighten Hilary. And as she took her in her arms, and kissed her with those mother-like kisses, which were the sweetest Hilary had as yet ever known—the sharp anguish went out of the poor girl's heart.

"Oh, Johanna! I can bear any thing as long as I have you."

And so in this simple and natural way the miserable secret about Ascott came out.

Being once out, it did not seem half so dreadful; nor was its effect nearly so serious as Miss Hilary and Elizabeth had feared. Miss Leaf bore it wonderfully; she might almost have known it beforehand; they would have thought she had, but that she said decidedly she had not.

"Still you need not have minded telling me; though it was very good and thoughtful of you, Elizabeth. You have gone through a great deal for our sakes, my poor girl."

Elizabeth burst into one smothered sob—the first and the last.

"Nay," said Miss Leaf, very kindly; for this unwonted emotion in their servant moved them both. "You shall tell me the rest another time. Go down now, and get Miss Hilary some breakfast."

When Elizabeth had departed the sisters turned to one another. They did not talk much; where was the use of it? They both knew the worst, both as to facts and fears.

"What must be done, Johanna?"

Johanna, after a long pause, said, "I see but one thing—to get him home."

Hilary started up, and walked to and fro along the room.

"No, not that. I will never agree to it. We can not help him. He does not deserve helping. If the debts were for food now, or any necessaries; but for mere luxuries, mere fine clothes; it is his tailor who has arrested him, you know. I would rather have gone in rags! I would rather see us all in rags! It's mean, selfish, cowardly, and I despise him for it. Though he is my own flesh and blood, I despise him."

"Hilary!"

"No," and the tears burst from her angry eyes, "I don't mean that I despise him. I'm sorry for him; there is good in him, poor dear lad; but I despise his weakness; I feel fierce to think how much it will cost us all, and especially you, Johanna. Only think what comforts of all sorts that thirty pounds would have brought to you!"

"God will provide," said Johanna, earnestly. "But I know, my dear, this is sharper to you than to me. Besides, I have been more used to it."

She closed her eyes, with a half shudder, as if living over again the old days—when Henry Leaf's wife and eldest daughter used to have to give dinner-parties upon food that stuck in their throats, as if every morsel had been stolen; which in truth it was, and yet they were helpless, innocent thieves; when they and the children had to wear clothes that seemed to poison them like the shirt of Dejanira; when they durst not walk along special streets, nor pass particular shops, for the feeling that the shop-people must be staring, and pointing, and jibing at them, "Pay me what thou owest."

"But things can not again be so bad as those days, Hilary. Ascott is young; he may mend. People can mend, my child; and he had such a different bringing-up from what his father had, and his grandfather, too. We must not be hopeless yet. You see," and making Hilary kneel down before her, she took her by both hands, as if to impart something of her own quietness to this poor heart, struggling as young, honest, upright hearts do struggle with something which their whole nature revolts against, and loathes, and scorns—"you see, the boy is our boy; our own flesh and blood. We were very foolish to let him away from us for so long. We might have made him better if we had kept him at

Stowbury. But he is young; that is my hope of him; and he was always fond of his aunts, and is still, I think."

Hilary smiled sadly. "Deeds, not words. I don't believe in words."

"Well, let us put aside believing, and only act. Let us give him another chance."

Hilary shook her head. "Another, and another, and another—it will be always the same. I know it will. I can't tell how it is, Johanna; but whenever I look at you, I feel so stern and hard to Ascott. It seems as if there were circumstances when pity to some, to one, was wicked injustice to others; as if there were times when it is right and needful to lop off, at once and forever, a rotten branch, rather than let the whole tree go to rack and ruin. I would do it! I should think myself justified in doing it."

"But not just yet. He is only a boy-our

own boy."

And the two women, in both of whom the maternal passion existed strong and deep, yet in the one never had found, and in the other never might find, its natural channel, wept together over this lad, almost as mothers weep.

"But what can we do?" said Hilary at last.
"Thirty pounds, and not a halfpenny to pay it

with; must we borrow?"

"Oh no—no," was the answer, with a shrinking gesture; "no borrowing. There is the diamond ring."

This was a sort of heir-loom from eldest daughter to eldest daughter of the Leaf family, which had been kept, even as a sort of superstition, through all temptations of poverty. The last time Miss Leaf looked at it she had remarked, jestingly, it should be given some day to that important personage talked of for many a year among the three aunts—Mrs. Ascott Leaf.

"Who must do without it now," said Johanna, looking regretfully at the ring; "that is, if he ever takes to himself a wife, poor boy."

Hilary answered, beneath her breath, "Unless he alters, I earnestly hope he never may." And there came over her involuntarily a wild, despairing thought, Would it not be better that neither Ascott nor herself should ever be married, that the family might die out, and trouble the world no more?

Nevertheless she rose up to do what she knew had to be done, and what there was nobody to do but herself.

"Don't mind it, Johanna; for indeed I do not. I shall go to a first-rate, respectable jeweler, and he will not cheat me; and then I shall find my way to the sponging-house—isn't that what they call it? I dare say many a poor woman has been there before me. I am not the first, and shall not be the last, and nobody will harm me. I think I look honest, though my name is Leaf."

and scorns—"you see, the boy is our boy; our own flesh and blood. We were very foolish to let him away from us for so long. We might have made him better if we had kept him at She summoned Elizabeth, and began giving her

all domestic directions, just as usual; finally, bade her sister good-by in a tone as like her usual tone as possible, and left her settled on the sofa in content and peace.

Elizabeth followed to the door. Miss Hilary had asked her for the eard on which Ascott had written the address of the place where he had been taken to; and though the girl said not a word, her anxious eyes made piteous inquiry.

Her mistress patted her on the shoulder.

"Never mind about me; I shall come to no harm, Elizabeth."

"It's a bad place; such a dreadful place,

Mrs. Jones says."

"Is it?" Elizabeth guessed part, not the whole of the feelings that made Hilary hesitate, shrink even, from the duty before her, turning first so hot, and then so pale. Only as a duty eould she have done it at all. "No matter, I must go. Take eare of my sister."

She ran down the door-steps, and walked quickly through the Crescent. It was a clear, sunshiny, frosty day—such a day as always both cheered and ealmed her. She had, despite all her eares, youth, health, energy; and a holy and constant love lay like a sleeping angel in her heart. Must I tell the truth, and own that before she had gone two streets' length Hilary ceased to feel so very, very miserable?

Love—this kind of love of which I speak—is a wonderful thing, the most wonderful thing in all the world. The strength it gives, the brightness, the actual happiness, even in hardest times, is often quite miraculous. When Hilary sat waiting in the jeweler's shop, she watched a little episode of high life - two wealthy people choosing their marriage-plate; the bride, so careless and haughty; the bridegroom, so unutterably mean to look at, stamped with that innate smallness and eoarseness of soul which his fine clothes only made more apparent. And she thought—oh, how fondly she thought!—of that honest, manly mien; of that true, untainted heart, which, she felt sure, had never loved any woman but herself; of the warm, firm hand, earving its way through the world for her sake, and waiting patiently till it could openly clasp hers, and give her every thing it had won. She would not have exchanged him, Robert Lyon, with his penniless love, his half-hopeless fortunes, or maybe his lot of never-ending care, for the "brawest bridegroom" under the sun.

Under this sun—the common, everyday winter sun of Regent and Oxford streets—she walked now as brightly and bravely as if there were no trouble before her, no painful meeting with Ascott, no horrid humiliation from which every womanly feeling in her nature shrunk with acute pain. "Robert, my Robert!" she whispered in her heart, and felt him so near to her that she was at rest, she hardly knew why.

Possibly grand, or clever, or happy people who eondescend to read this story may despise it, think it unideal, uninteresting; treating of small things and common people—"poor persons," in short. I can not help it. I write for the poor;

not to excite the compassion of the rich toward them, but to show them their own dignity and the bright side of their poverty. For it has its bright side; and its very darkest, when no sin is mixed up therewith, is brighter than many an outwardly prosperous life.

"Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

"Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices and strife."

With these two sage proverbs-which all acknowledge and scarcely any really believe, or surely they would act a little more as if they did -I leave Johanna Leaf sitting silently in her solitary parlor, knitting stockings for her ehild; weaving many a mingled web of thought withal, yet never letting a stitch go down; and Hilary Leaf walking cheerily and fearlessly up one strange street and down another to find out the "bad" place, where she once had no idea it would ever have been her lot to go. One thing she knew, and gloried in the knowledge, that if Robert Lyon had known she was going, or known half the eares she had to meet, he would have recrossed the Indian seas—have risked fortune, eompetence, hope of the future, which was the only eheer of his hard present-in order to save her from them all.

The minute history of this painful day I do not mean to tell. Hilary never told it till, years after, she wept it out upon a bosom that eould understand the whole, and would take good eare that while the life beat in his *she* never should go through the like again.

Ascott came home—that is, was brought home -very humbled, contrite, and grateful. was no one to meet him but his Aunt Johanna, and she just kissed him quietly, and bade him come over to the fire; he was shivering, and somewhat pale. He had even two tears in his handsome eyes, the first Ascott had been known to shed since he was a boy. That he felt a good deal, perhaps as much as was in his nature to feel, there could be no doubt. So his two aunts were glad and comforted; gave him his tea and the warmest seat at the hearth; said not a harsh word to him, but talked to him about indifferent things. Tea being over, Hilary was anxious to get every thing painful ended before Selina came home—Selina, who, they felt by instinct, had now a separate interest from themselves, and had better not be told this sad story if possible; so she asked her nephew "if he remembered what they had to do this evening?"

"Had to do? Oh, Aunt Hilary, I'm so tired! can't you let me be quiet? Only this one night. I promise to bring you every thing on Monday."

"Monday will be too late. I shall be away. And you know you ean't do without my excellent arithmetic," she added, with a faint smile. "Now, Ascott, be a good boy—fetch down all those bills and let us go over them together."

"His debts came to more than the thirty pounds then?" said his Aunt Johanna, when he was gone.

"Yes. But the ring sold for fifty." And

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Hilary drew to the table, got writing materials, and sat waiting, with a dull, silent patience in her look, at which Johanna sighed and said no more.

The aunt and nephew spent some time in going over that handful of papers, and approximating to the sum total, in that kind of awful arithmetic when figures cease to be mere figures, but grow into avenging monsters, bearing with them life or death.

"Is that all? You are quite sure it is all?" said Hilary at last, pointing to the whole amount, and looking steadily into Ascott's eyes.

He flushed up, and asked what she meant by doubting his word?

"Not that, but you might easily have made a mistake; you are so careless about money matters."

"Ah, that's it. I'm just careless, and so I come to grief. But I never mean to be careless any more. I'll be as precise as you. I'll balance my books every week—every day if you like—exactly as you do at that horrid shop, Aunt Hilary."

So he was rattling on, but Hilary stopped him

by pointing to the figures.

"You see, this sum is more than we expected. How is it to be met? Think for yourself. You are a man now."

"I know that," said Ascott, sullenly; "but what's the use of it?—money only makes the man, and I have none. If the ancient Peter would but die now and leave me his heir, though to be sure Aunt Selina might be putting her oar in. Perhaps—considering I'm Aunt Selina's nephew—if I were to walk into the old chap now he might be induced to fork out! Hurrah! that's a splendid idea."

"What idea?"

"I'll borrow the money from old Ascott."

"That means, because he has already given, you would have him keep on giving—and you would take and take and take — Ascott, I'm ashamed of you."

But Ascott only burst out laughing. "Non-sense!—he has money and I have none; why

shouldn't he give it me?"

"Why?"—she repeated, her eyes flashing and her little feminine figure seeming to grow taller while she spoke—"I'll tell you, since you don't seem yourself to understand it. Because a young man, with health and strength in him, should blush to eat any bread but what he himself earns. Because he should work at any thing and every thing, stint himself of every luxury and pleasure, rather than ask or borrow, or, except under rare circumstances, rather than be indebted to any living soul for a single halfpenny. I would not, if I were a young man."

"What a nice young man you would make,

Aunt Hilary!"

There was something in the lad's imperturbable good-humor at once irritating and disarming. Whatever his faults, they were more negative than positive; there was no malice prepense about him, no absolute personal wickedness.

And he had the strange charm of manner and speech which keeps up one's outer surface of habitual affection toward a person long after all its foundations of trust and respect have hopelessly crumbled away.

"Come now, my pretty aunt must go with me. She will manage the old ogre much better than I. And he must be managed somehow. It's all very fine talking of independence, but isn't it hard that a poor fellow should be living in constant dread of being carried off to that horrid, uncleanly, beastly den—bah! I don't like thinking of it—and all for want of twenty pounds? You must go to him, Aunt Hilary."

She saw they must—there was no help for it. Even Johanna said so. It was after all only asking for Ascott's quarterly allowance three days in advance, for it was due on Tuesday. But what jarred against her proud, honest spirit was the implication that such a request gave of taking as a right that which had been so long bestowed as a favor. Nothing but the great strait they were in could ever have driven her to consent that Mr. Ascott should be applied to at all; but since it must be done, she felt that she had better do it herself. Was it from some lurking doubt or dread that Ascott might not speak the entire truth, as she had insisted upon its being spoken, before Mr. Ascott was asked for any thing? since whatever he gave must be given with a full knowledge on his part of the whole pitiable state of affairs.

It was with a strange, sad feeling—the sadder because he never seemed to suspect it, but talked and laughed with her as usual—that she took her nephew's arm and walked silently through the dark squares, perfectly well aware that he only asked her to go with him in order to do an unpleasant thing which he did not like to do himself, and that she only went with him in the character of watch, or supervisor, to try and save him from doing something which she herself would be ashamed should be done.

Yet he was ostensibly the head, hope, and stay of the family. Alas! many a family has to submit to, and smile under an equally melancholy and fatal sham.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Ascott was sitting half asleep in his solitary dining-room, his face rosy with wine, his heart warmed also, probably from the same cause. Not that he was in the least "tipsy"—that low word applicable only to low people, and not to men of property, who have a right to enjoy all the good things of this life. He was scarcely even "merry," merely "comfortable," in that cozy, benevolent state which middle-aged or elderly gentlemen are apt to fall into after a good dinner and good wine, when they have no mental resources, and the said good dinner and good wine constitutes their best notion of felicity.

Yet wealth and comfort are not things to be

despised. Hilary herself was not insensible to the pleasantness of this warm, well-lit, crimsonatmosphered apartment. She as well as her neighbors liked pretty things about her, soft, harmonious colors to look at and wear, wellcooked food to eat, cheerful rooms to live in. If she could have had all these luxuries with those she loved to share them, no doubt she would have been much happier. But yet she felt to the full that solemn truth that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesses;" and though hers was outwardly so dark, so full of poverty, anxiety, and pain, still she knew that inwardly it owned many things, one thing especially, which no money could buy, and without which fine houses, fine furniture, and fine clothes-indeed, all the comforts and splendors of existence, would be worse than valueless, actual torment. So as she looked around her she felt not the slightest envy of her sister Selina.

Nor of honest Peter, who rose up from his arm-chair, pulling the yellow silk handkerchief from his sleepy face, and, it must be confessed, receiving his future connections very willingly,

and even kindly.

Now how was he to be told? How when she and Ascott sat over the wine and dessert he had ordered for them, listening to the rich man's complaisant pomposities, were they to explain that they had come a begging, asking him, as the climax to his liberalities, to advance a few pounds in order to keep the young man whom he had for years generously and sufficiently maintained out of prison? This, smooth it over as one might, was, Hilary felt, the plain English of the matter, and as minute after minute lengthened, and nothing was said of their errand, she sat upon thorns.

But Ascott drank his wine and ate his walnuts quite composedly.

At last Hilary said, in a sort of desperation, "Mr. Ascott, I want to speak to you."

"With pleasure, my dear young lady. you come to my study?—I have a most elegantly furnished study, I assure you. And any affair of yours-"

"Thank you, but it is not mine; it concerns

my nephew here."

And then she braced up all her courage, and while Ascott busied himself over his walnutshe had the grace to look excessively uncomfortable—she told, as briefly as possible, the bitter truth.

Mr. Ascott listened, apparently without surprise, and any how, without comment. His self-important loquacity ceased, and his condescending smile passed into a sharp, reticent, business look. He knitted his shaggy brows, contracted that coarsely-hung, but resolute mouth, in which lay the secret of his success in life, buttoned up his coat, and stuck his hands behind him over his coat-tails. As he stood there on his own hearth, with all his comfortable splendors about him-a man who had made his own money, hardly and honestly, who from out one or two more checks.

the days when he was a poor errand-lad had had no one to trust to but himself, yet had managed always to help himself, ay, and others too-Hilary's stern sense of justice contrasted him with the graceful young man who sat opposite to him, so much his inferior, and so much his debtor. She owned that Peter Ascott had a right to look both contemptuous and displcased.

"A very pretty story, but I almost expected

it," said he.

And there he stopped. In his business capacity he was too acute a man to be a man of many words, and his feelings, if they existed,

were kept to himself.

"It all comes to this, young man," he continued, after an uncomfortable pause, in which Hilary could have counted every beat of her heart, and even Ascott played with his wineglass in a nervous kind of way-"you want moncy, and you think I'm sure to give it, because it wouldn't be pleasant just now to have discreditable stories going about concerning the future Mrs. Ascott's relatives. You're quite right, it wouldn't. But I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff for all that. You must rise very early in the morning to take me in."

Hilary started up in an agony of shame. "That's not fair, Mr. Ascott. We do not take you in. Have we not told you the whole truth? I was determined you should know it before we asked you for one farthing of your money. If there were the smallest shadow of a chance for Ascott in any other way, we never would have come to you at all. It is a horrible, horrible

humiliation!"

It might be that Peter Ascott had a soft place in his heart, or that this time, just before his marriage, was the one crisis which sometimes occurs in a hard man's life, when, if the right touch comes, he becomes malleable ever after: but he looked kindly at the poor girl, and said, in quite a gentle way,

"Don't vex yourself, my dear. I shall give the young fellow what he wants; nobody ever called Peter Ascott stingy. But he has cost me enough already; he must shift for himself now. Hand me over that check-book, Ascott; but remember this is the last you'll ever see of

my money."

He wrote the memorandum of the check inside the page, then tore off the check itself, and proceeded to write the words "Twenty pounds," date it, and sign it, lingering over the signature, as if he had a certain pride in the honest name "Peter Ascott," and was well aware of its monetary value on 'Change and elsewhere.

"There, Miss Hilary, I flatter myself that's not a bad signature, nor would be easily forged. One can not be too careful over— What's that?

a letter, John?"

By his extreme eagerness, almost snatching it from his footman's hands, it was one of importance. He made some sort of rough apology, drew the writing materials to him, wrote one or two business-looking letters, and made

"Here's yours, Ascott; take it, and let me have done with it," said he, throwing it across the table folded up. "Can't waste time on such small transactions. Ma'ain, excuse me, but five thousands pounds depends on my getting these letters written and sent off within a quarter of an hour."

Hilary bent her head, and sat watching the pen scratch, and the clock tick on the mantlepiece; thinking if this really was to be the last of his godfather's allowance, what on earth would become of Ascott? For Ascott himself, he said not a word. Not even when, the letters dispatched, Mr. Ascott rose, and administering a short, sharp homily, tacitly dismissed his visitors. Whether this silence was sullenness, cowardice, or shame, Hilary could not guess.

She quitted the house with a sense of grinding humiliation almost intolerable. But still the worst was over; the money had been begged and given-there was no fear of a prison. And spite of every thing, Hilary felt a certain relief that this was the last time Ascott would be indebted to his godfather. Perhaps this total cessation of extraneous help might force the young man upon his own resources, compel his easy temperament into active energy, and bring out in him those dormant qualities that his aunts still fondly hoped existed in him.

"Don't be down-hearted, Ascott," she said; "we will manage to get on somehow till you hear of a practice, and then you must work—work like a 'brick,' as you call it. You will, I know."

He answered nothing.

"I won't let you give in, my boy," she went on, kindly. "Who would ever dream of giving in at your age, with health and strength, a good education, and no incumbrances whatever-not even aunts! for we will not stand in your way, be sure of that. If you can not settle here, you shall try to get out abroad, as you have sometimes wished, as an army-surgeon or a ship's doctor; you say these appointments are easy enough to be had. Why not try? Any thing; we will consent to any thing, if only we can see your life busy and useful and happy."

Thus she talked, feeling far more tenderly to him in his forlorn despondency than when they had quitted the house two hours before. Ascott took not the slightest notice. A strange fit of sullenness or depression seemed to have come over him, which, when they reached home and met Aunt Johanna's silently-questioning face, changed into devil-may-care indifference.

"Oh yes, aunt, we've done it; we've got the money, and now I may go to the dogs as soon as I like."

"No," said Aunt Hilary, "it is nothing of the sort: it is only that Ascott must now depend upon himself, and not upon his godfather. Take courage," she added, and went up to him and kissed him on the forehead; "we'll never let our boy go to the dogs! and as for this disappointment, or any disappointment, why it's just like a cold bath, it takes away your breath for lessly: he was not a young fellow likely to per-

the time, and then you rise up out of it brisker and fresher than ever."

But Ascott shook his head with a fierce denial. "Why should that old fellow be as rich as Crœsus and I as poor as a rat? Why should I be put into the world to enjoy myself, and can't? Why was I made like what I am, and then punished for it? Whose fault is it?"

Ay, whose? The eternal, unsolvable problem rose up before Hilary's imagination. The ghastly spectre of that everlasting doubt, which haunts even the firmest faith sometimes-and which all the nonsense written about that mystery which,

> "Binding nature fast in fate, Leaves free the human will,"

only makes darker than before-oppressed her for the time being with an inexpressible dread.

Ay, why was it that the boy was what he was? From his inherited nature, his temperament, or his circumstances? What, or more awful question still, who was to blame?

But as Hilary's thoughts went deeper down the question answered itself-at least as far as it ever can be answered in this narrow, finite stage of being. Whose will-we dare not say whose blame—is it that evil must inevitably generate evil? that the smallest wrong-doing in any human being rouses a chain of results which may fatally involve other human beings in an almost incalculable circle of misery? The wages of sin is death. Were it not so sin would cease to be sin, and holiness, holiness. If He, the All-holy, who for some inscrutable purpose saw fit to allow the existence of evil, allowed any other law than this, in either the spiritual or material world, would He not be denying Himself, counteracting the necessities of His own righteous essence, to which evil is so antagonistic, that we can not doubt it must be in the end cast into total annihilation—into the allegorical lake of fire and brimstone, which is the "second death?" Nay, do they not in reality deny Him and His holiness almost as much as Atheists do, who preach that the one great salvation which He has sent into the world is a salvation from punishment—a keeping out of hell and getting into heaven-instead of a salvation from sin, from the power and love of sin, through the love of God in Christ?

I tell these thoughts, because like lightning they passed through Hilary's mind, as sometimes a whole chain of thoughts do, link after link, and because they helped her to answer her nephew quietly and briefly, for she saw he was in no state of mind to be argued with.

"I can not explain, Ascott, why it is that any of us are what we are, and why things happen to us as they do; it is a question we none of us understand, and in this world never shall. But if we know what we ought to be, and how we may make the best of every thing, good or bad, that happens to us, surely that is enough, without perplexing ourselves about any thing more."

Ascott smiled, half contemptuously, half care-

"Any how, I've got £20 in my pocket, so I ean't starve for a day or two. Let's see; where is it to be eashed? Hillo! who would have thought the old fellow would have been so stupid? Look there, Aunt Hilary!"

She was so unfamiliar with checks for £20, poor little woman! that she did not at first recognize the omission of the figures "£20" at the left-hand corner. Otherwise the check was cor-

"Ho, ho!" laughed Ascott, exceedingly amused, so easily was the current of his mind changed. "It must have been the £5000 pending that muddled the 'cute old fellow's brains. I wonder whether he will remember it afterward, and come posting up to see that I've taken no illadvantage of his blunder; changed this 'Twenty' into 'Seventy.' I easily could, and put the figures £70 here. What a good joke!"

"Had ye not better go to him at once, and

have the matter put right?"

"Rubbish! I ean put it right myself. It makes no difference who fills up a check, so that it is signed all correct. A deal you women know of business!"

But still Hilary, with a certain womanish uneasiness about money-matters, and an anxiety to have the thing settled beyond doubt, urged him

"Very well; just as you like. I do believe

you are afraid of my turning forger."

He buttoned his coat with a half-sulky, halfdefiant air, left his supper untasted, and disappeared.

It was midnight before he returned. His aunts were still sitting up, imagining all sorts of horrors, in an anxiety too great for words; but when Hilary ran to the door, with the natural "Oh, Ascott, where have you been?" he pushed her aside with a gesture that was almost fierce in its repulsion.

"Where have I been? taking a walk round the Park; that's all. Can't I come and go as I like, without being pestered by women? I'm

horribly tired. Let me alone-do!"

They did let him alone. Deeply wounded, Aunt Johanna took no further notice of him than to set his chair a little closer to the fire, and Aunt Hilary slipped down stairs for more coals, There she found Elizabeth, who they thought had long since gone to bed, sitting on the stairs, very sleepy, but watching still.

"Is he come in?" she asked; "because there are more bailiffs after him. I'm sure of it; I

saw them."

This, then, might account for his keeping out of the way till after twelve o'clock, and also for his wild, haggard look. Hilary put aside her vague dread of some new misfortune; assured Elizabeth that all was right; he had got wherewithal to pay every body on Monday morning, and would be safe till then. All debtors were safe on Sunday.

"Go to bed now—there's a good girl; it is

plex himself long or deeply about these sort of | hard that you should be troubled with our troubles."

> Elizabeth looked up with those fond gray eyes of hers. She was but a servant, and yet looks like these engraved themselves ineffaceably on her mistress's heart, imparting the comfort that all pure love gives from any one human being to another.

> And love has its wonderful rights and re-Perhaps Elizabeth, who thought herself nothing at all to her mistress, would have marveled to know how much closer her mistress felt to this poor, honest, loving girl, whose truth she believed in, and on whose faithfulness she implicitly depended, than toward her own flesh and blood, who sat there moodily over the hearth; deeply pitied, sedulously eared for, but as for being confided in, relied on, in great matters or small, his own concerns or theirs—the thing was impossible.

> They could not even ask him-they dared not, in such a strange mood was he-the simple question, Had he seen Mr. Aseott, and had Mr. Ascott been annoyed about the check? It would not have been referred to at all had not Hilary, in holding his coat to dry, taken his pocketbook out of the breast-pocket, when he snatch-

ed at it angrily.

"What are you meddling with my things for? Do you want to get at the check, and be peering at it to see if it's all right? But you can't; I've paid it away. Perhaps you'd like to know who to? Then you sha'n't. I'll not be accountable to you for all my proceedings. I'll not be treated like a baby. You'd better mind what

you are about, Aunt Hilary."

Never, in all his childish naughtiness, or boyish impertinence, had Aseott spoken to her in such a tone. She regarded him at first with simple astonishment, then hot indignation, which spurred her on to stand up for her dignity, and not submit to be insulted by her own nephew. But then came back upon her her own doctrine, taught by her own experience, that character and conduct alone constitutes real dignity or authority. She had, in point of faet, no authority over him; no one can have, not even parents, over a young man of his age, except that personal influence which is the strongest sway of all.

She said only, with a quietness that surprised herself-"You mistake, Ascott; I have no wish to interfere with you whatever; you are your own master, and must take your own course. I only expect from you the ordinary respect that a gentleman shows to a lady. You must be very tired and ill, or you would not have forgotten that."

"I didn't; or, if I did, I beg your pardon," said he, half-subdued. "When are you going to bed?"

"Directly. Shall I light your eandle also?" "Oh no; not for the world; I couldn't sleep a wink. I'd go mad if I went to bed. I think I'll turn out and have a cigar."

His whole manner was so strange that his

Aunt Johanna, who had sat aloof, terribly grieved, but afraid to interfere, was moved to rise up and go over to him.

"Ascott, my dear, you are looking quite ill. Be advised by your old auntie. Go to bed at once, and forget every thing till morning."

"I wish I could; I wish I could. Oh, Auntie, Auntie!"

He caught hold of her hand, which she had laid upon his head, looked up a minute into her kind, fond face, and burst into a flood of boyish tears.

Evidently his troubles had been too much for him; he was in a state of great excitement. For some minutes his sobs were almost hysterical: then by a struggle he recovered hinself, seemed exceedingly annoyed and ashamed, took up his candle, bade them a hurried good-night, and went to bed.

That is, he went to his room; but they heard him moving about overhead for a long while after; nor were they surprised that he refused to rise next morning, but lay most of the time with his door locked, until late in the afternoon, when he went out for a long walk, and did not return till supper, which he ate almost in silence. Then, after going up to his room, and coming down again, complaining bitterly how very cold it was, he crept in to the fireside with a book in his hand, of which Hilary noticed he scarcely read a line.

His aunts said nothing to him; they had determined not; they felt that further interference would be not only useless but dangerous.

"He will come to himself by-and-by; his moods, good or bad, never last long, you know," said Hilary, somewhat bitterly. "But, in the mean time, I think we had better just do as he says—let him alone."

And in that sad, hopeless state they passed the last hours of that dreary Sunday—afraid either to comfort him or reason with him; afraid, above all, to blame him lest it might drive him altogether astray. That he was in a state of great misery, half sullen, half defiant, they saw, and were scarcely surprised at it; it was very hard not to be able to open their loving hearts to him, as those of one family should always do, making every trouble a common care, and every joy a universal blessing. But in his present state of mind—the sudden obstinacy of a weak nature conscious of its weakness, and dreading control—it seemed impossible either to break upon his silence or to force his confidence.

They might have been right in this, or wrong; afterward Hilary thought the latter. Many a time she wished and wished, with a bitter regret, that instead of the quiet "Good-night, Ascott!" and the one rather cold kiss on his forehead, she had flung her arms round his neck, and insisted on his telling out his whole mind to her, his nearest kinswoman, who had been half aunt and half sister to him all his life. But it was not done: she parted from him, as she did Sunday after Sunday, with a sore sick feeling of how much he might be to her, to them all, and how little he really was.

If this silence of hers was a mistake—one of those mistakes which sensitive people sometimes make—it was, like all similar errors, only too sorrowfully remembered and atoned for.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE week passed by, and Hilary received no ill tidings from home. Incessant occupation kept her from dwelling too much on anxious subjects: besides, she would not have thought it exactly right, while her time and her mental powers were for so many hours per diem legally Miss Balquidder's, to waste the one and weaken the other by what is commonly called "fretting." Nor, carrying this conscientious duty to a higher degree, and toward a higher Master, would she have dared to sit grieving overmuch over their dark future. And yet it was very She pondered over what was to be done with Ascott, or whether he was still to be left to the hopeless hope of doing something for himself: how long the little establishment at No. 15 could be kept together, or if, after Selina's marriage, it would not be advisable to make some change that should contract expenses, and prevent this hard separation, from Monday to Saturday, between Johanna and herself.

These, with equally anxious thoughts, attacked her in crowds every day and every hour; but she had generally sufficient will to put them aside: at least till after work was done, and they could neither stupefy nor paralyze her. Trouble had to her been long enough familiar to have taught her its own best lesson—that the mind can, in degree, rule itself, even as it rules the body.

Thus, in her business duties, which were principally keeping accounts; in her management of the two young people under her, and of the small domestic establishment connected with the shop, Hilary went steadily on, day after day; made no blunders in her arithmetic, no mistakes in her housekeeping. Being new to all her responsibilities, she had to give her whole mind to them; and she did it; and it was a blessing to her—the sanctified blessing which rests upon labor, almost seeming to neutralize its primeval curse.

But night after night, when work was over, she sat alone at her sewing—the only time she had for it—and her thoughts went faster than her needle. She turned over plan after plan, and went back upon hope after hope, that had risen and broken like waves of the sea—nothing happening that she had expected; the only thing which had happened, or which seemed to have any permanence or reality, being two things which she had never expected at all—Selina's marriage, and her own engagement with Miss Balquidder. It often happens so, in most people's lives, until at last they learn to live on from day to day, doing each day's duty within the day, and believing that it is a righteous as well

as a tender hand which keeps the next day's page safely folded down.

So Hilary sat, glad to have a quiet hour, not to grieve in, but to lay out the details of a plan which had been maturing in her mind all week, and which she meant definitely to propose to Johanna when she went home next day. It would eost her something to do so, and she had had some hesitations as to the seheme itself, until at last she threw them all to the winds, as an honest-hearted, faithful, and faithfullytrusting woman would. Her plan was, that they should write to the only real friend the family had-the only good man she believed in-stating plainly their troubles and difficulties about their nephew; asking his advice, and possibly his help. He might know of something—some opening for a young surgeon in India, or some temporary appointment for the voyage out and home, which might eateh Ascott's erratie and easily-attracted fancy; give him occupation for the time being, and at least detach him from his present life, with all its temptations and

dangers. Also, it might result in bringing the boy again under that influence which had been so beneficial to him while it lasted, and which Hilary devoutly believed was the best influence in the Was it unnatural, if, mingled with an earnest desire for Aseott's good, was an underlying delight that that good should be done to

him by Robert Lyon?

So when her plan was made, even to the very words in which she meant to unfold it to Johanna, and the very form in which Johanna should write the letter, she allowed herself a few brief minutes to think of him-Robert Lyonto call up his eyes, his voice, his smile; to count, for the hundredth time, how many months-one less than twenty-four, so she could not say years now-it would be before he returned to England. Also, to speculate when and where they would first meet, and how he would speak the one word-all that was needful to ehange "liking" into "love," and "friend" into "wife." They had so grown together during so many years, not the less so during these years of absenee, that it seemed as if such a change would hardly make any difference. And yet-and yet -as she sat and sewed, wearied with her day's labors, sad and perplexed, she thought—if only, by some strange magie, Robert Lyon were standing opposite, holding open his arms, ready and glad to take her and all her eares to his heart, how she would eling there! how elosely she would ereep to him, weeping with joy and eontent, neither afraid nor ashamed to let him see how dearly she loved him!

Only a dream! ah, only a dream! and she started from it at the sharp sound of the doorbell-started, blushing and trembling, as if it had been Robert Lyon himself, when she knew it was only her two young assistants whom she had allowed to go out to tea in the neighborhood. So she settled herself to her work again; put all her own thoughts by in their little pri-

vate eorners, and waited for the entrance and the harmless gossip of these two orphan girls, who were already beginning to love her, and make a friend of her, and toward whom she felt herself quite an elderly and responsible person. Poor little Hilary! It seemed to be her lot always to take eare of somebody or other. Would it ever be that any body should take eare of her?

So she cleared away some of her needle-work, stirred the fire, which was dropping hollow and dull, and looked up pleasantly to the opening door. But it was not the girls: it was a man's foot and a man's voice.

"Any person of the name of Leaf living here? I wish to see her, on business."

At another time she would have laughed at the manner and words, as if it were impossible so great a gentleman as Mr. Ascott could want to see so small a person as the "person of the name of Leaf," except on business. But now she was startled by his appearance at all. She sprang up only able to articulate "My sister-"

"Don't be frightened; your sisters are quite

well. I ealled at No. 15 an hour ago."

"You saw them?"

"No; I thought it unadvisable, under the eireumstanees."

"What eireumstanees?"

"I will explain, if you will allow me to sit down; bah! I've brought in sticking to me a straw out of that eonfounded shaky old eab. One ought never to be so stupid as to go any where except in one's own earriage. This is rather a small room, Miss Hilary."

He eyed it euriously round; and, lastly, with his most acute look he eyed herself, as if he wished to find out something from her manner, before going into further explanations.

But she stood before him a little uneasy, and yet not very much so. The utmost she expected was some quarrel with her sister Selina; perhaps the breaking off of the match, which would not have broken Hilary's heart at all events.

"So you have really no idea what I'm eome about?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well!" said Peter Ascott, "I hardly thought it; but when one has been taken in as I have been, and this isn't the first time by your family—"

"Mr. Ascott! will you explain yourself?"

"I will, ma'am. It's a very unpleasant business I eome about; any other gentleman but me would have eome with a police-officer at his baek. Look here, Miss Hilary Leaf-did you ever set eyes on this before?"

He took out his eheek-book, turned deliberately over the small memorandum halves of the page, till he came to one in particular, then hunted in his poeket-book for something.

"My banker sent in to-day my eaneeled eheeks, which I don't usually go over oftener than three months; he knew that, the seamp!"

Hilary looked up.

"Your nephew, to be sure. See!"

He spread before her a check, the very one

she had watched him write seven days before, made payable to "Ascott Leaf, or bearer," and signed with the bold, peculiar signature, "Peter Ascott." Only instead of being a check for twenty pounds it was for seventy.

Instantly the whole truth flashed upon Hilary: Ascott's remark about how easily the T could be made into an S, and what a "good joke" it would be; his long absence that night; his strange manner; his refusal to let her see the check again; all was clear as daylight.

Unfortunate boy! the temptation had been too strong for him. Under what sudden, insane impulse he had acted—under what delusion of being able to repay in time; or of Mr. Ascott's not detecting the fraud; or if discovered, of its being discovered after the marriage, when to prosecute his wife's nephew would be a disgrace to himself, could never be known. But there unmistakable was the altered check, which had been presented and paid, the banker of course not having the slightest suspicion of any thing amiss.

"Well, isn't this a nice return for all my kindness? So cleverly done, too. But for the merest chance I might not have found it out for three months. Oh, he's a precious young rascal, this nephew of yours. His father was only a fool, but he— Do you know that this is a matter of forgery—forgery, ma'am," added Mr. Ascott, waxing hot in his indignation.

Hilary uttered a bitter groan.

Yes, it was quite true. Their Ascott, their own boy, was no longer merely idle, extravagant, thoughtless—faults bad enough, but capable of being mended as he grew older: he had done that which to the end of his days he could never blot out. He was a swindler and a forger.

She clasped her hands tightly together, as one struggling with sharp physical pain, trying to read the expression of Mr. Ascott's face. At last she put her question into words.

"What do you mean to do? Shall you prosecute him?"

Mr. Ascott crossed his legs, and settled his neckcloth with a self-satisfied air. He evidently rather enjoyed the importance of his position. To be dictator, almost of life and death, to this unfortunate family was worth certainly fifty pounds.

"Well, I haven't exactly determined. The money, you see, is of no moment to me, and I couldn't get it back any how. He'll never be worth a half-penny, that rascal. I might prosecute, and nobody would blame me; indeed, if I were to decline marrying your sister, and cut the whole set of you, I don't see," and he drew himself up, "that any thing could be said against me. But—"

Perhaps, hard man as he was, he was touched by the agony of suspense in Hilary's face, for he added:

"Come, come, I won't disgrace your family; I won't do any thing to harm the fellow."

"Thank you!" said Hilary, in a mechanical, unnatural voice.

"As for my money, he's welcome to it, and much good may it do him. 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil,' and in double quick time too. I won't hinder him. I wash my hands of the young scape-grace. But he'd better not come near me again."

"No," acquiesced Hilary, absently.

"In fact," said Mr. Ascott, with a twinkle of his sharp eye, "I have already taken measures to frighten him away, so that he may make himself scarce, and give neither you nor me any farther trouble. I drove up to your door with a policeman, asked to see Mr. Leaf, and when I heard that he was out—a lie, of course—I left word I'd be back in half an hour. Depend upon it," and he winked confidentially, "he will smell a rat, and make a moonlight flitting of it, and we shall never hear of him any more."

"Never hear of Ascott any more?" repeated Hilary; and for an instant she ceased to think of him as what he was—swindler, forger, ungrateful to his benefactors, a disgrace to his home and family. She saw only the boy Ascott, with his bright looks and pleasant ways, whom his aunts had brought up from his cradle, and loved with all his faults—perhaps loved still. "Oh, I must go home. This will break Johanna's heart!"

Mr. Peter Ascott possibly never had a heart, or it had been so stunted in its growth that it had never reached its fair development. Yet he felt sorry in his way for the "young person," who looked so deadly white, yet tried so hard not to make a scene; nay, when her two assistants came into the one little parlor, deported herself with steady composure; told them that she was obliged suddenly to go home, but would be back, if possible, the next morning. Then, in that orderly, accurate way which Peter Ascott could both understand and appreciate, she proceeded to arrange with them about the shop and the house in case she might be detained till Monday.

"You're not a bad woman of business," said he, with a patronizing air. "This seems a tidy little shop; I dare say you'll get on in it."

She looked at him with a bewildered air, and went on speaking to the young woman at the door.

"How much might your weekly receipts be in a place like this? And what salary does Miss—Miss What's-her-name give to each of you? You're the head shop-woman, I suppose?"

Hilary made no answer; she scarcely heard. All her mind was full of but one thing: "Never see Ascott any more!" There came back upon her all the dreadful stories she had ever heard of lads who had committed forgery or some similar offense, and, in dread of punishment, had run away in despair, and never been heard of for years—come to every kind of misery, perhaps even destroyed themselves. The impression was so horribly vivid, that when, pausing an instant in putting her books in their places, she heard the door-bell ring Hilary with difficulty repressed a scream.

But it was no messenger of dreadful tidings, it was only Elizabeth Hand; and the quiet fashion in which she entered showed Hilary at once that nothing dreadful had happened at home.

"Oh no, nothing has happened," confirmed the girl. "Only Miss Leaf sent me to see if you could come home to-night instead of tomorrow. She is quite well, that is, pretty well; but Mr. Leaf-"

Here, eatching sight of Miss Hilary's visitor, Elizabeth stopped short. Peter Ascott was one of her prejudices. She determined in his presence to let out no more of the family affairs.

On his part, Mr. Ascott had always treated Elizabeth as people like him usually do treat servants, afraid to lose an inch of their dignity, lest it should be an acknowledgment of equal birth and breeding with the class from which they are so terribly ashamed to have sprung. He regarded her now with a lordly air.

"Young woman-I believe you are the young woman who this afternoon told me that Mr. Leaf was out. It was a fib, of course."

Elizabeth turned round indignantly. Sir; I don't tell fibs. He was out."

"Did you give him my message when he came in?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And what did he say, eh?"

"Nothing."

This was the literal fact; but there was something behind which Elizabeth had not the slightest intention of communicating. In fact, she set herself, physically and mentally, in an attitude of dogged resistance to any pumping of Mr. Ascott; for though, as she had truly said, nothing special had happened, she felt sure that he was at the bottom of something which had gone wrong in the household that afternoon.

It was this. When Ascott returned, and she told him of his godfather's visit, the young man had suddenly turned so ghastly pale that she had to fetch him a glass of water; and his Aunt Johanna-Miss Selina was out-had to tend him and soothe him for several minutes before he was right again. When at last he seemed returning to his natural self, he looked wildly up at his aunt, and clung to her in such an outburst of feeling, that Elizabeth had thought it best to slip out of the room. It was tea-time, but still she waited outside for a half hour or longer, when she gently knocked, and after a minute or two Miss Leaf came out. There seemed nothing wrong, at least not much-not more than Elizabeth had noticed many and many a time after talks between Ascott and his aunts.

"I'll take in the tea myself," she said; "for I want you to start at once for Kensington to fetch Miss Hilary. Don't frighten her-mind that, Elizabeth. Say I am much as usual myself; but that Mr. Leaf is not quite well, and I think she might do him good. Remember the exact words.'

Elizabeth did, and would have delivered them

and addressed her in that authoritative manner. Now, she resolutely held her tongue.

Mr. Ascott might in his time have been accustomed to eringing, frightened, or impertinent servants, but this was a phase of the species with which he was totally unfamiliar. The girl was neither sullen nor rude, yet evidently quite independent; afraid neither of her mistress, nor of himself. He was sharp enough to see that whatever he wanted to get out of Elizabeth must be got in another way.

"Come, my wench, you'd better tell; it'll be none the worse for you, and it sha'n't harm the young fellow, though I dare say he has paid you

well for holding your tongue."

"About what, Sir?"

"Oh! you know what happened when you told him I had called, ch? Servants get to know all about their master's affairs."

"Mr. Leaf isn't my master, and his affairs are nothing to me; I don't pry into 'em," replied Elizabeth. "If you want to know any thing, Sir, hadn't you better ask himself? He's at home to-night. I left him and my missus going to their tea."

"Left them at home, and at tea?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

It was an inexpressible relief. For the discovery must have come. Ascott must have known or guessed that Mr. Ascott had found him out; he must have confessed all to his Aunt, or Johanna would never have done two things which her sister knew she strongly disliked - sending Elizabeth wandering through London at night, and fetching Hilary home before the time. Yet they had been left sitting quietly at their tea!

Perhaps, after all, the blow had not been so dreadful. Johanna saw comfort through it all. Vague hopes arose in Hilary also; visions of the poor sinner sitting "clothed and in his right mind," contrite and humbled; comforted by them all, with the inexpressible tenderness with which we yearn over one who "was dead and is alive again, was lost, and is found;" helped by them all in the way that women-some women especially, and these were of them—seem formed to help the erring and unfortunate; for, erring as he was, he had also been unfortunate.

Many an excuse for him suggested itself. How foolish of them, ignorant women that they were, to suppose that seventeen years of the most eareful bringing up could, with his temperament, stand against the countless dangers of London life; of any life where a young man is left to himself in a great town, with his temptations so many, and his power of resistance so small.

And this might not, could not be a deliberate act. It must have been committed under a sudden impulse, to be repented of for the rest of his days. Nay, in the strange way in which our sins and mistakes are made not only the whips to scourge us, but the sicknesses out of which we often come-suffering and weak indeed, but accurately, if Mr. Ascott had not been present, yet relieved, and fresh, and sound-who could

tell but that this grave fault, this actual guilt, the climax of so many lesser errors, might not work out in the end Ascott's complete reform-

So in the strange way in which, after a great shock, we begin to revive a little, to hope against hope, to see a slender ray breaking through the darkness, Hilary composed herself, at least so far as to enable her to bid Elizabeth go down stairs, and she would be ready directly.

"I think it is the best thing I can do-to go

home at once," said she.
"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Ascott, rather flattered by her involuntary appeal, and by an inward consciousness of his own exceeding generosity. "And pray don't disturb yourselves. Tell your sister from me-your sister Selina, I mean—that I overlook every thing, on condition that you keep him out of my sight, that young blackguard!"

"Don't, don't!" cried Hilary, piteously.

"Well, I won't, though it's his right namea fellow who could- Look you, Miss Hilary, when his father sent to me to beg ten pounds to bury his mother with, I did bury her, and him also, a month after, very respectably too, though he had no claim upon me, except that he came from Stowbury. And I stood godfather to the child, and I've done my duty by him. But mark my words, what's bred in the bone will come in the flesh. He was born in a prison, and he'll die in a prison."

"God forbid!" said Hilary, solemnly. And again she felt the strong conviction, that whatever his father had been, or his mother, of whom they had heard nothing till she was dead, Ascott could not have lived all these years of his childhood and early boyhood with his three aunts at Stowbury without gaining at least some good, which might counteract the hereditary evil; as such evil can be counteracted, even as hereditary disease can be gradually removed by wholesome and careful rearing in a new generation.

"Well, I'll not say any more," continued Peter Ascott: "only, the sooner the young fellow takes himself off the better. He'll only plague you all. Now, can you send out for a

cab for me?"

Hilary mechanically rang the bell, and gave the order.

"I'll take you to town with me if you like. It'll save you the expense of the omnibus. suppose you always travel by omnibus?"

Hilary answered something, she hardly knew what, except that it was a declining of all these benevolent attentions. At last she got Mr. Ascott outside the street-door, and, returning, put her hand to her head with a moan.

"Oh, Miss Hilary, don't look like that!"

"Elizabeth, do you know what has happened?"

"No."

"Then I don't want you to know. And you must never try to find it out; for it is a secret that ought to be kept strictly within the family. Are you to be trusted?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

"Now, get me my bonnet, and let us make

haste and go home."

They walked down the gas-lit Kensington High Street, Hilary taking her servant's arm; for she felt strangely weak. As she sat in the dark corner of the omnibus she tried to look things in the face, and form some definite plan; but the noisy rumble at once dulled and con-She felt capable of no fused her faculties. consecutive thought, but found herself stupidly watching the two lines of faces, wondering, absently, what sort of people they were; what were their lives and histories; and whether they all had, like herself, their own personal burden of woe. Which was, alas! the one fact that never need be doubted in this world.

It was nigh upon eleven o'clock when Hilary knocked at the door of No. 15.

Miss Leaf opened it; but for the first time in her life she had no welcome for her child.

"Is it Ascott? I thought it was Ascott," she cried, peering eagerly up and down the street.

"He is gone out, then? When did he go?" asked Hilary, feeling her heart turn stone-cold.

"Just after Selina came in. She-she vexed him. But he can not be long? Is not that man he?"

And just as she was, without shawl or bonnet, Johanna stepped out into the cold, damp night, and strained her eyes into the darkness; but in

"I'll walk round the Crescent once, and maybe I shall find him. Only go in, Johanna."

And Hilary was away again into the dark, walking rapidly, less with the hope of finding Ascott than to get time to calm herself, so as to meet, and help her sisters to meet, this worst depth of their calamity. For something warned her that this last desperation of a weak nature is more to be dreaded than any overt obstinacy of a strong one. She had a conviction that Ascott never would come home.

After a while they gave up waiting and watching at the front-door, and shut themselves up in the parlor. The first explanation past, even Selina ceased talking; and they sat together, the three women, doing nothing, attempting to do nothing, only listening; thinking every sound was a step on the pavement or a knock at the door. Alas! what would they not have given for the fiercest knock, the most impatient, angry footstep, if only it had been their boy's?

About one o'clock Selina had to be put to bed in strong hysterics. She had lashed her nephew with her bitter tongue till he had rushed out of the house, declaring that none of them should ever see his face again. Now she reproached herself as being the cause of all, and fell into an agony of remorse, which engrossed her sisters' whole care; until, her violent emotion having worn itself out, she went to sleep, the only one who did sleep in that miserable

For Elizabeth also, having been sent to bed

hours before, was found by Miss Hilary sitting on the kitchen stairs, about four in the morning. Her mistress made no attempt at reproach, but brought her into the parlor to share the silent watch, never broken except to make up the fire or light a fresh candle; till candles burned up, and shutters were opened, and upon their great calamity stared the broad unwelcome day.

# THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SMOKE.

THE language of smoke is far more varied than is generally imagined, and its poetry rich and plentiful. Although we usually connect the idea of smoke with that of evanescence, it is, as we shall proceed to show, symbolical of life and activity, and its universality presents very many curious points of interest to the inquirer.

Ever since the boiling combinations of matter, which geologists say formed this earth, began to cool off, and the crust appeared on its surface, it has been smoking from natural chimneys at various points on the globe, and thus assured us of the existence of those primeval fires in its in-Ætna, Hecla, and Vesuvius may be considered the earth's pipes of pcace, for without them there would certainly be a warring of elements in the bowels of the earth far more disastrous than any of its cutaneous eruptions in the shape of wars, revolutions, and rebellions. Therefore smoke in this instance signifies safety. Ever since Abel sacrificed to God, and Cain, out of his jealousy, slew him, have smoked the altar-fires of all religions, and the battlefields of all nations. The council-fire of the red Indian; the funeral-pyre of the Hindoo; the hut of the Kamtschatkan; the bush-fire of the Bosjesman of South Africa; all have sent forth their daily clouds of smoke, typifying life and activity, or death and desolation, as the case might be. Again, the word is popularly used in another sense: the wild horses on the steppes of Tartary and the plains of Arabia, and their brothers scouring the Pampas of South America, are said to smoke beneath the power of the sun, as they dash over the unbounded distance. So the chamois, as he stands on the crest of the highest peak of the Alps, while the rising sun glistens upon the white snow all around him: so the sacred white bull, as he suns himself on the banks of the Indus after a refreshing plunge in its waters: so the Cayman as he lazily reposes his glistening length on the sands in the shadow of the pyramids; now in all these cases smoke signifies health and strength. But the most important use of smoke is made upon the battlefield. In ancient days, before gunpowder was invented, wars were waged as between individuals, and battles and sieges were gained by personal prowess; but in these times, according to Napoleon, Providence gives the battle to the heaviest artillery—that is, to the side which can wrap itself in the most dense and impenetrable

smoke. In those ancient days, when men in armor with spears, and battle-axes, and shields were drawn up in opposing lines, the sun would shine brightly down upon the field, and each man could choose his enemy and at the same time guard himself, since he could in most instances see the direction of the danger; but now, nous avons changés tout cela, and the general-in-chief may fall before the hap-hazard bullet of some raw recruit, who perhaps drops his gun after firing and flies from the field: and all on account of the smoke.

Beneath the dun cloud which covers the scene men load and fire, cavalry and infantry manœuvre, artillery pour forth shot and shell, and frequently none are more surprised than the conquerors to find themselves victorious. So here smoke may be considered as signifying doubt, which is Ike Marvel's suggestion, with a different illustration, as we all read in the delightful "Reveries of a Bachelor."

In many cases the contemplation of smoke is far from agreeable, as in the dread sacrifices of savages; the mad fanaticism that invented and perpetuated martyrdom, and lighted the fires of Smithfield; the frenzied self-immolation of the Hindoo widow beside her dead husband; in the terror of volcanic eruptions, and the awful sublimity of vast conflagrations. In all of these the heavy cloud of smoke that overhangs the spot seems to our imagination a fearful pall, covering death and enforcing dismay into the heart. But still, in every thing we can not but consider smoke as the symbol of ceaseless vitality and activity.

Fire, as we all know, is the great animating principle of existence, and smoke is its forerunner, harbinger, and symbol: when the fire dies out the smoke vanishes. So with existence; destroy the active principle, and its manifestation, life, ceases.

Examine now for a moment the meaning of smoke as applied to the common business and social events of life. The cloud that overhangs and blackens the great manufacturing towns of England and America, eclipsing the sunlight, or only permitting its rays to penetrate the thickened air in yellow luridness—which is hardly light, but rather only the absence of darkness—such smoke betokens toil, industry, wealth.

Again, the bright, curling, blue vapor that twists itself out of the little chimney of some cottage in a country village, mingling with the clear atmosphere and blushing under the rays of the morning sun; this would seem to tell of peace, comfort, and social happiness; and Tom Moore has so expressed it in his four beautiful and well-known lines, and we can not better begin our examples of the poetry of smoke than by quoting them:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near;
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

Again, there is nothing that throws so dismal

an air of lifelessness and decay about a dwelling | South, the East and the West, with what would as the absence of smoke; as Pope says,

"No raftered roofs with dance and tabor sound, No noontide-bell invites the country round: Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey, And turn th' unwilling steeds another way."

But if we trace this search into an earlier time, and wander for a while among the historic ruins of the Middle Ages-if we examine socicty at that eminently social period, we shall be still more surprised with the wealth of association that clusters around our subject, and we shall learn how much food for thought may be eontained even in smoke. Let us imagine it curling around the time and weather-stained roof, say of some grand old feudal castle: how it recalls to us all we have ever heard or read of the doings of those "merrye daies!" How we can imagine the huge fire-place in the great wainscoted hall beneath, with the fire flashing merrily out upon quaint carvings, upon grotesque furniture, upon gleaming armor, and branching antlers, and all the various adjuncts of the chase and the foray. Can we not people those halls with the beings who inhabited them in those olden days, now dead and dust for centuries? Can we not imagine the stately old baron and the fair and noble ladies who lived and moved there, until we can almost fancy we see the great volumes of smoke rolling up through the wide chimney, forming fantastic and uncouth faces in their passage, and finally pouring out over the roof-tree a sign for miles that life, merriment, and plenty are beneath?

There are many curious circumstances connected with the word "smoke" as used in different languages. Thus, among the Scotch it is used to signify an inhabited house. "In 1680," says a Scotch writer, "so many families perished for want, that for six miles in a well-inhabited extent, within the year, there was not a smoke remaining." In the Gaelic language the same word which is used for smoke is also used for "dwelling;" which, of course, accounts for the modern Scotch adoption of the meaning. But a more peculiar adaptation of the word to the necessities of language is found in the use of "to smoke" in the sense of "discovering," or "finding out," as in Ben Jonson:

"I am glad I have smoked you out at last." And what is more eurious is the fact that, in the Arabic, Persian, Gaelic, Welsh, and English tongues, the same word is used to express these meanings. Two explanations have been given of the origin of this meaning. According to one it has arisen from the discovery of dwellings and camps by the smoke eurling over them; according to the other, from the driving of fugitives from their hiding-places in holes and eaves by means of smoke.

But leaving our subject in its generie sense, let us consider it specifically—smoke, as emanating from the pipe or cigar. There is food for reflection in an examination of a eustom common to all nations, uniting savagery with civilization, binding together the North and the

seem to be a natural bond and tie of social communion.

The haughtiest peer of England, by means of a little lighted "weed," is indissolubly linked by an unseen chain to the raw Irish peasant with his bit of a black dhudeen beside his turf fire; to the turbaned Turk trading his Cashmeres in the bazar of Cairo or Stamboul, with his amber mouth-piece between his lips and his narghilé stem coiled up behind him; to the graceful and almond-eyed Circassian beauty sipping her sherbet and watching the shadowy rings curl about her head; to the mandarin of three buttons at Pekin, who takes his whiff of opium after dinner, and curses the English invaders between the puffs of his little silver pipe. Equally by this blood-relationship of smoke, this consanguinity of tobacco and opium, must he acknowledge kinship with the Comanche of the far Southwest; with the fragments of the red tribes as they sit at night around their watch-fires in the utter loneliness of a decayed nation, and tell wonderful traditions of the greatness of their ancestors while the ornamented pipe passes from one mouth to another, silently banding them with the great family of men all over the world; with the Arabian merchant as he guides his caravan over the wilderness of everlasting sand, which leaves no track behind the camels' feet; with the lowest order of uncivilized humanity in the morasses and jungles of Central Africa. And so all civilized and uncivilized nations on the face of the earth are brothers by this magic tie of smoke.

Thus we see that there is no habit or custom so universally acknowledged as a bond of fraternity as that of smoking. It is a freemason signal of good-fellowship, but not a secret one. In traveling the smoker is certain to seek his ehance acquaintanceship among smokers, and seldom will he be disappointed, since it is almost always a sign of a genial, sociable disposition.

As is well known, no Indian treaty was considered binding until finally and firmly sealed by a whiff of smoke from the "calumet of peace" around the council-fire. Throughout the countries of the East a pipe is one of the first evidences of hospitable intentions, and it would be hard to find the Bedouin or Turk who would betray the stranger who had smoked with him. At the present time the eustom will be found universally established throughout England, France, Germany, Spain, America, and the Oriental eountries.

A noticeable feature in this connection is the difference of taste displayed by various nations and sections of the world in their cultivation of the art of smoking. In the southern countries of Asia we find the long chibouque or the manyeoiled hookah prevails among smokers; the tobaceo, too, is weak, and the habit is constant. The Turk smokes at all times when his mouth is not otherwise engaged; and the sententiousness common to that race must be the result of

this habit, which to some extent preeludes eonversation. As we tend northward we find the pipe-stem grows shorter, the tobacco more highly-flavored and stronger, and the habit resorted to more oceasionally. Reaching the British Islands, we find short black elay pipes, and the strongest black Virginia or Tennessee tobaceo the common mode of following the custom. Indolent nations, in warm climates, indulge more frequently but with less earnestness, while the eolder elimates require the highest degree of exeitement while it lasts. The Spaniard rarely smokes a cigar, and never a pipe; the mild and elegant cigarrito is his ehoice; and all this is in perfect consonance with other facts of national custom derived from climate or temperament. Thus, while you find the races at the north eating solid meat, which grows fatter as you near the pole, and drinking strong spirits, the warmer elimates only permit rice, fruits, and such light matters for food, and sherbet and mild wines for drink; therefore the smokers only follow a law of nature in their habit when it is at its wildest. The Turk smokes constantly through a long life without apparent injury; and so the Frenchman or German drinks his wine or beer daily in large quantities, and grows fat with each added indulgence.

But the taste of different nations with regard to smoking is not all regulated by laws, natural or otherwise. The Oriental prefers the chibouque or narghile, because it weakens the effect of the tobacco, and he is enabled to enjoy it longer; which is a great point gained, since in his coun-This you try time is comparatively worthless. may say is a forced taste; but in the choice of wood or other material for his pipe, in its ornamentation, in the selection of his tobacco, he takes as much interest as in his harem. Frequently the pipe of the rich Turk is incrusted with precious stones and inlaid with gold and silver, while a special servant is appointed to take charge of it.

With the colder resident of the north there is something of this sentiment, and even the clay pipe becomes, as it were, a friend to be cared for and attended. Frequently the owner of a common black clay pipe will become so attached to his seemingly valueless friend that its loss or injury causes him as much pain as would result from serious misfortune. And this peculiar sentiment does not attach itself in relation to any other article of daily use: it is not in the least dependent upon intrinsic value in the object, or upon association, as in a gift, although that may add to it. It is an indescribable feeling, verging upon affection, which does not exist for any other article, as a knife, peneil-case, or porte-monnaie; for those we can throw aside when worn out without the slightest compunction: but the pipe is something nearer to us, and claims a sentiment far finer than mere admiration or selfish liking. To be sure there are eireumstances which may modify this sentiment, as in the case of association ereated by

"ealumet of peace," given to us by an Indian ehief in the Northwest; we have another for that curious stone bowl, from the mouth of an Indian of British America—we purchased it at the head of the Bay of Fundy. We have also a special regard for a small silver-mounted meersehaum, which was smoked by an English officer of artillery through the dreary sieges of the Crimean war; but our feeling toward a little black, short-stemmed French clay stump of a pipe, which we smoke continually and never lend to any one, is as different from these as is our affection for a friend from our regard for an acquaintance.

As an evidence of the great extent to which smoking prevails, it is stated that tobacco is the most extensively used of all vegetable productions; and next to salt, is the most generally eonsumed of all productions whatsoever, animal, vegetable, or mineral, on the face of the globe. Frederick William, of Prussia, established a society called the Smoking College, which met nearly every night for a considerable period at Berlin, Potsdam, or Wüsterhausen. Each member was forced to smoke, or at least to hold a pipe in his mouth during the whole sitting of the Academy: he had before him a can of beer, which, with bread and butter, or tarts, formed the supper of these convives. At these meetings the conversation turned on politics, the drama, and such subjects, while some read the papers, cracked jokes, and otherwise added to the amusement of the party.

Many anecdotes might be related, showing the great prevalence of this habit of smoking, and the important influence of smoke upon the affairs of mankind.

Many important personages have been inveterate smokers, while others have devoted a lifetime to the eollection of pipes. Among the latter may be mentioned the name of Marshal Oudinot, who had the largest and finest collection known at his time. He had pipes of every nation, of every style and shape, and of all degrees of value. He prized most one formerly the property of John Sobieski, which was presented to the Marshal by the municipal corps of Vienna when he was provisional governor of that eity during the French occupation. Mr. T. Crofton Croker also made a very curious collection of pipes, which was disposed of at public sale shortly after his death.

Not to speak of the immense trade which exists and flourishes from the sale of articles connected with smoking; not to mention the thousands and hundreds of thousands of persons who earn their living by the production and manufactures contingent to this habit, there are many amusing features connected with the livelihoods derived from it which are worth noting. A man was brought before a London magistrate on a charge of vagrancy, and on being asked what were his means of support, replied that he eolored meersehaums for a living. This is an actual faet, and many parties in Paris and London, past history. We have a special feeling for our and even in New York, live by the production

of smoke. Perhaps the most curious smoking apparatus in the world is the "Queen's Tobacco-Pipe." This is a large kiln with a tall chimney, like the stem of a pipe, and is located at one of the docks in London. Here is burned all the wet or otherwise damaged tobacco that finds its way in bond, and certainly an annual amount of smoking is done here sufficient to dismay the most ardent practicer of the art.

By this cursory examination of the progress of smoking we obtain some idea of the immensity of its extent. There is no habit or custom known to humanity that has ever exhibited such tenacity of life, and has opposed such powerful resistance to the attacks of its opponents as that of smoking. Papal Bulls have been thundered at it; its votaries have been threatened with excommunication; heavy duties have been laid upon its material; books, tracts, and pamphlets innumerable have been fired at it; ministers have preached, orators declaimed, physicians written against it; political economists have talked at it in legislative assemblies, and learned doctors in academy halls, and all to no purpose; and to-day the custom is more firmly ingrafted among men than ever before. Its product is a revenue of millions of dollars to different nations; and yet, with a few unimportant exceptions, it has never taken its own part; never received aid from hand or mouth, but in the way of smoking and chewing; and has steadily preserved a jolly, good-humored indifference as to the result, very different from the snarling, vindictive, and revengeful attacks of its adversaries. tainly never was a case before or since, where a weak vegetable, distasteful at the first experience, successfully resisted the combined forces of clergy and laity, doctors and philosophers, and forced its way into general consumption; and this has been done by tobacco.

Certainly the only cause for this great success must be a natural desire planted in the human breast to make a smoke. From infancy little children are found to delight in any thing that furnishes a substitute for this habit; from the bit of paper stuck in the mouth, to the lighted piece of rattan, or the sweet-fern cigar; these are the steps that result in the cabaña or the meerschaum. Certainly, then, in view of these facts, we were right in giving to smoke the symbolism of life and vitality.

But we come now to the poetry of smoke; and as some specimens have already appeared in a former number of *Harper's Magazine*, we shall confine our selections to such as are not generally known.

The first which we shall give has been incorrectly published before; we give it in full. It is a quaint old specimen, and would well bear repetition:

IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

"Much food doth gluttony procure,
To feed men fat like swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed
Who on a leaf can dine,

"He needs no napkin for his hands, His finger-ends to wipe, Who has his kitchen in a box, His roast-meat in a pipe."

Our next is in a different vein; there is a decided tinge of sentiment in its language. It is quite modern, having been written in the eighteenth century. It is an apostrophe to a pipe, and written by one who evidently appreciated its beauties. We might almost imagine a lover in the time of Charles II. was writing a sonnet to his mistress:

"Pretty tube of mighty power!
Charmer of an idle hour;
Object of my hot desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my fingers gently brac'd;
And thy lovely swelling crest,
With my bended stopper prest;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses;
Happy thrice and thrice agen—
Happiest he of happy men!

"Who, when again the night returns, When again the taper burns, When again the crickets gay—Little crickets full of play—Can afford his tube to feed With the fragrant Indian weed; Pleasure for a nose divine! Incense of the god of wine! Happy thrice and thrice agen—Happiest he of happy men!"

This is quite Anacreontic in its way, and contrasts forcibly with the following few lines, describing tobacco from another point of view:

"Let it be damned to hell, and called from thence Proserpine's wine, the Furies' frankincense, The devil's addle-eggs."

There is a neat "Smoker's Song," which is too long to quote, but of which we will give a verse as a sample:

"There is a tiny weed, man,
That grows far o'er the sea, man,
The juice of which doth more bewitch
Than does the gossip's tea, man.
Its name is called tobacco;
'Tis used near and far, man:
The car-man chews—but I will choose
The daintier cigar, man."

Another poet tells his love for tobacco in the following four lines:

"The man I pity who abhors the fume Of fine Virginia floating in his room; For truly may tobacco be defined, A plant preserving health and peace of mind."

It certainly required considerable moral courage thus to gainsay the doctors.

One of the best of all the old tobacco-poems is the following, which we give in a somewhat different form from the copy usually quoted:

"The Indian weede that's withered quite,
Greene at morne, cut downe at night,
Shews oure decaye, we are but claye:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco.

"The pipe that is so lylly white
Shews thou art a mortall wight;
Even such—breaks with a touch:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco.

"And when the pipe is foule within,
Think of thy soule defiled with sin;
And then the fire it doth require:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco.

"And then the ashes left behind
May serve to put thee still in mind
That unto dust return thou must:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco.

"The smoke that does so high ascend
Shews that man's life must have an end;
The vapour's gone; man's life is done:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco."

This song has been traced as far back as the time of James I., but its author is unknown. In 1689 there appeared in London a collection of "Poems on several Occasions," by Charles Cotton, including one upon tobacco, which commences in the following style:

#### ON TOBACCO.

"What horrid sin condemned the teeming Earth,
And curst her womb with such a monstrous Birth?
What crime America that Heaven would please
To make the Mother of the World's disease?
In thy fair womb what accidents could breed,
What Plague give root to this pernicious Weed?"

The following possesses considerable merit, and furnishes a good example of the style of comparison formerly prevalent among writers:

# CONTENT AND A PIPE.

"Contented I sit with my pint and my pipe,
Puffing sorrow and care far away,
And surely the brow of grief nothing can wipe,
Like smoking and moist'ning our clay;
For though liquor can banish man's reason afar,
'Tis only a fool or a sot,
Who with reason or sense would be ever at war,
And don't know when enough he has got.
For though at my simile many may joke,
Man is but a pipe—and his life but smoke.

"Yes, a man and a pipe are much nearer akin
Than has as yet been understood,
For, until with breath they are both filled within,
Pray tell me for what they are good?
They, one and the other, composed are of clay,
And if rightly I tell nature's plan,
Take but the breath from them both quite away,
The pipe dies—and so does the man.
For though, etc.

"Thus I'm told by my pipe that to die is man's lot,
And sooner or later he must;
For when to the end of life's journey he's got,
Like a pipe that's smoked out—he is dust;
So you, who would wish in your hearts to be gay,
Encourage not strife, care, or sorrow.
Make much of your pipe of tobacco to-day,
For you may be smoked out to-morrow.
For though, etc."

Poor Charles Lamb's "Farewell to Tobacco" is well known. We must, however, so far depart from our plan as to give a few extracts which, Balaam-like, in alternate strophes, sum up the Blessings and Curses of Tobacco:

- "Sooty retainer to the vine
  Bacchus's black servant, negro fine;
  Sorcerer that mak'st us dote upon
  Thy begrimed complexion,
  And, for thy pernicious sake,
  More and greater oaths to break
  Than reclaimed lovers take"....
- "Bacchus we know and we allow His tipsy rites. But what art thou,

That by thy reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapors thou canst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart."....

- "Scent to match thy rich perfume,
  Chymic art did ne'er presume
  Through her quaint alembic strain
  None so sovereign to the brain.
  Nature that did in thee excel,
  Framed again no second smell.
  Roses, violets, but toys
  For the smaller sort of boys,
  Or for greener damsels meant;
  Thou art the only manly scent."....
- "Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
  Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind;
  Africa, that brags her foyson,
  Breeds no such prodigious poison,
  Henbane, nightshade, both together,
  Henbane, aconite—

Nay rather
Plant divine of rarest virtue,
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee,
None e'er prospered who defamed thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die."

With this specimen we end our effort to give some idea of the "Language and Poetry of Smoke."

# ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

ON a spring morning, after an exhilarating drive in Central Park, we were set down at the entrance of what might be called the "House Beautiful"—a stately building, with spacious halls and staircases, and a multitude of commodious, airy rooms. It is St. Luke's Hospital—the hospital of the "Beloved Physician"—on the Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-fourth Street. The wide lawn is rich with a luxuriant verdure nowhere else to be seen, and here and there, peeping up from off their soft green pillows, are the sunny-eyed dandelions.

But golden blossoms have not undisputed possession of the fresh beauty of this lawn. There are a dozen little children beside.

But they are not rushing merrily about, tossing the flowers at each other in boisterous glee, making a mimic snow-fall of golden flakes, and shouting with the mad joy which the "new wine of the year" inspires. Two or three move languidly backward and forward with a swaying, uncertain motion; one fairly runs, but, alas! if it were not for those strong crutches under his little thin arms he could not even walk; yet with their aid he accomplishes wouders of locomotion, to the mingled admiration and envy of his companions. The others sit or lie upon the grass wrapped in coats and tippets, as if it were January instead of May, and watch with sad, wondering eyes the movements of the happier few. For these are all sick children, and they have come here to be made well again, if skill and tenderest care can avail.

You will think that this promises to be a sombre story, and possibly you will propose to pass it by; but I really advise you not, for it has to do with glad little hearts which you may care to know about, and suffering little bodies which you might comfort if you would. I shall not attempt to describe all the wonders which I saw in this noble institution, where sweet Charity has gathered in the sick of all ages from comfortless homes, and takes loving eare of them for the sake of the great Healer. You must go where my heart drew me, up the broad central staircase, through quiet halls, and then I will try and tell you what I saw when a door was softly opened at our right. I had been warned where I was to be taken; but although my heart beat quickly with antieipation, I was not prepared for the beautiful vision before me.

The ward which we entered was very long and high, and was brightened with many windows, through which the sunshine could come in. But its glory was a line of beautiful little snow-drifts, on either side, through its entire length. Snow-drifts, I say, since that was my first thought; but there was nothing so cold and cheerless as even the most exquisite snow-work must be in this lovely room. My snow-drifts proved to be little dainty white beds, and in many of them

lay little children.

When I saw these a passage in Dc Quincey's "Autobiography" was at once suggested to mc. He tells us of his first sorrow; when his little sister, his dearest playmate, had died, and he went mourning, but always scarching the clear blue skies for a glint of a bright angel-face looking down upon him. On Sundays he went to the grand old church of his parish, but his faithful eyes still continued their eager quest through the storied windows. And when, in the solemn Litany, there came that passage in which we pray God to "preserve all sick persons and young ehildren, and to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and eaptives," the tears would fall from his eyes, and looking up at the gorgeous painted windows, he saw marvels of beauty. the young poct saw through the central window, which was of unstained glass, the loveliest vision. It was of those pure fleeey clouds which we have often seen mimicking moonlight in a summer day, taking the form of little bcds with "white lawny curtains," which, to his childish faith, had been sent floating down from the heavenly mansions by the pitiful Father to bring back to himself poor little sick children to be cured, and made happier than all the love on earth could make them. It was not strange that I remembered the little Thomas de Quineey's fancy when I saw the pale baby faces on those white pillows. But to many of these children God sends health again, and other little sufferers take their places, to be in their turn healed or else to drift gently away to the land of rest.

Before I introduce you to any of the occupants of these fairy bcds, I must tell you more about their pleasant surroundings.

Of course every thing is as clean and pure as possible; but I can not divine how the good pcoplc who take carc of these sick children contrive to conceal as they do every sign of a sick-room. I did not catch a glimpse of a single vial, or bandage, or medicine-glass. There were little tables by every bed, but they had not upon them even that half-filled glass of bubbly water which secms ineident to even the "best regulated" sickrooms. Instead of this there were a few bright, fresh flowers in a tasteful vase; a bird's cage, with its garrulous little singer, telling its pleasant history to any one who would listen; or some gayly-colored picture-book, or pretty toy, or dainty doll-all within range of the little invalid's eye and hand.

Then the walls of this beautiful hall were hung with charming pietures, such as a child would care to look at again and again. chief among these was a copy of the well-known picture, more significant to me than any rosy Cherub of Raphael or Dead Christ of Rubens. It represents the Holy Child bearing on his baby shoulder the eross, held fast with dimpled hands; at his feet the crown of thorns and the bloodstained nails; and in his great, pathetie eyes awful shadows of Gethsemane and Calvary. The picture borrowed new beauty and signifieance from the scenes about it. The Holy Child seemed to lift up a standard in the midst of these little cross-bearers, and to be leading and sustaining them upward and onward, through patient and brave endurance, to victory. May their baby feet keep close to His, and never miss His footprints!

As we passed down through the long hall we began to distinguish the faces of the occupants of the little white bcds, and they were quick to discover who had entered with us.

"Doctor! doctor!" eried a dozen eager little voices.

Now you may suppose that these sick ehildren shrieked "Doetor!" in fear, and passed on the alarm-cry from bed to bed, that all might be prepared for his dreaded coming. This was not one of those doctors mistake! nursery Ogres-with a gruff, rasping way of speaking: "Humph! sick, are you?-See your tongue!-quiek, now!" Nor of that other kind, even more exasperating to childish sensibilities, the noisy-quiet species, who make great ado about walking softly, and yet ingeniously contrive to squeeze every bit of noise there is in their huge boots out at the toes. No, this doctor neither glowered at them savagely, as if he had half a mind to eat them up for daring to fall sick; nor went mincing and sighing about them with a yard-long visage, as if he thought they could never get well, and he did not mean to encourage them to try. All these poor little children scemed to love their young doctor with all their hearts. I could see it in the eyes of those too weak to speak their thoughts, who followed him, as we went from bed to bed, with loving looks, eager for their turn to come to share his eheery presence. As for those whose tongues were in working order—dear me, how they ran!

"Doctor, doctor, I want to see you this minute!"

"No, doctor; come to my bed!"

"Doctor, is that your light waggin?" asked little Peter, whose post was fortunately on the side of the room toward the street, and who, having been taking observations from the window near his bed—his meagre little body propped up by his sharp elbows and the pillows—had seen the doctor's carriage drive up to the gate.

"Couldn't you give a poor pusson a ride?" piped a weak little voice from the opposite bed.

And many a "poor pusson" is indebted to the kind surgeon for a ride. Sometimes he takes them on the street in what little Peter called his "light waggin;" but oftener (for few of the sick children are able to endure this) he pushes them through the long corridors in a little house-carriage constructed for the purpose, the gift of little children.

Was there ever another such doctor! Even those children whom he has been forced to hurt most cruelly in the curative process seemed to love him best of all; for he and they understood each other perfectly, and they knew the pain would be as light and brief as possible, and that such pain is indeed only love called by a different name.

Some of the inmates of this children's ward had such healthful, happy faces that we wondered why they were not out among the dandelions at play. But we wondered no longer when the rope with its heavy cannon-ball, which hung over the foot of their beds, was pointed out to us. That pulley, with its heavy weight, was tugging at their little crooked limbs to make them straight and of equal length! When we saw this our hearts ached, and we could not understand how the little martyrs could have such laughing faces. But how good it is that they can be sheltered in this beautiful home safe from griping hunger and pinching cold-with happy little children about them; amidst pleasant sights and sounds, and with tender nurses and skillful surgical care-instead of lying neglected, and perhaps ill-treated, in loveless, comfortless poverty! We hardly knew whether to laugh or cry as we went the rounds of the children's ward. We did both, however, when little pale-faced Luke pulled us by the ribbons and whispered, eagerly,

"Couldn't you bring me a ball of string and a kite!"

Poor little Luke was one of those who would have to wear a cannon-ball for many long months to come; but I suppose the little captive's fancy was haunted with memories and visions of wide blue skies and giant winds for play-fellows, and he longed to hold some tangible representation of remembered or imagined sport.

The Doctor had one rival in the affections of the children when I saw them, and that was the BABY! The little girls stopped pulling his long beard, and the boys stopped wrestling with him

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(such puny little arms as the little pugilists flourished!) when the baby appeared.

"Please bring her to my bed!"

"Lay her by me, please!"

"I want her on my pillow!"

"Give her here!"

These were the crics on all sides, and the nurse did not know where to deposit her charge first. No words can adequately set forth the perfections of that baby. It must have been an incarnation of the triplet spirit of Job the Patient, Moses the Meek, and Griselda the Longsuffering. Suffocated by kisses, garroted by hugs, riddled by tickling fingers, it yet bore a dauntless front through all, and even smiled blandly upon its ruthless assailants! Its virtues seemed to us rather caoutchoucic than human; but we were assured by the highest authority that it was of the same species with that for which the little transcendentalist prayed, when, disgusted with saw-dust shams, she cried:

"Lord! give me a baby! a real meat baby!" Sometimes the conversation between these little beds is pitiful to hear. A little girl, who had been for a long time an inmate of the hospital, had recovered, and announced, with justifiable delight,

"I've got all well! and my mother's coming to take me away to-morrow!"

Whereupon her little sick neighbor responded, in a still more triumphant tone: "Ho! I haven't got any mother: and I'm glad of it, for I sha'n't have to go away—never!"

Could any thing-be sadder than this—to give thanks that one has no mother! This reminded me of a scene of my school-days. I encountered a group of poor children in riotous dispute. As I passed them a boy shouted out, tauntingly, to a girl in the rival faction: "You needn't feel so smart! I saw your father dead-drunk last night!"

The girl's pose was magnificent as she turned upon the contemptible young bully, and said, slowly and most impressively: "I thank your honor! I haven't got no father! My father's dead!"

All the sick wards of this hospital, whose patron-saint is "the Beloved Physician," open into a central chapel where prayers are read every night by one whose heart is in this noble charity, and to whom we owe some of the choicest hymns of the Church. How sweet and cheering his voice must be as it goes softly on from bed to bed where lie the suffering men, women, and children for whom he prays! I think the many hearts which he has lightened and comforted could hardly say "Amen," when he sings "I would not live alway! I ask not to stay," however eagerly they may appropriate to themselves the soothing tenderness and brave hope of the hymn. No, they can not let him go yet!

The crowning grace of the beautiful chapel is an illuminated manuscript of the Gospels, each page with its perfect text, and its own peculiar ornament of exquisite device; and all this magic wrought by the loving skill of a woman's hand! Indeed the presence and ministrations of refined womanhood invest this House Beautiful with an indescribable charm. I dare not say what I would of the sisterhood whose voluntary service makes it what it is. No austere vow paralyzes heart and will; but, constrained simply by love to our Lord, they tenderly and faithfully wait on their ministry. Native grace, the finest culture, and the heartiest devotion are laid on the altar of sacrifice. But is it sacrifice? Were delicate hands, and cultivated powers of heart and head, more worthily or happily employed in the luxurious ease of home or the brilliant rounds of society, than now, in alleviating a sick child's sufferings, or speaking peace to some fearful soul tossed on the billows of death? I doubt not that to many an idler in Vanity Fair, with hungry heart and listless hands, the soft garb of the sisterhood would prove the garment of Peace, and the easy yoke of Christian service, rest to the soul.

The great city has no such fascination for me as this very children's ward at St. Luke's; and although it is more than two years since I saw them, yet my heart still yearns after Susie, with her great brown eyes and pathetic face; after

sharp little Luke, and comical little Peter, and their companions. These may have passed away, but other little faces lie on those pillows to be brightened by loving care: and more than this, for every child there sheltered a thousand little ones, with distorted limbs and suffering bodies, lie without, in the bleak, cruel world; and for some of these a word from you would provide the blessed novelty of a "sweet home!"

Look into your own nursery, happy father and mother! and imagine, if you can, those same precious faces as pinched with pain, saddened by neglect, eloquent in voiceless misery, and I am sure you can not rest until your gratitude for singular happiness in your own lot has found expression in the relief of some little suffering outcast, whose angel, always beholding the Father's face, will plead with Him forever in your behalf. But if any see only an empty crib where all was once living beauty and joy, then away with bootless repining! Consecrate a little bed at St. Luke's with the lost darling's name; and, ministering cheerfully there to one of Christ's little ones, you shall have such visions of your child in Paradise as would never have been vouchsafed to life-long watching and weeping by the forsaken cradle.

## ORLEY FARM.

## BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

# CHAPTER LXV.

FELIX GRAHAM RETURNS TO NONINGSBY.

"TF you love the man, let him come." was thus that the judge had declared to his daughter his opinion of what had better be done in that matter of Felix Graham. Then he had gone on to declare that he had given his permission to Felix Graham to say any thing that he had got to say, and finally had undertaken to invite Felix Graham to spend the assize week at Noningsby. Of course in the mind of the judge all this amounted to an actual giving away of his daughter. He regarded the thing now as done, looking upon the young people as betrothed, and his reflections mainly ran on the material part of the business. How should Graham be made to earn an income, and what allowance must be made to him till he did so? There was a certain sum set apart for Madeline's fortune, but that would by no means suffice for the livelihood of a married barrister in London. Graham no doubt earned something as it was, but that was done by his pen rather than by his wig, and the judge was inclined to think that the pen must be abandoned before the wig could be made profitable. Such were the directions which his thoughts took regarding Madeline's lot in life. With him the next week or two, with their events, did not signify much; whereas the coming years did signify a great deal.

At that time, on that Sunday afternoon, there still remained to Madeline the best part of a

month to think of it all, before Felix should reappear upon the scene. But then she could not think of it by herself in silence. Her father had desired her to tell her mother what had passed, and she felt that a great difficulty still lay before her. She knew that her mother did not wish her to marry Felix Graham. She knew that her mother did wish her to marry Peregrine Orme. And therefore, though no mother and child had ever treated each other with a sweeter confidence, or loved each other with warmer hearts, there was, as it were, a matter of disunion between them. But nevertheless she must tell her mother, and the dread of this telling weighed heavy upon her as she sat that night in the drawingroom reading the article which Felix had writ-

But she need not have been under any alarm. Her father, when he told her to discuss the matter with her mother, had by no means intended to throw on her shoulders the burden of converting Lady Staveley to the Graham interest. He took care to do this himself effectually, so that in fact there should be no burden left for Madeline's shoulders. "Well, my dear," he said that same Sunday evening to his wife, "I have had it all out with Madeline this afternoon."

"About Mr. Graham, do you mean?"

"Yes; about Mr. Graham. I have promised that he shall come here for the assize week."

"Oh, dear!"

"It's done, my love; and I believe we shall find it all for the best. The bishops' daughters

always marry elergymen, and the judges' daughters ought to marry lawyers."

"But you ean't give him a practice. The

bishops have livings to give away."

"Perhaps I may show him how to make a practice for himself, which would be better. Take my word for it that it will be best for her happiness. You would not have liked to be disappointed yourself, when you made up your mind to be married."

"No, I should not," said Lady Staveley.

"And she will have a will of her own quite as strong as you had." And then there was silenee in the room for some time.

"You'll be kind to him when he comes?" said

the judge.

"Oh yes," said Lady Staveley, in a voice that was by no means devoid of melancholy.

"Nobody can be so kind as you when you please. And as it is to be—"

"Although he is so very plain."

"You'll soon get used to that, my dear."

"And as for poor young Mr. Orme-"

"As for poor young Mr. Orme, as you eall him, he will not die of a broken heart. Poor young Mr. Orme has all the world before him, and will soon console himself."

"But he is so attached to her. And then The Cleeve is so near."

"We must give up all that, my dear."

"Very well," said Lady Staveley; and from that moment it may be said that she had given inher adhesion to the Graham connection. When, some time after, she gave her orders to Baker as to preparing a room for Mr. Graham, it was made quite clear to that excellent woman, by her mistress's manner and anxiety as to the airing of the sheets, that Miss Madeline was to have her own way in the matter.

But long previous to these preparations Madeline and her mother had discussed the matter fully. "Papa says that Mr. Graham is to come here for the assize week," said Lady Staveley.

"Yes; so he told me," Madeline replied, very bashfully.

"I suppose it's all for the best."

"I hope it is," said Madeline. What eould she do but hope so?

"Your papa understands every thing so very well that I am sure he would not let him come if it were not proper."

"I suppose not," said Madeline.

"And now I look upon the matter as all settled."

"What matter, mamma?"

"That he—that he is to come here as your lover."

"Oh no, mamma. Pray don't imagine that. It is not so at all. What should I do if you were to say any thing to make him think so?"

"But you told me that you loved him."

"So I do, mamma."

"And he told your papa that he was desperately in love with you."

"I don't know, mamma."

"But he did—your papa told me so, and that's why he asked him to eome down here again. He never would have done it without."

Madeline had her own idea about this, believing that her father had thought more of her wants in the matter than he had of those of Felix Graham; but as to this she said nothing. "Nevertheless, mamma, you must not say that to any one," she answered. "Mr. Graham has never spoken to me—not a word. I should of course have told you had he done so."

"Yes, I am sure of that. But, Madeline, I suppose it's all the same. He asked papa for permission to speak to you, and your papa has

given it."

"I'm sure I don't know, mamma."

It was a quarter of an hour after that when Lady Staveley again returned to the subject. "I am sure Mr. Graham is very clever, and all that."

"Papa says that he is very elever indeed."

"I'm quite sure he is, and he makes himself very nice in the house, always talking when there are people to dinner. Mr. Arbuthnot never will talk when there are people to dinner. But Mr. Arbuthnot has got a very nice place in Warwickshire, and they say he'll eome in for the county some day."

"Of course, mamma, if there should be any thing of that sort, we should not be rich people,

like Isabella and Mr. Arbuthnot."

"Not at first, dear."

"Neither first nor last. But I don't care about that. If you and papa will like him, and —and—if it should come to that! Oh, mamma, he is so good, and so clever, and he understands things, and talks about things as though he knew how to make himself master of them. And he is honest and proud. Oh, mamma, if it should be so, I do hope you will love him."

And then Lady Staveley promised that she would love him, thinking nevertheless that had things gone differently she would have extended a more motherly warmth of affection to Pere-

grine Orme.

And about this time Peregrine Orme made another visit to Noningsby. His intention was to see the judge, explaining what steps his grandfather had taken as to The Cleeve property, and then once more to have thrown himself at Madeline's feet. But circumstances as they turned out prevented this. Although he had been at some trouble to ascertain when the judge would be at Noningsby, nevertheless on his arrival the judge was out. He would be home, the servant said, to dinner, but not before; and therefore he had again seen Lady Staveley, and after seeing her had not thrown himself at Madeline's feet.

He had made up his mind to give a systematic and detailed account of his pecuniary eircumstanees, and had selected nearly the very words in which this should be made, not actuated by any idea that such a process would have any weight with Madeline, or by any means assist him with her, but hoping that he might thus

procure the judge's permission to press his suit. But all his preparation and all his chosen words were of no use to him. When he saw Lady Staveley's face he at once knew that she had no comfort to offer to him. "Well," he said; "is there any chance for me?" He had intended to speak in a very different tone, but words which have been prepared seldom manage to fit themselves into their appropriate places.

"Oh, Mr. Orme," she said, taking him by the hand, and holding it, "I wish it were differ-

ent; I wish it could be different."

tidings would utterly unman him.

"There is no hope, then?" And as he spoke there was a sound in his voice as though the

"I should be wicked to deceive you," she said. "There is no hope." And then as she looked up at the sorrow so plainly written in the lines of his young, handsome face, tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. How could it be that a daughter of hers should be indifferent to the love of such a suitor as this?

But Peregrine, when he saw her sorrow, repressed his own. "Very well," said he; "I will at any rate know how to take an answer. And for your kindness to me in the matter I am much obliged. I ought to have known myself better than to have supposed she could have cared for me."

"I am sure she feels that you have done her great honor."

"Pshaw! honor! But never mind—Good-by, Lady Staveley."

"Will you not see her?"

"No. Why should I see her? Give her my love—my best love—"

"I will-I will."

"And tell her that I hope she may be happy, and make some fellow happy who is more fortunate than I am. I shall get out of the way somewhere, so that I shall not make a fool of myself when I see it." And then he took his departure, and rode back again to The Cleeve. This happened two days before the commencement of the trial, and the day before that on which Graham was to arrive at Noningsby.

When Graham received the judge's note asking him to put up at Noningsby for the assize week he was much astonished. It was very short:

"Dear Graham,—As you are coming down to Alston, special in Lady Mason's case, you may as well come and stay here. Lady Staveley bids me say that she will be delighted. Your elder brethren will no doubt go back to London each night, so that you will not be expected to remain with them.

Yours always, etc."

What could be the intention of the judge in taking so strange a step as this? The judge had undertaken to see him in three months, having given him some faint idea that there then might be a chance of hope. But now, before one month was over, he was actually sending for him to the house, and inviting him to stay there. What would all the bar world say when they found that a young barrister was living at the judge's house during the assizes? Would it not

be in every man's mouth that he was a suitor accepted both by the judge's daughter and by the judge? There would be nothing in that to go against the grain with him, if only the fact were so. That the fact should be so he could not venture to hope even on this hint; but he accepted the judge's invitation, sent his grateful thanks to Lady Staveley—as to Lady Staveley's delight, he was sure that the judge must have romanced a little, for he had clearly recognized Lady Staveley as his enemy—and then he prepared himself for the chances of war.

On the evening before the trial he arrived at Noningsby just in time for dinner. He had been obliged to remain an hour or two at Alston in conference with Mr. Aram, and was later than he had expected he would be. He had been afraid to come early in the day, lest by doing so he might have seemed to overstep the margin of his invitation. When he did arrive the two ladies were already dressing, and he found the judge in the hall.

"A pretty fellow you are!" said the judge. "It's dinner-time already, and, of course, you take an hour to dress."

"Mr. Aram—" began Felix.

"Oh yes, Mr. Aram! I'll give you fifteen minutes, but not a moment more." And so Felix was hurried on up to his bedroom—the old bedroom in which he had passed so many hours, and been so very uneasy. As he entered the room all that conversation with Augustus Staveley returned upon his memory. He had seen his friend in London, and told him that he was going down to Noningsby. Augustus had looked grave, but had said nothing about Madeline. Augustus was not in his father's confidence in this matter, and had nothing to do but to look grave. On that very morning, moreover, some cause had been given to himself for gravity of demeanor.

At the door of his room he met Mrs. Baker, and, hurried though he was by the judge's strict injunction, he could not but shake hands with his old and very worthy friend.

"Quite strong again," said he, in answer to her tender inquiries.

"So you are, I do declare. I will say this, Mr. Graham, for wholesomeness of flesh you beat any thing I ever come nigh. There's a many would have been weeks and weeks before they could have been moved."

"It was your good nursing, Mrs. Baker."

"Well, I think we did take care of you among us. Do you remember the pheasant, Mr. Graham?"

"Remember it! I should think so; and how I improved the occasion."

"Yes; you did improve fast enough. And the sea-kale, Mr. Graham? Laws! the row I had with John Gardener about that! And, Mr. Graham, do you remember how a certain friend used to come and ask after you at the door? Dear, dear, dear! I nearly caught it about that."

But Graham in his present frame of mind

could not well endure to discuss his remembrances on that subject with Mrs. Baker, so he good-humoredly pushed her out of the room, saying that the judge would be mad if he de-

layed.

"That's true, too, Mr. Graham. And it won't do for you to take up Mr. Augustus's tricks in the house yet; will it?" And then she left the room. "What does she mean by 'yet?" Felix said to himself as he went through the ceremony of dressing with all the haste in his power.

He was in the drawing-room almost within the fifteen minutes, and there he found none but the judge and his wife and daughter. He had at first expected to find Augustus there, but had been told by Mrs. Baker that he was to come down on the following morning. His first greeting from Lady Staveley was something like that he had already received up stairs, only made in less exuberant language. He was congratulated on his speedy recovery and made welcome by a Then he shook hands with Madekind smile. line, and as he did so he observed that the judge was at the trouble to turn away, so that he should not watch the greeting. This he did see, but into Madeline's face he hardly ventured to look. He touched her hand, however, and said a word; and she also murmured something about his injury. "And now we'll go to dinner," said the judge. "Give your arm that is not broken to Lady Staveley." And so the meeting was over. "Augustus will be in Alston to-morrow when the court is opened," said the judge. "That is to say, if he finds it possible to get up so soon; but to-day he had some engagements in town." The truth, however, was that the judge had chosen to be alone with Felix after dinner.

The dinner was very pleasant, but the judge talked for the whole party. Madeline hardly spoke at all, nor did Lady Staveley say much. Felix managed to put in a few words occasionally, as it always becomes a good listener to do, but the brunt of the battle lay with the host. One thing Felix observed painfully, that not a word was spoken about Lady Mason or Orley When he had been last there the judge had spoken of it openly before the whole party, expressing his opinion that she was a woman much injured; but now neither did he say any thing nor did Lady Staveley. He would probably not have observed this had not a feeling crept upon him during the last fortnight, that that thorough conviction which men had felt as to her innocence was giving way. While the ladies were there, however, he did not himself allude to the subject.

When they had left the room and the door had been closed behind them, the judge began the campaign—began it, and as far as he was concerned, ended it in a very few minutes. "Graham," said he, "I am glad to see you."

"Thank you, judge," said he.

"Of course you know, and I know, what that amounts to now. My idea is that you acted as

an honest man when you were last here. You are not a rich man—"

"Any thing but that."

"And therefore I do not think it would have been well had you endeavored to gain my daughter's affections without speaking to me, or to her mother." Judge Staveley always spoke of his wife as though she were an absolute part of himself. "She and I have discussed the matter now, and you are at liberty to address yourself to Madeline if you please."

"My dear judge-"

"Of course you understand that I am not answering for her?"

"Oh, of course not."

"That's your look-out. You must fight your own battle there. What you are allowed to understand is this, that her father and mother will give their consent to an engagement, if she finds that she can bring herself to give hers. If you are minded to ask her, you may do so.'

"Of course I shall ask her."

"She will have five thousand pounds on her marriage, settled upon herself and her children, and as much more when I die, settled in the same way. Now fill your glass." And in his own easy way he turned the subject round and began to talk about the late congress at Birmingham.

Fclix felt that it was not open to him at the present moment to say any thing further about Madeline; and though he was disappointed at this—for he would have wished to go on talking about her all the evening—perhaps it was better for him. The judge would have said nothing further to encourage him, and he would have gradually been taught to think that his chance with Madeline was little, and then less. "He must have been a fool," my readers will say, "not to have known that Madeline was now his own." Probably. But then modest-minded young men are fools.

At last he contrived to bring the conversation round from the Birmingham congress to the affairs of his new client; and indeed he contrived to do so in spite of the judge, who was not particularly anxious to speak on the subject. "After all that we said and did at Birmingham, it is odd that I should so soon find myself joined with Mr. Furnival."

"Not at all odd. Of course you must take up your profession as others have taken it up before you. Very many young men dream of a Themis fit for Utopia. You have slept somewhat longer than others, and your dreams have

been more vivid."

"And now I wake to find myself leagued with the Empson and Dudley of our latter-day law courts."

"Fie, Graham, fie! Do not allow yourself to speak in that tone of men whom you know to be zealous advocates, and whom you do not know to be dishonest opponents."

"It is they and such as they that make so many in these days feel the need of some Utopia—as it was in the old days of our history. But



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT NONINGSBY.

I beg their pardon for nicknaming them, and

"I have never yet even seen Mr. Chaffanbrass

certainly ought not to have done so in your presence."

"Well, if you repent yourself, and will be more charitable for the future, I will not tell of you."

I have never yet even seen in. Characterists in court," said Felix, after a pause.

"The more shame for you, never to have gone to the court in which he practices. A barrister intending to succeed at the common law bar can

not have too wide an experience in such matters."

"But then I fear that I am a barrister not intending to succeed."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the judge. And then again the conversation flagged for a minute or two.

"Have you ever seen him at a country assize

town before, judge?" asked Felix.
"Whom? Chaffanbrass? I do not remember that I have."

"His coming down in this way is quite unusual, I take it.

"Rather so, I should say. The Old Bailey is his own ground."

"And why should they think it necessary in such a case as this to have recourse to such a proceeding?"

"It would be for me to ask you that, seeing

that you are one of the counsel.'

"Do you mean to say, judge, that between you and me you are unwilling to give an opinion on such a subject?"

"Well; you press me hard, and I think I may fairly say that I am unwilling. I would sooner discuss the matter with you after the verdict than before it. Come, we will go into the drawing-room."

There was not much in this. Indeed if it were properly looked at there was nothing in it. But nevertheless Graham, as he preceded the judge out of the dining-room, felt that his heart misgave him about Lady Mason. When first the matter had been spoken of at Noningsby, Judge Staveley had been fully convinced of Lady Mason's innocence, and had felt no reserve in expressing his opinion. He had expressed such an opinion very openly. Why should he now affect so much reticence, seeing that the question had been raised in the presence of them two alone? It was he who had persuaded Graham to undertake this work, and now he went back from what he had done, and refused even to speak upon the subject. must be that he thinks she is guilty," said Graham to himself as he lay down that night in bed.

But there had been something more for him to do before bedtime came. He followed the judge into the drawing-room, and in five minutes perceived that his host had taken up a book with the honest intention of reading it. Some reference was made to him by his wife, but he showed at once that he did not regard Graham as company, and that he conceived himself to be entitled to enjoy the full luxury of home. "Upon my word I don't know," he answered, without taking his eye off the page. And then nobody spoke to him another word.

After another short interval Lady Staveley went to sleep. When Felix Graham had before been at Noningsby, she would have rebelled against nature with all her force rather than have slept while he was left to whisper what he would to her darling. But now he was authorized to whisper, and why should not Lady Stave-

ley sleep if she wished it? She did sleep, and Felix was left alone with his love.

And yet he was not altogether alone. could not say to her those words which he was now bound to say; which he longed to say in order that he might know whether the next stage of his life was to be light or dark. There sat the judge, closely intent no doubt upon his book, but wide awake. There also sat Lady Staveley, fast asleep certainly; but with a wondrous power of hearing even in her sleep. And yet how was he to talk to his love unless he talked of love? He wished that the judge would help them to converse; he wished that some one else was there; he wished at last that he himself was away. Madeline sat perfectly tranquil stitching a collar. Upon her there was incumbent no duty of doing any thing beyond that. But he was in a measure bound to talk. Had he dared to do so he also would have taken up a book; but that he knew to be impossible.

"Your brother will be down to-morrow," he said, at last.

"Yes; he is to go direct to Alston. He will be here in the evening—to dinner.'

"Ah, yes; I suppose we shall all be late tomorrow."

"Papa always is late when the assizes are going on," said Madeline.

"Alston is not very far," said Felix.
"Only two miles," she answered.

And during the whole of that long evening the conversation between them did not reach a more interesting pitch than that.

"She must think me an utter fool," said Felix to himself, as he sat staring at the fire. "How well her brother would have made the most of such an opportunity!" And then he went to bed by no means in a good humor with himself.

On the next morning he again met her at breakfast, but on that occasion there was no possible opportunity for private conversation. The judge was all alive, and talked enough for the whole party during the twenty minutes that was allowed to them before they started for Alston. "And now we must be off. We'll say half past seven for dinner, my dear." And then they also made their journey to Alston.

#### CHAPTER LXVI.

SHOWING HOW MISS FURNIVAL TREATED HER LOVERS.

It is a great thing for young ladies to live in a household in which free correspondence by letter is permitted. "Two for mamma, four for Amelia, three for Fanny, and one for papa." When the postman has left his budget they should be dealt out in that way, and no more should be said about it, except what each may choose to say. Papa's letter is about money, of course, and interests nobody. Mamma's contain the character of a cook and an invitation to dinner, and as they interest every body, are public property. But Fanny's letters and Amelia's should be private; and a well-bred mamma of the present day scorns even to look at the handwriting of the addresses. Now in Harley Street things were so managed that nobody did see the handwriting of the addresses of Sophia's letters till they came into her own hand—that is, neither her father nor her mother did so. That both Spooner and Mrs. Ball examined them closely is probable enough.

This was well for her new, for she did not wish it to be known as yet that she had accepted an offer from Lucius Mason, and she did wish to have the privilege of receiving his letters. She fancied that she loved him. She told herself over and over again that she did so. She compared him within her own mind to Augustus Staveley, and always gave the preference She liked Augustus also, and could to Lucius. have accepted him as well, had it been the way of the world in England for ladies to have two accepted lovers. Such is not the way of the world in England, and she therefore had been under the necessity of choosing one. She had taken the better of the two, she declared to herself very often; but nevertheless was it absolutely necessary that the other should be abandoned altogether? Would it not be well at any rate to wait till this trial should be over? But then the young men themselves were in such a hurry!

Lucius, like an honest man, had proposed to go at once to Mr. Furnival when he was accepted; but to this Sophia had objected. "The peculiar position in which my father stands to your mother at the present moment," said she, "would make it very difficult for him to give you an answer now." Lucius did not quite understand the reasoning, but he yielded. It did not occur to him for a moment that either Mr. or Miss Furnival could doubt the validity of his title to the Orley Farm property.

But there was no reason why he should not write to her. "Shall I address here?" he had asked. "Oh yes," said Sophia; "my letters are quite private." And he had written very frequently, and she had answered him. His last letter before the trial I propose to publish, together with Sophia's answer, giving it as my opinion that the gentleman's production affords by no means a good type of a lover's letter. But then his circumstances were peculiar. Miss Furnival's answer was, I think, much better.

at dinner, and sometimes sit with her for an hour in the evening; but even then we have no conversation. The end of it is I trust soon coming, and then I hope that the sun will again be bright. In these days it seems as though there were a cloud over the whole earth.

here with her. I think that your tone and strength of mind would have enabled her to bear up against these troubles with more fortitude. After all, it is but the shadow of a misfortune which has come across her, if she would but allow herself so to think. As it is, Mrs. Orme is with her daily, and nothing I am sure can be more kind. But I can confess to you, though I could do so to no one else, that I do not willingly see an intimacy kept up between my mother and The Cleeve. Why was there that strange proposition as to her marriage; and why, when it was once made, was it abandoned? I know that my mother has been not only guiltless but guileless, in these matters as to which she is accused; but nevertheless her affairs will have been so managed that it will be almost impossible for her to remain in this neighborhood.

When all this is over, I think I shall sell this place. What is there to bind me—to bind me or you to Orley Farm? Sometimes I have thought that I could be happy here, devoting myself to agriculture,"—["Fiddlesticks!" Sophia exclaimed, as she read this]—"and doing something to lessen the dense ignorance of those around me; but for such work as that a man should be able to extend himself over a larger surface than that which I can influence. My dream of happiness now carries me away from this to other countries—to the sunny south. Could you be happy there? A friend of mine whom I well knew in Germany, has a villa on the Lake of Como"—["Indeed, Sir, I'll do no such thing," said Sophia to herself]—"and there I think we might forget all this annoyance.

"I shall not write again now till the trial is over. I have made up my mind that I will be in court during the whole proceedings. If my mother will admit it, I will remain there close to her, as her son should do in such an emergency. If she will not have this, still I will be there. No one shall say that I am afraid to see my mother in any position to which fortune can bring her, or that I have ever doubted her innocence.

"God bless you, my own one.
"Yours, L. M."

Taking this letter as a whole perhaps we may say that there was not as much nonsense in it as young gentlemen generally put into their loveletters to young ladies; but I am inclined to think that it would have been a better love-letter had there been more nonsense. At any rate there should have been less about himself, He should have and more about the lady. omitted the agriculture altogether, and been more sure of his loved one's tastes before he suggested the sunny south and the Como villa. It is true that he was circumstanced as few lovers are, with reference to his mother; but still I think he might have been less lachrymose. Sophia's answer, which was sent after the lapse of a day or two, was as follows:

"My Dear Lucius,—I am not surprised that you should feel somewhat low-spirited at the present moment; but you will find, I have no doubt, that the results of the next week will cure all that. Your mother will be herself again when this trial is over, and you will then wonder that it should ever have had so depressing an influence either upon you or upon her. I can not but suppose that papa has done the best as to her advisers. I know how anxious he is about it, and they say that he is very clever in such matters. Pray give your mother my love. I can not but think she is lucky to have Mrs. Orme with her. What can be more respectable than a connection at such a time with such people?

"HARLEY STREET,

"As to your future residence, do not make up your mind to any thing while your spirits are thus depressed. If you



"AND HOW ARE THEY ALL AT NONINGSBY?"

like to leave Orley Farm, why not let it instead of selling it? As for me, if it should be fated that our lots are to go together, I am inclined to think that I should still prefer to live in England. In London papa's position might probably be of some service, and I should like no life that was not active. But it is too early in the day to talk thus at present. You must not think me cold-hearted if I say that what has as yet been between us must not be regard-

ed as an absolute and positive engagement. I, on my part, hope that it may become so. My heart is not cold, and I am not ashamed to own that I esteem you favorably; but marriage is a very serious thing, and there is so much to be considered! I regard myself as a free agent, and in a great measure independent of my parents on such a matter as that; but still I think it well to make no positive promise without consulting them. When this trial is

over I will speak to my father, and then you will come up to London and see us.

"Mind you give my love to your mother; and—if it have any value in your eyes—accept it yourself.

"Your affectionate friend, SOPHIA FURNIVAL."

I feel very confident that Mrs. Furnival was right in declining to inquire very closely into the circumstances of her daughter's correspondence. A young lady who could write such a letter to her lover as that requires but little looking after; and in those points as to which she may require it, will—if she be so minded—elude it. Such as Miss Furnival was, no care on her mother's part would, I think, have made her better. Much care might have made her worse, as, had she been driven to such resources, she would have received her letters under a false name at the baker's shop round the corner.

But the last letter was not written throughout without interruption. She was just declaring how on her part she hoped that her present uncertain tenure of her lover's hand might at some future time become certain, when Augustus Staveley was announced. Sophia, who was alone in the drawing-room, rose from her table, gracefully, slipped her note under the cover of the desk, and courteously greeted her visitor. "And how are they all at dear Noningsby?" she asked.

"Dear Noningsby is nearly deserted. There is no one there but my mother and Madeline."

"And who more would be wanting to make it still dear—unless it be the judge? I declare, Mr. Staveley, I was quite in love with your father when I left. Talk of honey falling from people's mouths!—he drops nothing less than Champagne and pine-apples."

"How very difficult of digestion his conversa-

tion must be!"

"By no means. If the wine be good and the fruit ripe, nothing can be more wholesome. And is every body else gone? Let me see; Mr. Graham was still there when I left."

"He came away shortly afterward—as soon, that is, as his arm would allow him."

"What a happy accident that was for him, Mr. Staveley!"

"Happy!—breaking three of his ribs, his arm, and his collar-bone! I thought it very

unhappy."

"Ah, that's because your character is so deficient in true chivalry. I call it a very happy accident which gives a gentleman an opportunity of spending six weeks under the same roof with the lady of his love. Mr. Graham is a man of spirit, and I am by no means sure that he did not break his bones on purpose."

Augustus for a moment thought of denying the imputation with regard to his sister, but before he had spoken he had changed his mind. He was already aware that his friend had been again invited down to Noningsby, and if his father chose to encourage Graham, why should he make difficulties? He had conceived some general idea that Felix Graham was not a guest to be welcomed into a rich man's family as a son-

in-law. He was poor and crotchety, and as regards professional matters unsteady. But all that was a matter for his father to consider, not for him. So he held his peace as touching Graham, and contrived to change the subject, veering round toward that point of the compass which had brought him into Harley Street.

"Perhaps then, Miss Furnival, it might answer some purpose if I were to get myself run over outside there. I could get one of Pickford's vans, or a dray from Barclay and Perkins's, if

that might be thought serviceable."

"It would be of no use in the world, Mr. Staveley. Those very charitable middle-aged ladies opposite, the Miss MacCodies, would have you into their house in no time, and when you woke from your first swoon you would find yourself in their best bedroom, with one on each side of you."

"And you, in the mean time-"

"I should send over every morning at ten o'clock to inquire after you—in mamma's name. 'Mrs. Furnival's compliments, and hopes Mr. Staveley will recover the use of his legs.' And the man would bring back word, 'The doctor hopes he may, Miss; but his left eye is gone forever.' It is not every body that can tumble discreetly. Now you, I fancy, would only disfigure yourself."

"Then I must try what fortune can do for

me without the brewer's dray."

"Fortune has done quite enough for you, Mr. Staveley; I do not advise you to tempt her any further."

"Miss Furnival, I have come to Harley Street to-day on purpose to tempt her to the utmost.

There is my hand—"

"Mr. Staveley, pray keep your hand for a while longer in your own possession."

"Undoubtedly I shall do so unless I dispose of it this morning. When we were at Noningsby together I ventured to tell you what I felt for you—"

"Did you, Mr. Staveley? If your feelings were any thing beyond the common, I don't re-

member the telling."

"And then," he continued, without choosing to notice her words, "you affected to believe that I was not in earnest in what I said to you."

"And you must excuse me if I affect to be-

lieve the same thing of you still."

Augustus Staveley had come into Harley Street with a positive resolve to throw his heart and hand and fortune at the feet of Miss Furnival. I fear that I shall not raise him in the estimation of my readers by saying so. But then my readers will judge him unfairly. They will forget that they have had a much better opportunity of looking into the character of Miss Furnival than he had had; and they will also forget that they have had no such opportunity of being influenced by her personal charms. I think I remarked before that Miss Furnival well understood how best to fight her own battle. Had she shown herself from the first anxious to re-

gard as a definite offer the first words tending that way which Augustus had spoken to her, he would at once have become indifferent about the matter. As a consequence of her judicious conduct he was not indifferent. We always want that which we can't get easily. Sophia had made herself difficult to be gotten, and therefore Augustus fancied that he wanted her. he had been in town he had been frequently in Harley Street, and had been arguing with himself on the matter. What match could be more discreet or better? Not only was she very handsome, but she was clever also. And not only was she handsome and clever, but moreover she was an heiress. What more could his friends want for him, and what more could he want for himself? His mother did in truth regard her as a nasty, sly girl; but then his mother did not know Sophia, and in such matters mothers are so ignorant!

Miss Furnival, on his thus repeating his offer, again chose to affect a belief that he was not in earnest. I am inclined to think that she rather liked this kind of thing. There is an excitement in the game; and it is one which may be played without great danger to either party if it be played cautiously and with some skill. As regards Augustus at the present moment, I have to say—with some regret—that he abandoned all idea of caution, and that he showed very little skill.

"Then," said he, "I must beg you to lay aside an affectation which is so very injurious both to my honor and to my hopes of happiness."

"Your honor, Mr. Staveley, is quite safe, I am certain."

"I wish that my happiness were equally so," said he. "But at any rate you will let me have an answer. Sophia—"

And now he stood up, looking at her with something really like love in his eyes, and Miss Furnival began to understand that if she so chose it the prize was really within her reach. But then was it a prize? Was not the other thing the better prize? The other thing was the better prize—if only that affair about the Orley Farm were settled. Augustus Stavelcy was a good-looking, handsome fellow; but then there was that in the manner and gait of Lucius Mason which better suited her taste. There are ladies who prefer Worcester ware to real china; and, moreover, the order for the Worcester ware had already been given.

"Sophia, let a man be ever so light-hearted, there will come to him moments of absolute and almost terrible earnestness."

"Even to you, Mr. Staveley."

"I have at any rate done nothing to deserve

"Fie, now; you to talk of my scorn! You come here with soft words which run easily from your tongue, feeling sure that I shall be proud in heart when I hear them whispered into my ears; and now you pretend to be angry because I do not show you that I am elated. Do you think

it probable that I should treat with scorn any thing of this sort that you might say to me seriously?"

"I think you are doing so."

"Have you generally found yourself treated with scorn when you have been out on this pursuit?"

"By Heavens! you have no right to speak to me so. In what way shall I put my words to make them sound seriously to you? Do you want me to kneel at your feet, as our grandfathers used to do?"

"Oh, certainly not. Our grandmothers were very stupid in desiring that."

"If I put my hand on my heart will you believe me better?"

"Not in the least."

"Then through what formula shall I go?"

"Go through no formula, Mr. Staveley. In such affairs as these very little, as I take it, depends on the words that are uttered. When heart has spoken to heart, or even head to head, very little other speaking is absolutely necessary."

"And my heart has not spoken to yours?"

"Well—no; not with that downright plain open language which a heart in earnest always knows how to use. I suppose you think you like me."

"Sophia, I love you well enough to make you my wife to-morrow."

"Yes; and to be tired of your bargain on the next day. Has it ever occurred to you that giving and taking in marriage is a very serious thing?"

"A very serious thing; but I do not think that on that account it should be avoided."

"No; but it seems to me that you are always inclined to play at marriage. Do not be angry with me, but for the life of me I can never think you are in earnest."

"But I shall be angry—very angry—if I do not get from you some answer to what I have ventured to say."

"What, now? to-day? this morning? If you insist upon that, the answer can only be of one sort. If I am driven to decide this morning on the question that you have asked me, great as the honor is—and coming from you, Mr. Staveley, it is very great—I must decline it. I am not able, at any rate at the present moment, to trust my happiness altogether in your hands." When we think of the half-written letter which at this moment Miss Furnival had within her desk, this was not wonderful.

And then, without having said any thing more that was of note, Augustus Staveley went his way. As he walked up Harley Street he hardly knew whether or no he was to consider himself as bound to Miss Furnival; nor did he feel quite sure whether or no he wished to be so bound. She was handsome, and clever, and an heiress; but yet he was not certain that she possessed all those womanly charms which are desirable in a wife. He could not but reflect that she had never yet said a soft word to him.

# CHAPTER LXVII.

MR. MOULDER BACKS HIS OPINION.

As the day of the trial drew nigh the perturbation of poor John Kenneby's mind became very great. Moulder had not intended to frighten him, but had thought it well to put him up to what he believed to be the truth. No doubt he would be badgered and bullied. "And," as Moulder said to his wife afterward, "wasn't it better that he should know what was in store for him?" The consequence was, that had it been by any means possible, Kenneby would have run away on the day before the trial.

But it was by no means possible, for Dockwrath had hardly left him alone for an instant. Dockwrath at this time had crept into a sort of employment in the case from which Matthew Round had striven in vain to exclude him. Mr. Round had declared once or twice that if Mr. Mason encouraged Dockwrath to interfere, he, Round, would throw the matter up. But professional men can not very well throw up their business, and Round went on, although Dockwrath did interfere, and although Mr. Mason did encourage him. On the eve of the trial he went down to Alston with Kenneby and Bolster; and Mr. Moulder, at the express instance of Kenneby, accompanied them.

"What can I do? I can't stop the fellow's gab," Moulder had said. But Kenneby pleaded hard that some friend might be near him in the day of his trouble, and Moulder at last con-

sented.

"I wish it was me," Mrs. Smiley had said, when they talked the matter over in Great St. Helens; "I'd let the barrister know what was what when he came to knock me about." Kenneby wished it also, with all his heart.

Mr. Mason went down by the same train, but he traveled by the first-class. Dockwrath, who was now holding his head up, would have gone with him, had he not thought it better to remain with Kenneby. "He might jump ont of the carriage and destroy himself," he said to Mr. Mason.

"If he had any of the feelings of an Englishman within his breast," said Mason, "he would be anxious to give assistance toward the punishment of such a criminal as that."

"He has only the feelings of a tomtit," said Dockwrath.

Lodgings had been taken for the two chief witnesses together, and Moulder and Dockwrath shared the accommodation with them. As they sat down to tea together, these two gentlemen doubtless felt that Bridget Bolster was not exactly fitting company for them. But the necessities of an assize week, and of such a trial as this, level much of these distinctions, and they were both prepared to condescend and become affable.

"Well, Mrs. Bolster, and how do you find yourself?" asked Dockwrath.

Bridget was a solid, square-looking woman, somewhat given to flesh, and now not very quick in her movements. But the nature of her past

life had given to her a certain amount of readiness, and an absence of that dread of her fellow-creatures which so terribly afflicted poor Kenneby. And then also she was naturally not a stupid woman, or one inclined to be muddle-headed. Perhaps it would be too much to say that she was generally intelligent, but what she did understand she understood thoroughly.

"Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Dockwrath. I sha'n't be sorry to have a bit of something to

my tea."

Bridget Bolster perfectly understood that she was to be well fed when thus brought out for work in her country's service. To have every thing that she wanted to eat and drink at places of public entertainment, and then to have the bills paid for her behind her back, was to Bridget Bolster the summit of transitory human bliss.

"And you shall have something to your tea," said Dockwrath. "What's it to be?"

"A steak's as good as any thing at these places," suggested Moulder.

"Or some ham and eggs," suggested Dock-wrath.

"Kidneys is nice," said Bridget.

"What do you say, Kenneby?" asked Dockwrath.

"It is nothing to me," said Kenneby; "I have no appetite. I think I'll take a little brandy-and-water."

Mr. Moulder possessed the most commanding spirit, and the steak was ordered. They then made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and gradually fell into a general conversation about the trial. It had been understood among them since they first came together, that as a matter of etiquette the witnesses were not to be asked what they had to say. Kenneby was not to divulge his facts in plain language, nor Bridget Bolster those which belonged to her; but it was open to them all to take a general view of the matter, and natural that at the present moment they should hardly be able to speak of any thing else. And there was a very divided opinion on the subject in dispute; Dockwrath, of course, expressing a strong conviction in favor of a verdict of guilty, and Moulder being as certain of an acquittal. Moulder had been very unwilling to associate with Dockwrath: for he was a man who maintained his animosities long within his breast; but Dockwrath on this occasion was a great man, and there was some slight reflection of greatness on the associates of Dockwrath; it was only by the assistance of Dockwrath that a place could be obtained within the court, and, upon the whole, it became evident to Moulder that during such a crisis as this the society of Dockwrath must be endured.

"They can't do any thing to one if one do one's best?" said Kenneby, who was sitting apart from the table while the others were eating.

"Of course they can't," said Dockwrath, who wished to inspirit the witnesses on his own side.

"It ain't what they do, but what they say,"

said Moulder; "and then every body is looking at you. I remember a case when I was young on the road; it was at Nottingham. There had been some sugars delivered, and the rats had got at it. I'm blessed if they didn't ask me backward and forward so often that I forgot whether they was seconds or thirds, though I'd sold the goods myself. And then the lawyer said he'd have me prosecuted for perjury. Well, I was that frightened I could not stand in the box. I ain't so green now by a good deal."

"I'm sure you're not, Mr. Moulder," said Bridget, who well understood the class to which

Moulder belonged.

"After that I met that lawyer in the street, and was ashamed to look him in the face. I'm blessed if he didn't come up and shake hands with me, and tell me that he knew all along that his client hadn't a leg to stand on. Now I call that beautiful."

"Beautiful!" said Kenneby.
"Yes, I do. He fought that battle just as if he was sure of winning, though he knew he was going to lose. Give me the man that can fight a losing battle. Any body can play whist with four by honors in his own hand.'

"I don't object to four by honors either," said Dockwrath; "and that's the game we are

going to play to-morrow."

"And lose the rubber after all," said Moulder.

"No, I'm blessed if we do, Mr. Moulder. I know any thing of my own profession—"

"Humph!" ejaculated Monlder.

"And I shouldn't be here in such a case as this if I didn't; -but if I do, Lady Mason has no more chance of escape than—than—than that bit of muffin has." And as he spoke the savory morsel in question disappeared from the fingers of the commercial traveler.

For a moment or two Moulder could not answer him. The portion of food in question was the last on his plate; it had been considerable in size, and required attention in mastication. Then the remaining gravy had to be picked up on the blade of the knife, and the particles of pickles collected and disposed of by the same process. But when all this had been well done, Moulder replied:

"That may be your opinion, Mr. Dockwrath, and I dare say you may know what you're about." "Well, I rather think I do, Mr. Moulder."

"Mine's different. Now when one gentleman thinks one thing and another thinks another, there's nothing for it in my mind but for each gentleman to back his own. That's about the ticket in this country, I believe."

"That's just as a gentleman may feel dis-

posed," said Dockwrath.

"No it ain't. What's the use of a man having an opinion if he won't back it? He's bound to back it, or else he should give way, and confess he ain't so sure about it as he said he was. There's no coming to an end if you don't do Now there's a ten-pound note," and Moulder produced that amount of the root of all evil; "I'll put that in John Kenneby's hands,

and do you cover it." And then he looked as though there were no possible escape from the proposition which he had made.

"I decline to have any thing to do with it,"

said Kenneby.

"Gammon," said Moulder; "two ten-pound notes won't burn a hole in your pocket."

"Suppose I should be asked a question about it to-morrow; where should I be then?"

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Kenncby," said Dockwrath; "I'm not going to bet."

"You ain't, ain't you?" said Moulder.

"Certainly not, Mr. Moulder. If you understood professional matters a little better, you'd know that a professional gentleman couldn't make a bet as to a case partly in his own hands without very great impropriety." And Dockwrath gathered himself up, endeavoring to impress a sense of his importance on the two witnesses, even should he fail of doing so upon Mr. Moulder.

Moulder repocketed his ten-pound note, and laughed with a long, low chuckle. According to his idea of things, he had altogether got the better of the attorney upon that subject. As he himself put it so plainly, what criterion is there by which a man can test the validity of his own opinion if he be not willing to support it by a bet? A man is bound to do so, or else to give way and apologize. For many years he had insisted upon this in commercial rooms as a fundamental law in the character and conduct of gentlemen, and never yet had any thing been said to him to show that in such a theory he was mistaken.

During all this Bridget Bolster sat there much delighted. It was not necessary to her pleasure that she should say much herself. There she was seated in the society of gentlemen and of men of the world, with a cup of tea beside her and the expectation of a little drop of something warm afterward. What more could the world offer to her, or what more had the world to offer to any body? As far as her feelings went she did not care if Lady Mason were tried every month in the year! Not that her feelings toward Lady Mason were cruel. It was nothing to her whether Lady Mason should be convicted or acquitted. But it was much to her to sit quietly on her chair and have nothing to do, to eat and drink of the best, and be made much of; and it was very much to her to hear the conversation of her betters.

On the following morning Dockwrath breakfasted by appointment with Mr. Mason-promising, however, that he would return to his friends whom he left behind him, and introduce them into the court in proper time. As I have before hinted, Mr. Mason's confidence in Dockwrath had gone on increasing day by day since they had first met each other at Groby Park, till he now wished that he had altogether taken the advice of the Hamworth attorney and put this matter entirely into his hands. By degrees Joseph Mason had learned to understand and thoroughly to appreciate the strong points in his own

case; and now he was so fully convinced of the truth of those surmises which Dockwrath had been the first to make, that no amount of contrary evidence could have shaken him. And why had not Round and Crook found this out when the matter was before investigated? Why had they prevented him from appealing to the Lord Chancellor when, through their own carelessness, the matter had gone against him in the inferior court? And why did they now, even in these latter days, when they were driven to reopen the case by the clearness of the evidence submitted to them - why did they even now wound his ears, irritate his temper, and oppose the warmest feelings of his heart by expressing pity for this wicked criminal, whom it was their bounden duty to prosecute to the very utmost? Was it not by their fault that Orlcy Farm had been lost to him for the last twenty years? And yet young Round had told him, with the utmost composure, that it would be useless for him to look for any of those moneys which should have accrued to him during all those years! After what had passed, young Round should have been anxious to grind Lucius Mason into powder, and make money of his very bones! Must he not think, when he considered all these things, that Round and Crook had been willfully dishonest to him, and that their interest had been on the side of Lady Mason? He did so think at last, under the beneficent tutelage of his new adviser, and had it been possible would have taken the case out of the hands of Round and Crook even during the week before the trial.

"We mustn't do it now," Dockwrath had said, in his triumph. "If we did, the whole thing would be delayed. But they shall be so watched that they shall not be able to throw the thing over. I've got them in a vice, Mr. Mason; and I'll hold them so tight that they must

convict her whether they will or no."

And the nature and extent of Mr. Dockwrath's reward had been already settled. When Lucius Mason should be expelled from Orley Farm with ignominy, he, Dockwrath, should become the tenant. The very rent was settled with the understanding that it should be remitted for the first year. It would be pleasant to him to have back his two fields in this way—his two fields, and something else beyond! It may be remembered that Lucius Mason had once gone to his office insulting him. It would now be his turn to visit Lucius Mason at his domicile. He was disposed to think that such visit would be made by him with more effect than had attended that other.

"Well, Sir, we're all right," he said, as he shook hands with Mr. Mason, of Groby; "there's no screw loose that I can find."

"And will that man be able to speak?" Mr. Mason was alluding to John Kenneby.

"I think he will, as corroborating the woman Bolster. That's all we shall want. We shall put up the woman first; that is, after I have done. I don't think they'll make much of her, Mr. Mason."

"They can't make her say that she signed two deeds, if she is willing to tell the truth. There's no danger, you think, that she's been tampered with—that she has taken money?"

"No, no; there's been nothing of that."

"They'd do any thing, you know," said Mr. Mason. "Think of such a man as Solomon Aram! He's been used to it all his life, you know."

"They could not do it, Mr. Mason; I've been too sharp on them. And I tell you what, they know it now. There isn't one of them that doesn't know we shall get a verdict." And then for a few minutes there was silence between the two friends.

"I'll tell you what, Dockwrath," said Mr. Mason, after a while, "I've so set my heart upon this—upon getting justice at last—that I do think it would kill me if I were to be beaten. I do, indeed. I've known this, you know, all my life; and think what I've felt! For twenty-two years, Dockwrath! By ——! in all that I have read I don't think I ever heard of such a hardship! That she should have robbed me for two-and-twenty years! And now they say that she will be imprisoned for twelve months!"

"She'll get more than that, Mr. Mason."

"I know what would have been done to her thirty years ago, when the country was in earnest about such matters. What did they do to Fauntleroy!"

"Things are changed since then, ain't they?" said Dockwrath, with a laugh. And then he went to look up his flock and take them into court. "I'll meet you in the hall, Mr. Mason, in twenty minutes from this time."

And so the play was beginning on each side.

#### CHAPTER LXVIII.

# THE FIRST DAY OF THE TRIAL.

And now the judge was there on the bench, the barristers and the attorneys were collected, the prisoner was seated in their presence, and the trial was begun. As is usual in cases of much public moment, when a person of mark is put upon his purgation, or the offense is one which has attracted notice, a considerable amount of time was spent in preliminaries. But we, who are not bound by the necessities under which the court labored, will pass over these somewhat rapidly. The prisoner was arraigned on the charge of perjury, and pleaded "not guilty" in a voice which, though low, was audible to all the At that moment the hum of voices had stayed itself, and the two small words, spoken in a clear, silver tone, reached the ears of all that then were there assembled. Some had surmised it to be possible that she would at the last moment plead guilty, but such persons had not known Lady Mason. And then by slow degrees a jury was sworn, a considerable number of jurors having been set aside at the instance of Lady Mason's counsel. Mr. Aram had learned to what part of the county each man belongcd. and upon his instructions those who came from the neighborhood of Hamworth were passed

The comparative lightness of the offense divested the commencement of the trial of much of that importance and apparent dignity which attach themselves to most celebrated criminal The prisoner was not bidden to look upon the juror, nor the juror to look upon the prisoner, as though a battle for life and death were to be fought between them. A true bill for perjury had come down to the court from the grand jury, but the court officials could not bring themselves on such an occasion to open the case with all that solemnity and deference to the prisoner which they would have exhibited had she been charged with murdering her old husband. Nor was it even the same as though she had been accused of forgery. Though forgery be not now a capital crime, it was so within our memories, and there is still a certain grandeur in the name. But perjury sounds small and petty, and it was not, therefore, till the trial had advanced a stage or two that it assumed that importance which it afterward never lost. this should be so cut Mr. Mason, of Groby, to the very soul. Even Mr. Dockwrath had been unable to make him understand that his chance of regaining the property was, under the present circumstances, much greater than it would have been had Lady Mason been arraigned for forgery. He would not believe that the act of forgery might possibly not have been proved. Could she have been first whipped through the street for the misdemeanor, and then hung for the felony, his spirit would not have been more than sufficiently appeared.

The case was opened by one Mr. Steclyard, the junior counsel for the prosecution; but his work on this occasion was hardly more than He merely stated the nature of the accusation against Lady Mason, and the issue which the jury were called upon to try. got up Sir Richard Leatherham, the solicitorgeneral, and at great length and with wonderful perspicuity explained all the circumstances of the case, beginning with the undoubted will left by Sir Joseph Mason, the will independently of the codicil, and coming down gradually to the discovery of that document in Mr. Dockwrath's office, which led to the surmise that the signature of those two witnesses had been obtained, not to a codicil to a will, but to a deed of another character. In doing this Sir Richard did not seem to lean very heavily upon Lady Mason, nor did he say much as to the wrongs suffered by Mr. Mason, of Groby. When he alluded to Mr. Dockwrath and his part in these transactions, he paid no compliment to the Hamworth attorney; but in referring to his learned friend on the other side he protested his conviction that the defense of Lady Mason would be conducted not only with zeal, but in that spirit of justice and truth for which the gentlemen opposite to him

this was wormwood to Joseph Mason; but nevertheless, though Sir Richard was so moderate as to his own side, and so courteous to that opposed to him, he made it very clear before he sat down that if those witnesses were prepared to swear that which he was instructed they would swear, either they must be utterly unworthy of credit—a fact which his learned friends opposite were as able to clicit as any gentlemen who had ever graced the English bar-or clse the prisoncr now on her trial must have been guilty of the crime of perjury now imputed to her.

Of all those in court now attending to the proceedings none listened with greater care to the statement made by Sir Richard than Joseph Mason, Lady Mason herself, and Felix Graham. To Joseph Mason it appeared that his counsel was betraying him. Sir Richard and Round were in a boat together, and were determined to throw him over yet once again. Had it been possible he would have stopped the proceedings, and in this spirit he spoke to Dockwrath. To Joseph Mason it would have seemed right that Sir Richard should begin by holding up Lady Mason to the scorn and indignation of the twelve honest jurymen before him. Mr. Dockwrath, whose intelligence was keener in such matters, endeavored to make his patron understand that he was wrong; but in this he did not succeed. "If he lets her escape me," said Mason, "I think it will be the death of me."

To Lady Mason it appeared as though the man who was now showing to all the crowd there assembled the chief scenes of her past life had been present and seen every thing that she had ever done. He told the jury of all who had been present in the room when that true deed had been signed; he described how old Usbech had sat there incapable of action; how that affair of the partnership had been brought to a close; how those two witnesses had thereupon appended their name to a deed; how those witnesses had been deceived, or partially deceived, as to their own signatures when called upon to give their testimony at a former trial; and he told them also that a comparison of the signatures on the codicil with those signatures which were undoubtedly true would lead an expert and professional judge of writing to tell them that the one set of signatures or the other must be Then he went on to describe how the forgerics. pretended codicil must in truth have been executcd-speaking of the solitary room in which the bad work had been done, of the midnight care and terrible solicitude for secrecy. And then, with apparent mercy, he attempted to mitigate the iniquity of the deed by telling the jury that it had not been done by that lady with any view to self-aggrandizement, but had been brought about by a lamentable, infatuated, mad idea that she might in this way do that justice to her child which that child's father had refused to do at her instance. He also, when he told of this, spoke of Rebekah and her son; and Mrs. Orme when she heard him did not dare to raise were so conspicuous in their profession. All her eyes from the table. Lucius Mason, when

he had listened to this, lifted his clenched hand on high, and brought it down with loud violence on the raised desk in front of him. the merits of that young man," said Sir Richard. looking at him; "I am told that he is a gentleman, good, industrious, and high-spirited. wish he were not here; I wish with all my heart he were not here." And then a tear, an absolute and true drop of briny moisture, stood in the eye of that old experienced lawyer. Lucius, when he heard this, for a moment covered his face. It was but for a moment, and then he looked up again, turning his eyes slowly round the entire court, and as he did so grasping his mother by the arm. "He'll look in a different sort of fashion by to-morrow evening, I guess," said Dockwrath into his neighbor's ear. ing all this time no change came over Lady Mason's face. When she felt her son's hand upon her arm her muscles had moved involuntarily; but she recovered herself at the moment, and then went on enduring it all with absolute composure. Nevertheless it seemed to her as though that man who stood before her, telling his tale so calmly, had read the secrets of her very soul. What chance could there be for her when every thing was thus known?

To every word that was spoken Felix Graham gave all his mind. While Mr. Chaffanbrass sat fidgeting, or reading, or dreaming, caring nothing for all that his learned brother might say, Graham listened to every fact that was stated, and to every surmise that was propounded. To him the absolute truth in this affair was matter of great moment, but yet he felt that he dreaded to know the truth. Would it not be better for him that he should not know it? But yet he listened, and his active mind, intent on the various points as they were evolved, would not restrain itself from forming opinions. With all his ears he listened, and as he did so Mr. Chaffanbrass, amidst his dreaming, reading, and fidgeting, kept an attentive eye upon him. To him it was a matter of course that Lady Mason should be guilty. Had she not been guilty, he, Mr. Chaffanbrass, would not have been required. Mr. Chaffanbrass well understood that the defense of injured innocence was no part of his mission.

Then at last Sir Richard Leatherham brought to a close his long tale, and the examination of the witnesses was commenced. By this time it was past two o'clock, and the judge went out of court for a few minutes to refresh himself with a glass of wine and a sandwich. And now young Peregrine Orme, in spite of all obstacles, made his way up to his mother and lcd her also out of court. He took his mother's arm, and Lady Mason followed with her son, and so they made their way into the small outer room which they had first entered. Not a word was said between them on the subject which was filling the minds of all of them. Lucius stood silent and absorbed while Peregrine offered refreshment to Lady Mason, doing as she both the ladies. was bid, essayed to eat and to drink. What was I

it to her whether she ate and drank or was ahungered? To maintain by her demcanor the idea in men's minds that she might still possibly be innocent—that was her work. And therefore, in order that those two young men might still think so, she ate and drank as she was bidden.

On their return to court Mr. Steelyard got up to examine Dockwrath, who was put into the box as the first witness. The attorney produced certain documents supposed to be of relevancy, which he had found among his father-in-law's papers, and then described how he had found that special document which gave him to understand that Bolster and Kenneby had been used as witnesses to a certain signature on that 14th of July. He had known all the circumstances of the old trial, and hence his suspicions had been aroused. Acting upon this he had gone immediately down to Mr. Mason in Yorkshire, and the present trial was the result of his care and intelligence. This was in effect the purport of his direct evidence, and then he was handed over to the tender mercies of the other side.

On the other side Mr. Chaffanbrass rose to begin the battle. Mr. Furnival had already been engaged in sundry of those preliminary skirmishes which had been found necessary before the fight had been commenced in earnest, and therefore the turn had now come for Mr. Chaffanbrass. All this, however, had been arranged beforehand, and it had been agreed that if possible Dockwrath should be made to fall into the clutches of the Old Bailey barrister. It was pretty to see the meek way in which Mr. Chaffanbrass rose to his work; how gently he smiled, how he fidgeted about a few of the papers as though he were not at first quite master of his situation, and how he arranged his old wig in a modest, becoming manner, bringing it well forward over his forehead. His voice also was low and soft; so low that it was hardly heard through the whole court, and persons who had come far to listen to him began to feel themselves disap-And it was pretty also to see how pointed. Dockwrath armed himself for the encounterhow he sharpened his teeth, as it were, and felt the points of his own claws. The little devices of Mr. Chaffanbrass did not deceive him. knew what he had to expect; but his pluck was good, as is the pluck of a terrier when a mastiff prepares to attack him. Let Mr. Chaffanbrass do his worst; that would be all over in an hour But when Mr. Chaffanbrass had done his worst, Orley Farm would still remain.

"I believe you were a tenant of Lady Mason's at one time, Mr. Dockwrath?" asked the barrister.

"I was; and she turned me out. If you will allow me I will tell you how all that happened, and how I was angered by the usage I received." Mr. Dockwrath was determined to make a clean breast of it, and rather go before his tormentor in telling all that there was to be told than lag behind as an unwilling witness.

"Do," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. "That will be very kind of you. When I have learned all

that, and one other little circumstance of the same nature, I do not think I shall want to trouble you any more." And then Mr. Dockwrath did tell it all; how he had lost the two fields, how he had thus become very angry, how this anger had induced him at once to do that which he had long thought of doing—search, namely, among the papers of old Mr. Usbech, with the view of ascertaining what might be the real truth as regarded that doubtful eodicil.

"And you found what you searched for, Mr.

Dockwrath?"

"I did," said Dockwrath.

"Without very much delay, apparently?"

"I was two or three days over the work."

"But you found exactly what you wanted?"

"I found what I expected to find."

"And that, although all those papers had been subjected to the scrutiny of Messrs. Round and Crook at the time of that other trial twenty years ago?"

"I was sharper than them, Mr. Chaffanbrass

-a deal sharper."

"So I perceive," said Chaffanbrass, and now he had pushed back his wig a little, and his eyes had begun to glare with an ugly red light. "Yes," he said, "it will be long, I think, before my old friends Round and Crook are as sharp as you are, Mr. Dockwrath."

"Upon my word I agree with you, Mr. Chaff-

anbrass."

"Yes; Round and Crook are babies to you, Mr. Dockwrath:" and now Mr. Chaffanbrass began to pick at his ehin with his finger, as he was accustomed to do when he warmed to his subject. "Babies to you! You have had a good deal to do with them, I should say, in getting up this case."

"I have had something to do with them."

"And very much they must have enjoyed your society, Mr. Dockwrath! And what wrinkles they must have learned from you! What a pleasant oasis it must have been in the generally somewhat dull course of that monotonous though profitable business! I quite envy Round and Crook having you alongside of them in their inner council-chamber."

"I know nothing about that, Sir."

"No; I dare say you don't: but they'll remember it. Well, when you'd turned over your father-in-law's papers for three days you found what you looked for?"

"Yes, I did."

- "You had been tolerably sure that you would find it before you began, eh?"
- "Well, I had expected that something would turn up."
- "I have no doubt you did—and something has turned up. That gentleman sitting next to you there, who is he?"

"Joseph Mason, Esquire, of Groby Park,"

said Dockwrath.

- "So I thought. It is he that is to have Orley Farm if Lady Mason and her son lose it?"
  "In that ease he would be the heir."
  - "Exactly. He would be the heir. How Vol. XXV.—No. 148.—L L

pleasant it must be to you to find yourself on such affectionate terms with—the heir! And when he comes into his inheritance, who is to be tenant? Can you tell us that?"

Dockwrath here paused for a moment. Not that he hesitated as to telling the whole truth. He had fully made up his mind to do so, and to brazen the matter out, declaring that of course he was to be considered worthy of his reward. But there was that in the manner and eye of Chaffanbrass which stopped him for a moment, and his enemy immediately took advantage of this hesitation. "Come, Sir," said he, "out with it. If I don't get it from you, I shall from somebody else. You've been very plain-spoken hitherto. Don't let the jury think that your heart is failing you at last."

"There is no reason why my heart should fail me," said Dockwrath, in an angry tone.

"Is there not? I must differ from you there, Mr. Dockwrath. The heart of any man placed in such a position as that you now hold must, I think, fail him. But never mind that. Who is to be the tenant of Orley Farm when my elient has been deprived of it?"

"I am."

- "Just so. You were turned out from those two fields when young Mason came home from Germany?"
  - "I was."
- "You immediately went to work and discovered this document?"

"I did."

"You put up Joseph Mason to this trial?"

"I told him my opinion."

"Exactly. And if the result be successful, you are to be put in possession of the land?"

"I shall become Mr. Mason's tenant at Orley Farm."

"Yes, you will become Mr. Mason's tenant at Orley Farm. Upon my word, Mr. Dockwrath, you have made my work to-day uncommonly easy for me-uncommonly easy. I don't know that I have any thing else to ask you." And then Mr. Chaffanbrass, as he sat down, looked up to the jury with an expression of countenance which was in itself worth any fee that could be paid to him for that day's work. His face spoke as plain as a face could speak, and what his face said was this: "After that, gentlemen of the jury, very little more can be necessary. You now see the motives of our opponents, and the way in which those motives have been allowed to act. We, who are altogether upon the square in what we are doing, desire nothing more than that." All which Mr. Chaffanbrass said by his look, his shrug, and his gesture, much more eloquently than he could have done by the use of any words.

Mr. Dockwrath, as he left the box and went back to his seat—in doing which he had to cross the table in the middle of the court—endeavored to look and move as though all were right with him. He knew that the eyes of the court were on him, and especially the eyes of the judge and Jury. He knew also how men's minds are un-

consciously swayed by small appearances. He endeavored therefore to seem indifferent; but in doing so he swaggered, and was conscious that he swaggered; and he felt as he gained his seat that Mr. Chaffanbrass had been too much for him.

Then one Mr. Torrington from London was examined by Sir Richard Leatherham, and he proved, apparently beyond all doubt, that a certain deed which he produced was genuine. That deed bore the same date as the codicil which was now questioned, had been executed at Orley Farm by old Sir Joseph, and bore the signatures of John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster as witnesses. Sir Richard; holding the deed in his hands, explained to the jury that he did not at the present stage of the proceedings ask them to take it as proved that those names were the true signatures of the two persons indicated. should think not," said Mr. Furnival, in a loud voice.) But he asked them to satisfy themselves that the document as now existing purported to bear those two signatures. It would be for them to judge, when the evidence brought before them should be complete, whether or no that deed were a true document. And then the deed was handed up into the jury-box, and the twelve jurymen all examined it. The statement made by this Mr. Torrington was very simple. It had become his business to know the circumstances of the late partnership between Mason and Martock, and these circumstances he explained. Then Sir Richard handed him over to be eross-examined.

It was now Graham's turn to begin his work; but as he rose to do so his mind misgave him. Not a syllable that this Torrington had said appeared to him to be unworthy of belief. The man had not uttered a word of the truth of which Graham did not feel himself positively assured; and more than that, the man had clearly told all that was within him to tell-all that it was well that the jury should hear in order that they might thereby be assisted in coming to a true decision. It had been hinted in his hearing, both by Chaffanbrass and Aram, that this man was probably in league with Dockwrath, and Aram had declared with a sneer that he was a puzzle-pated old fellow. He might be puzzle-pated, and had already shown that he was bashful and unhappy in his present position; but he had shown also, as Graham thought, that he was anxious to tell the truth.

And, moreover, Graham had listened with all his mind to the cross-examination of Dockwrath, and he was filled with disgust—with disgust, not so much at the part played by the attorney as at that played by the barrister. As Graham regarded the matter, what had the iniquities and greed of Dockwrath to do with it? Had reason been shown why the statement made by Dock-

wrath was in itself unworthy of belief-that that statement was in its own essence weak-then the character of the man making it might fairly affect its credibility. But presuming that statement to be strong-presuming that it was corroborated by other evidence—how could it be affected by any amount of villainy on the part of Dockwrath? All that Chaffanbrass had done or attempted was to prove that Dockwrath had had his own end to serve. Who had ever doubted it? But not a word had been said, not a spark of evidence elieited, to show that the man had used a falsehood to further those views of Of all this the mind of Felix Graham had been full; and now, as he rose to take his own share of the work, his wit was at work rather in opposition to Lady Mason than on her behalf.

This Torrington was a little old man, and Graham had watched how his hands had trembled when Sir Richard first addressed him. But Sir Richard had been very kind, as was natural, to his own witness, and the old man had gradually regained his courage. But now, as he turned his face round to the side where he knew that he might expect to find an enemy, that tremor again eame upon him, and the stick which he held in his hand was heard as it tapped gently against the side of the witnessbox. Graham, as he rose to his work, saw that Mr. Chaffanbrass had fixed his eye upon him, and his courage rose the higher within him as he felt the gaze of the man whom he so much disliked. Was it within the compass of his heart to bully an old man because such a one as Chaffanbrass desired it of him? By Heav-

He first asked Mr. Torrington his age, and having been told that he was over seventy, Graham went on to assure him that nothing which eould be avoided should be said to disturb his eomfort. "And now, Mr. Torrington," he asked, "will you tell me whether you are a friend of Mr. Dockwrath's, or have had any acquaintance with him previous to the affairs of this trial?" This question he repeated in various forms, but always in a mild voice, and without the appearance of any disbelief in the answers which were given to him. All these questions Torrington answered by a plain negative. He had never seen Dockwrath till the attorney had come to him on the matter of that partnership deed. He had never eaten or drunk with him, nor had there ever been between them any conversation of a confidential nature. "That will do, Mr. Torrington," said Graham; and as he sat down, he again turned round and looked Mr. Chaffanbrass full in the face.

After that nothing further of interest was done that day. A few unimportant witnesses were examined on legal points, and then the court was adjourned.

# CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.\*

In this Magazine for December, 1858, we gave a running survey of the first two volumes of "Carlyle's Life of Frederick." We now propose in like manner to glance at the third volume, which embraces the first four years of the reign of Frederick, from 1740 to 1744.

Frederick William died on the 31st of May, 1740, and Frederick, the enemy of war, lover of the Arts, friend of Voltaire, philanthropist, and author of the "Anti-Machiavel," mounted the throne. The kingdom to which he acceded was not the Prussia of our day, one of the five Great Powers of Europe. Its territory contained about 57,000 square miles—somewhat less than the State of Georgia-with a population of a little more than two and a quarter millions, and a revenue of five and a half millions of dollarsabout one half of the cost of governing the city of New York. Small as it was the Prussia of Frederick was disjointed, and without natural defenses. No great river or mountain chain furnished a barrier against an invading army. Two days' march from the frontier in any direction would bring an enemy to the gates of the capital. A map in Mr. Carlylc's second volume shows, by different coloring, the Prussia of 1740 and that of 1858. The central core was Brandenburg and Pommerania, bordering on the Baltic, and stretching southward in a long straggling line. These constituted two-thirds of the kingdom. To the east was what is now East Prussia, separated from the rest by a wedge of Polish territory from 100 to 300 miles in breadth. This wedge, in the partition of Poland a quarter of a century later, fell to the share of Frederick, and is now known as West Prussia. To the west of Brandenburg, but separated from it, as they still are, by Hanover, Hesse, and Brunswick, were other Prussian dependencies, which now, greatly enlarged, constitute the Rhine Prov-Thus Frederick's little kingdom consisted of three parts between which there could be no communication except by passing through foreign dominions. A fair idea of the extent, configuration, and population of the Prussia of 1740 may be gained by supposing that New Brunswick, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Long Island formed one nation. Maine thrust in between New Hampshire and New Brunswick on the east, will represent the Polish provinces between Pommerania and East Prussia; Connecticut, between Massachusetts and Long Island, will stand for Hanover and Hesse between Brandenburg and the Rhine provinces. That Prussia had an importance altogether disproportionate to its extent and population was owing wholly to the wise economy of Frederick William, who from his scanty revenues managed to keep on foot a standing army of 100,000 men, thoroughly trained and admira-

bly equipped, and to lay by a surplus of six or eight millions in solid specie. He had eaten bad cabbages, drunk sour beer, and worn old clothes to some purpose. The Prussia of to-day has in round numbers twice the territory, seven times the population, and fourteen times the revenue of that to which Frederick acceded a century and a quarter ago; but instead of a surplus there is a debt which, ten years ago, amounted to two hundred millions. What it now is, after Holstein fightings, anti-Gallican armings, and British marriages, no statistics at hand enable us to say.

Frederick had hardly mounted the throne before the newspapers of Europe were filled with accounts of what he had done, and what he intended to do. He was, they said, about to disband the Potsdam giants, to ameliorate the laws of conscription, and reduce his army to a peace footing-to 45,000 men it was said, as soon as certain disputes were satisfactorily adjusted. Official orders of more practical significance were not wanting. In one of the earliest of these, addressed to his ministers, the young monarch declared that, "Our grand care will be to further the country's well-being, and to make every one of our subjects contented and happy. Our will is, not that you strive to enrich Us by vexation of Our subjects, but rather that you aim steadily as well toward the advantage of the country as Our particular interest, forasmuch as we make no difference between these two objects;" and again, "If it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my Countries seem to go against each other, my will is that the latter always be preferred." Furthermore, all religions should be tolerated, torture be abolished, and freedom of the press granted. The spring of 1740 had been cold, and the harvests were bad; the public granaries were opened, and the corn stored up was sold to the poor at low prices. Poor women out of work were set spinning at the royal cost. The Arts and Sciences were to be encouraged. Maupertuis, who had come back from his Lapland journey with authentic measurements of the flattening of the earth at the poles, was asked by "his affectionate Frederick" to come to Berlin to put the Academy into working order. Voltaire, "sublime spirit, first of thinking beings," was also invited to the capital, and was moreover to hurry through the press the King's "Anti-Machiavel," a work which the Frenchman candidly assures the royal author "will be a monument to the latest posterity-the only book worthy of a king for these 1500 years." All these, and many more noble measures, were taken in a week: what might not be looked for in a year? in seven years? in six times seven years? for Philanthropic Majesty was but 28, and man's life on earth is threescore years and ten.

Yet there were iron nerves under that smooth velvet skin. In a hundred ways Frederick showed that he meant to be actual King. Old boon companions, who presumed upon past familiarity, were snubbed. "I've got to be King

<sup>\*</sup> History of Frederich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. III. Published by Harper and Brothers.

now," he said to one; another, who rushed to the residence to eongratulate him, was reminded that he was absent from his post without leave. The King had no great care to reward the friends of the Crown Prince. Those who showed some capacity gained small appointments; those who did not were quietly ignored. But he was not vindictive. Deschau, who had voted for death in that old court-martial, was continued in his post. Frederick seemed to have forgotten all But he had his eyes about that sad affair. Wherever he could find open for capable men. such a one he laid hold of him. His father's old ministers were retained; but they must work according to Frederick's methods. In a journey through his dominions he had caught a fearful ague, the fits of which came on every fourth day; but on off-days he attended to public business with a pertinacity quite equal to that of his father of sacred memory. He did not, indeed, count cabbages and beer-bottles, but provided himself with good cooks and choice wines, and arranged his court with due regard to his rank and importance. Though sorely vexed by his quartan ague he evidently looked forward to a quiet winter, and made preparations for all There was to be a manner of pleasantries. French theatre of which Voltaire was to have the ordering, an Italian Opera, and the like. On non-ague days he attended to business, and in the evenings gave himself up to the pleasures of society.

Meanwhile the army was not reduced but increased. The tall Potsdam Guard was got rid of, being exchanged for men of fighting size, who were not too costly to be used as food for powder. Eight new regiments, 16,000 men in all, were added to the army, the whole of which was maintained on the best war-footing. was no apparent reason for this, except that the Bishop of Liege had interfered with some of the rights which Prussia claimed over the Lordship of Herstal, and had appealed to the Emperor; and the King had some claims upon the Duchies of Berg and Juliers which were likely to be disputed, and an army would be convenient to enforce them. Whether Frederick anticipated a more important contingency no man can now say. But it came, and he was prepared for it.

On the 25th of October, 1740, an express came, five days from Vienna. This was one of Frederick's ague days, and the messenger had to wait till the fit was over. He brought startling news. Charles VI., Archduke of Austria, King of Hungary, and Emperor of Germany, had over-stuffed himself with mushrooms and was This poor man had seen much trouble. He was chosen Emperor in 1711, when the great war of the Spanish Succession, which had been waged for ten years, was at its height. years later his allies, England, Holland, and the rest, made peace with France and Spain; but Charles refused to accede, and rashly resolved to carry on the war alone. He soon came to grief, and was forced to make peace upon unfavorable terms. This was in 1714. Two years

after, he made war on the Turks and won Belgrade and the Banat of Temeswar. Then he joined the quadruple alliance against Spain, and made nothing by it. He kept tolerably at peace for a dozen years until, in 1733, he found himself on the losing side in the war growing out of the succession to the kingdom of Poland; France, Spain, and Sardinia being leagued against him. He was obliged to sue for peace, and gained it, giving up some of his Italian dominions, while his son-in-law, Francis, lost Lorraine. Hardly freed from this contest he again deelared war against the Turks, and was glad to terminate it by giving up Servia and Wallachia, and accepting the Danube as the boundary between his dominions and those of the Ottomans.

Charles VI. was the last male descendant, in direct line of the great House of Hapsburg. For a seore of years before his death he had given up all hopes of a male heir; and the diplomacy of the empire was directed toward securing the succession of his hereditary dominions to his daughter Maria Theresa, married to Francis of Lorraine. This he hoped to have secured by the "Pragmatic Sanction" or sovereign rescript, which settled the succession upon her. Every prince and potentate who was supposed to have any counter claim, acceded to this; all the great Powers of Europe guaranteed it. If solemn treatics were worth any thing the claim of Maria Theresa would have been unquestioned. But as tough old Eugene said, "A hundred thousand men would have been a better guarantee than a hundred thousand treaties." But when Charles died there were no hundred thousand men to maintain the Sanction, and no money to raise and support them. The imperial treasury eontained but 50,000 dollars. This great inheritance, though shorn of its old dimensions, still eomprised the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, the provinces of Silesia, Suabia, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, the four Forest Towns, Burgau, Brisgau, the Low Countries, Friuli, Tyrol, the duchies of Milan, Parma, and Placenza. But saving Hungary there was not one of these dominions to which some one did not profess a better claim than that of the daughter of Charles. Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, claimed the whole succession in right of his wife, but as he had no means of enforcing his claim it was The Kings of France and Spain likewise exhibited pretensions; but as Europe would not endure that the Austrian dominions should be added to either of these great monarchies, these sovereigns forbore pressing their claims directly, though they appeared afterward indirectly—the King of France, as an ally of the Elector of Bavaria, of whom we shall have occasion to speak, and the King of Spain, who wanted an Italian Kingdom for his son, Don Philip.

Two other claims of less extent, but of more practical importance, existed to parts of the Austrian dominions. Charles Albert, the Elector of Bohemia, afterward the unlucky Emperor Charles VII., laid elaim to the Kingdom of-

Bohemia on the ground of an article in the will of Ferdinand I., brother of the great Charles V., and Frederick of Prussia asserted a right to a part of Silesia, of which it was said he and his ancestors had been for a century or two unjustly deprived by the House of Austria.

As between Frederick and Maria the case was briefly this: In 1537, two centuries before, the Duke of Liegnitz, in Silesia, had made a bargain of succession (Erbverbrüderung) with the then Elector of Brandenburg, in virtue of which the Elector and his heirs would have inherited the Duchy. This contract, which was legally valid, had been set aside by the Emperor, and the Duchy had been taken possession of by Austria, the Brandenburg Electors always vainly protesting. Then in 1624, during the Thirty Years' War, one of the Brandenburg family, Dukc Johann George of Jägerndorf, took the weaker side, was laid under ban of the Empire, had his dominions sequestrated and seized by Austria; Brandenburg, as before, protesting that the sequestration was illegal, which nobody seriously denied. But Austria was strong and kept what she had seized, while Brandenburg was weak and could only protest. But now Brandenburg, which had got to be Prussia, was strong, while Austria was apparently weak. Who should have these Silesian Duchies? Legally, the question was, which was the better title, the original claim of Prussia never abandoned, or the undisturbed possession by Austria for one and two centuries? Practically, the question was, which was the stronger, Frederick with an army of 100,000 men and millions of treasure, or Maria Theresa with an empty treasury and a disputed succession, which half the sovereigns of Europe were eager to divide among themselves.

This was the point for Frederick to consider when that Vienna messenger had delivered his The news, aided probably by doses tidings. of Peruvian bark, eured Frederick's ague; and when, two days after, Schwerin his chief General and Podewils his chief Minister arrived from Berlin, the King's mind was made up. He would have his rights in Silesia, peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. To earry out that resolution, and maintain it against all opposers, cost him the labor of a quarter of a century. Of the first years of that struggle, which were Frederick's apprenticeship in the art of war, we are now, following Mr. Carlyle, briefly to speak:

Unwonted activity was soon manifested all over Prussia. Arsenals were full of life; troops were marched hither and thither, some southeastward toward Silesia, others in the opposite direction toward Hanover. What was the real object of these movements no one knew except Frederick, Schwerin, and Podewils. But every court in Europe tried to find out. Beauvau, the French embassador, could learn nothing; and Voltaire was sent, ostensibly on a friendly visit, but really to glean information. Frederick received him enthusiastically, paid his traveling expenses, assigned him handsome apart-

ments, but would talk only about Poetry and the fine Arts. The Frenchman went away in a week, with a present of 3000 thalers. "That's paying pretty well for one's fou"-fool or courtjester-wrote Frederick thereupon to his friend Jordan. Maria Theresa sent Count Botta, ostensibly to congratulate Frederick upon his accession, but really to see what all this military movement meant. He came by way of Silesia, and on the way had made up his mind that Frederick meant to do something there. "Terrible roads those of Silesia," he said on his first audience, trying to sound Frederick. "Oh, a little mud is the worst of them," rejoined his Dickens, the English embassador, Majesty. tried his hand: "I am about to write to England; what shall I tell my master are your Majesty's intentions?" "That is none of his business," rejoined Frederick, in effect, though in polite phraseology. "I did not inquire what he meant by that naval expedition which he has just been fitting out." This expedition, as evcry body knew, was directed against the Spaniards in America. However, as preparations had been going on for six weeks, and were now nearly complete, Frederick added that, for his part, he did not mean to support the Pragmatic Sanction. On that same morning, December 6, 1740, an official announcement had been promulgated that the King was about to advance a body of troops into Silesia to maintain his rights there. Four days after Beauvau, the French embassador, took his audience of leave. "Adieu, M. le Marquis," said Frederick, enigmatically; "I believe that I am about to play your game. If the aces fall to me, we will go shares." Next day the Austrian embassador took his congé. "Sire," he said, "you are going to ruin the House of Austria, and to plunge yourself into destruction at the same time." "It depends on the Queen of Hungary to accept the offers which I have made to her," replied Frederick. "Those are fine troops of yours, Sire," continued Botta; "ours have not the same splendor of appearance, but they have looked the wolf in the face. Think, I conjure you, what you are getting into." "You find my troops beautiful," rejoined Frederick; "perhaps I shall convince you that they are good too." Botta urged delay at least in executing the project; but the King replied that it was too late, the Rubieon had been passed.

So the great secret came out. Silesia was to be invaded at once. On that very day Frederick had issued an address to the generals of his army. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am undertaking a war in which I have no allies but your valor and good-will. My cause is just; my resources are what we ourselves can do; and the issue is with Fortune. We are going to front troops who, under Prince Eugene, had the highest reputation. Though Prince Eugene is gone, we shall have to measure our strength against brave soldiers; the greater will be the honor if we can conquer. Adieu: go forth. I will follow you straightway to the rendezvons of glory

which awaits us." Two days after Frederick | set out for Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, to put himself at the head of his troops, who, on the 16th of December, crossed the Silesian frontiers, and the war began.

Macaulay, in one of his most brilliant and disingenuous essays, resorts to even more than his usual tampering with facts and special pleading to blacken the character of Frederick. Europe, he says, had for thirty years, with few exceptions, enjoyed repose. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was, indeed, a strong temptation; but the treaties by which the Pragmatic Sanction had been guaranteed were recent, and it might be expected that all Europe would observe them. Until Frederick began the war it was probable that the peace of Europe would be maintained. "But the selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years, and in every quarter of the globe-the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils which were produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the Coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

Every statement in this elaborate charge rests upon an artful falsification of history. During the thirty years which preceded the accession of Frederick war was the rule, and repose the exeeption in Europe. During the first ten of these thirty years there was not a day when at least two great wars were not raging. The great war of the Spanish succession lasted till 1714; for two years more it was doubtful whether the Stuarts would not drive the Hanoverian dynasty back to Germany; Russia and Sweden were fighting on the Baltic; France, England, Holland, and Austria against Spain on the Mediterranean; and Austria and Turkey on the Danube. The only years of peace were from 1720 to 1733, and this peace was an armed armistice, broken by the alliance between France, Spain, and Sardinia against the Emperor Charles VI. Hardly had the Emperor gained peace when he again made war upon the Turks, and lost his trans-Danubian provinces. Simultaneously with this the smouldering fires of hostility between England and Spain burst out, and at the time of Frederick's accession Vernon was taking Porto Bello, and a new expedition was fitting out from England against the Spaniards in And yet Macaulay would have us believe that these hostile powers would have been bound over to peace by the treaties which guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction, when the rich heritage of Austria seemed to lie open to whoever might stretch out his hand for a share, had not Frederick set them the ill-example of robbery. Still more groundless is the charge Maria Theresa ehosen Emperor of Germany;

that the blood of Fontenoy and Culloden rests upon the head of Frederick. Fontenoy was fought because England and Austria wished to humble France and Spain; the Highlanders were slaughtered at Culloden because they preferred the Stuarts to the Guelphs. We can hardly believe that Macaulay meant as more than a rhetorical flourish the assertion that the fighting in India and North America was owing to Frederick. It was the old quarrel between France and England fought on new fields. Dupleix and Coote fought in India for the trade in the spices and muslins of the East; Montealm and Wolfe died on the Heights of Abraham for the furs, tobacco, and rice of the West. Hastings gave up the Rohillas to extermination, the Begums to starvation, and their ministers to torture, because his English masters wanted money; and the red men fought in quarrels not their own, from Lake Ontario to the Mississippi, because England wished to shut France out from the New World, not because Frederick laid claim to Silesia.

We do not demand for Frederick a place among the few pure rulers and statesmen of history-with Washington, Hampden, and William of Orange; hardly, perhaps, with Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell, and William the Third; but surely in honesty and nobleness of purpose he was above any English George or French Louis; above Peter or Nicholas; above Hastings, Pitt, or Castlereagh; high, indeed, among the great leaders and statesmen who have added to the dominions and renown of their states. He never claimed exemption from ambition. The Silesian project, he says, "was a means of acquiring reputation, of increasing the power of the state, and of terminating the long-litigated question of the Berg-Jülich succession. Add to these reasons an army ready for acting; funds, supplies all found, and perhaps the desire for making to one's self a name: all this was the eause of the war which the King now entered upon."

The Prussian army entered Silesia on the 16th of December. Proclamations were scattered promising full protection to all peaceable persons. Plundering was forbidden. Any soldier taking any thing without bargain beforehand was to be flogged; any officer eashiered. There was no opposition except from the fearful Silesian roads. There was continual rain, and the army floundered through the deep mud, up to the knees for miles, sometimes to the waist. The few strong places into which the Austrian troops had flung themselves were blockaded. The people were quite indifferent, or were rather in favor of the Prussian occupation, for the majority were Protestants.

Not until the army was fairly on Silesian ground were Frederick's propositions laid before the Austrian Government at Vienna. They were to the effect that he would do all in his power to secure the maintenance of the Pragmatie Sanction, and to have the husband of

would make her a present of a million of dollars; in consideration of all which services the whole of Silesia should be ceded to him. Maria Theresa burst out into a fine rage. It was strange, she said, that the King of Prussia, whose official post in Germany was only that of Grand Chamberlain, and his duty merely to present towel and ewer to the House of Austria, should now dare to prescribe rules to his superior.

Silesia was not to be seeured by negotiation; so the Prussians pressed on, and in seven weeks made themselves masters of the whole province, save three fortified places, to which siege was laid. Frederick then made a brief visit to Berlin; but was soon reealled to Silesia, where important affairs demanded his presence. Austria had not been idle. Maria Theresa had received a million of dollars from the English secret service fund. Her general, Count Neipperg, had gathered a considerable force in Moravia, and was pressing northward over the mountains through snow and ice to meet the Prussians, who were widely scattered. Early in April he was but a few miles from Frederick, who eoncentrated his forces as far as possible.

On the 8th Frederick wrote to his brother that a battle would take place next day, which would be Sunday. But a fierce storm sprung up-the snow was so thick that one could not see twenty paces ahead. The Prussians lay quiet, Frederick spending the night, as he had done the previous one, without sleep, sketching the plan of the battle. Neipperg, though Frederick knew it not, had struggled forward through the snow-drifts for a few miles, then stopped. Prussian scouts and adjutants were out all day trying to find the position of the enemy, but eould discern no traces of them. At last a single figure was seen plodding wearily through the snow. He was seized, brought to Frederick, and interrogated. His name was Ploschke, he was servant at a farm-house near by where some Austrian dragoons were quartered. One of the officers wanted a clean shirt, and had sent Ploschke to head-quarters to procure it. These head-quarters were at the little village of Mollwitz, seven miles off. Ploschke did not go farther for the shirt, but was ordered, nothing loth, to aet as guide to the Prussians over the country, every foot of which he knew. He performed this duty to the King's satisfaction; and for years after, when Frederick held reviews hereabouts, the peasant always waited upon the King, and never failed of recognition and a gift.

Next morning, the 11th of April, broke cold and clear. The snow lay two feet deep on the ground. The Prussians, guided by Ploschke, marched slowly on. Neipperg had no suspicion that they were at hand, and was quietly sitting down to dinner, when a troop of his hussars came galloping up with tidings that the enemy were upon them. Had Rothenburg, who commanded the Prussian advance, rushed on, it was thought the Austrians, taken by surprise, might have been cut to pieces at once. But Frederick

had not yet learned the swift tactics which he subsequently practiced. His plan of battle was of the old regular school. The Prussian army halted to get into regular line of battle, with beautiful precision, but slowly. This gave Neipperg time to do the same, and it was two o'clock before the fight began. The forces on both sides were about equal, 20,000 men each. The Austrian cavalry, then as now their strong arm, were 8600, outnumbering the Prussian two to one; but they had only 18 eannon to the 60 of the enemy. The Prussian eavalry on the right, where the King was, were shattered at the first onset and driven back in wild disorder. The battle seemed lost. Stout old Schwerin gave it up, and urged Frederick to fly from the field. The King fled with a small eseort, and saw no more of the battle; and for sixteen hours his army saw nothing of him. He rode off gloomy and fast; came near being captured more than once during the night; and in the gray morning came up to the Mill of Hilbersdorf, some twenty miles from the battle-field, and inquired the news. He was told that there was a squadron of Prussian gens d'armes at Löwen, a mile and a half distant, where an adjutant had just rode up announcing that the Prussians had won a great victory at Mollwitz.

The battle had been far It was quite true. enough from lost, though Römer had routed the Prussian cavalry and taken nine cannon. The Prussian infantry, who had never looked the wolf in the face, stood firm as a rock. Römer charged time and again in hope to break them. The Austrian infantry advanced to their support. The Prussians yielded not a foot, but gave fire with a rapidity and precision never before known-five shots to the Austrians two. Römer was shot dead, and the Austrian horse got back beyond ball range; their foot too began to yield, could not be brought together to face that destructive fusillade. Schwerin saw the lucky moment, gave orders to close ranks, and then "Forward!" The solid Prussian mass advanced with front as unbroken as though they had been on parade at Potsdam, under the very eye of old Frederick William. The Austrians, horse and foot, would not await that charge, but rolled off in double-quick time. The Prussians, weak in eavalry, their ammunition too almost exhausted, night also eoming on, pursued only a couple of miles. The battle had lasted six hours. The loss on each side was nearly the same: that of the Prussians, in killed, wounded, and missing, 4613; Austrians, 4410, besides eight eannon of their own, and all but one of those which they had taken. It was not a very decisive victory; but it had proved that the Prussian army was not one of mere show, and could look the wolf steadily in the face.

Europe had been ripe for war before the death of the Emperor. England was bent on humbling Spain. France could not see Spain humbled, and was ready to stand by her, in which case Austria would be a sure ally for England. Here was seed for war, which would have sprung

up if it had not been stifled by a plant of quicker growth. Fleury, the pacific old Cardinal who had managed the affairs of Louis XV., the "Well-Beloved" of France, was getting into disfavor, overshadowed by the impetuous Belleisle. The King's three mistresses urged him to do something for his own glory. The death of the Emperor, and the probable partition of the great Austrian heritage, gave a new shape to the schemes of Belleisle, the essential feature of which was the humbling of Austria by breaking the Pragmatic Sanction, preventing the election of the husband of Maria Theresa as Emperor of Germany, and securing instead some one who would be a tool of France. Furthermore, if all went right, Germany should be eut up into four little kingdoms: Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia, each augmented with a slice from the Austrian territory; the remainder of Austria to constitute the fourth. France would then be arbiter between, and virtual master of all four.

The breaking of the Pragmatic Sanction had been virtually accomplished. The Elector of Bavaria had withdrawn his signature, and laid elaim to Bohemia. Frederick had struck for Silesia, which he thought was his share. The Queen of Spain—the Termagant, as Carlyle names her—now put in the claims of her poor imbecile husband. The male Hapsburgs of Austria were extinet, and the Spanish Hapsburgs were their heirs. There were indeed no Spanish Hapsburgs above ground, the present king being a Bourbon; but he was heir to all the rights of the former dynasty, including all the Austrian dominions. It would be strange if, out of such large claims, she could not secure a part; the part which she fixed upon was the Milanese, in Italy, as a kingdom for her second son, Don Philip.

France now must have a pretext for setting aside the Sanction. In consideration of guaranteeing it she had got Lorraine from Francis; but the guarantee, it was now discovered, had been made Salvo jure tertii-" Saving the rights of third parties;" and since Bavaria had protested, his rights were to be considered and protected. Thus one by one the powers that had guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction fell off, until England, who had no interest in breaking it, was the only one left to support it. France taking one side, England must of eourse take the other, if not by arms at least by money. A million dollars, as we have seen, had been given to Maria Theresa, which had enabled her to send Neipperg to Silesia. On the day when the tidings of Mollwitz reached London Parliament voted a further subsidy of a million and a half.

But to prevent the Imperial election from falling upon Francis was not so easy. The meeting for the ehoice was to have been in March, 1741. Six of the nine electoral votes were thought sure for Francis. By French intrigue the time was postponed, and Belleisle was sent as Embassador to the Diet. One by one he succeeded in detaching the Electors from Francis, and securing them for his own candidate, who-

ever he might chance to be. The most difficult one to manage was the Elector of Saxony, who was won over by the promise that he should have Moravia, at all events, and might, moreover, be the Emperor. The crowning stroke of the policy of Belleisle was the exclusion of the vote of Bohemia, which was decided in committee to be in abeyance. As Maria Theresa could not vote herself, still less could she delegate her husband to act for her.

Frederick did not push his advantage at Mollwitz very vigorously. He contented himself with establishing himself in a strong eamp at Strehlin, and awaiting the progress of events. He thought more was to be gained by negotiating than by fighting. His camp became the diplomatic eentre of Europe. Hither came embassadors from every Power. The Termagant of Spain sent luxurious Montijos; but Frederick would make no treaty with her. She could not help him in Silesia, and he did not eare who had Milan. Belleisle came and expounded his great scheme, with no immediate result. Frederick thought the Pragmatie Sanction broken effectually If he could have Silesia, he preferred Francis as Emperor to any one else; and as for the four German kingdoms, it was too early to think of them. So Belleisle went away to manage his Electors. England sent Hyndford and Robinson to endeavor to mediate between Austria and Prussia. But nothing could be achieved for a while. Maria Theresa demanded that Frederick should evacuate Silesia as a preliminary, while he would not give up an inch of the territory which he had won; and said that the longer he had to wait the higher would be his demands. George II., while urging Maria Theresa to yield Silesia to Frederick, was at the same time pressing the Dutch Government to join him in a joint resolution advising him to withdraw. This brought Frederick to a decision. On the 5th of June he concluded a secret treaty with France, in virtue of which Louis was to march an army across the Rhine to support the Elector of Bavaria; induce Sweden to declare war against Russia, who now seemed; inclined to join Austria; and guarantee Silesia to Frederick, who, in return, was to give a qualified though indefinite support to the Franco-Ba-. varian scheme. The precise extent of this support was not fixed upon until after six months, when many things had happened which are worth eonsidering.

On the 25th of June Maria Theresa was erowned Queen of Hungary at Presburg. The ceremony could not take place before for good reasons. She left Vienna in high spirits. A few months before her affairs had looked so desperate that she had written to her mother-in-law, "I do not know whether a single town will remain to me in which I may be brought to bed."\*

<sup>\*</sup> Lord Dover, in his Life of Frederick, dates this letter three months after the coronation, although in the preceding sentence he represents the Queen as presenting her son to the Diet, who thereupon burst out into the excla-

But things had apparently taken a favorable She had passed safely through woman's great peril. She had indeed lost Mollwitz, but had gained the English subsidy of three hundred thousand pounds, with the hope of more when wanted. The chivalry of Hungary, from Father Palfy downward, had flocked around her. She swore the ancient oath of the Hungarian kings, recognizing the right of her subjects, if their privileges should be invaded, to defend them by arms without being considered as rebels. She was girt with the sacred sword, and the iron crown of Saint Stephen, believed to contain a nail of the True Cross, was placed upon her head. Then mounting her horse, she galloped up the Königsberg (the "King's Mountain," an artificial hill flung up by spades and barrows), and drawing the sword flourished it to the four quarters of the earth, ehallenging all the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy.

The world was ready to dispute those rights. On that very day, Belleisle, having made sure of the German electors, was making triumphal entry into Frankfurt, where the Imperial election was to be held. Twenty days before, although she knew nothing of it, Frederick had made his treaty with the French. Within a week Charles Albert of Bavaria announced himself as a candidate for the Imperial crown. Within a fortnight the French decided to send their 80,000 men into Germany. In a little more than a month (July 31) the Bavarian army invaded Austria, taking possession of the frontier town of Donau. A fortnight after the two French armies erossed the Rhine; one to be commanded by Belleisle as soon as he could get the Imperial election finished, to co-operate with the Bavarians, and push on to Vienna; the other, under Maillebois, to enter Hanover, if George II. of England should aid the Austrians, as he would be glad to do. George, who eared more for his little Electorate of Hanover than for his kingdom of England, was thus bound over to keep the peace, excepting so far as giving money was concerned, at least until he could get Frederick, who also menaced Hanover, to withdraw from the conflict. In another month the Bavarian French army had overrun all Upper Austria; the Elector had received the homage of the "States," and threatened to besiege Vienna, which was defended by only 6000 men. the same time the foolish Elector of Saxony, who was also King of Poland, had been won over by Belleisle with the promise that, in the parting of the Austrian territories, he should have Moravia, and might probably also be ehosen Emperor of Germany. So he joined the anti-Austrian league.

On the 11th of September, Maria Theresa met the Hungarian Diet in a very different spirit from that in which, ten weeks before, she had rode up the Königsberg. "Deserted by

mation famous, though fabulous, as we shall see, "Moriamur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresia." Her infant, afterward the Emperor Joseph II., was born in March—a bouncing boy, weighing sixteen pounds at birth.

every one," she said, in Latin (ab omnibus derelicti), "I have no resource but to throw myself on the loyalty and help of Your Renowned Body, and invoke the ancient Hungarian virtue to rise quickly and save me." Then is said to have occurred the seene so famous in history. The whole assembly started up, drew their swords, exclaiming, "Let us die for our King Maria Theresa;" and thereupon voted the general "Rising" (Insurrection) of the Hungarians.

We regret that Mr. Carlyle, as a faithful historian, has been obliged to spoil this fine dramatic scene. The famous "Moriamur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresiâ," like many other famous historical speeches, was never uttered. A Vienna pamphleteer invented it in the rough; Voltaire polished it, and from him it has found its way into every history. Macaulay, of course, appropriated it; he could never lose such ma-

terial for a telling paragraph.

The real incidents were dramatic enough without artistic embellishment. Since the coronation things had not gone quite smoothly between Maria Theresa and the Hungarians. They were loyal to their King, but held fast to their Pacta Conventa or Constitution, which gave the Diet eontrol over taxes and the like. When the news from France and Bavaria had come to hand, and the course of Saxony could be anticipated, Maria Theresa summoned the Diet to meet her at the palace, and delivered the speech "Ab omnibus derelicti," and so forth. The deputies were moved, cheered her Majesty, returned to their hall, and voted the general "rising." It took ten days to settle the details, the Queen being obliged to yield many points. But by the 20th of September they were all arranged, and Duke Francis was elected co-Regent. Early next morning the deputies went to the palace to give and take mutual oaths with the new Regent. Duke Francis, the Queen by his side, finished with a little speech. "Life and blood," he exclaimed, "for our Queen and kingdom!" At this moment the nurse, who held the baby Joseph, brought him forward, as though he also should take the oath. The deputies were roused to wild enthusiasm. "Yes," they shouted over and over again, "Life and blood for our Queen and Kingdom!" manifesting even in that fervid moment that if they were loyal to their sovereign they were not less so to their old Kingdom and Constitution.

All Hungary was soon in a blaze. In a few weeks an immense mounted force was raised, Croats, Pandours, Tolpatches, Warasdins, Useocks, names now first heard in the wars of Western Europe. They plundered diligently, but did little service in the way of hard fighting. The salvation of Austria was effected by a very different class of soldiers. The vitality of Austria is something wonderful. She is like those polyps whose sluggish life you can not reach; eut, pierce, dismember them, and they will not die. Always bankrupt in peace, somehow money comes to Austria when needed for war. The English subsidies replenished her empty treasury.

With money troops can be raised and maintained. In a few weeks there was a considerable army on foot. The Bavarians instead of pushing on to Vienna, as Frederick urged them to do, turned off toward Bohemia to make a junction with the French and Saxons. They indeed took Prague; but in the end it proved a barren conquest. In fact, all the allies were jealous of each other; no one wished the other to be too successful.

Frederick and Neipperg had lain, ever since the battle of Mollwitz, close by each other, in strongly-fortified camps. The English embassador kept pressing Maria Theresa to yield to the demands of Prussia, and at length, on the 9th of October, brought about a secret meeting between Frederick and Neipperg, at the chatean of Sehellendorf. Each was attended by a single officer, Hyndford being present and acting as mediator. It was verbally agreed that a truce should now be made, and a formal treaty signed before New Year; Frederick to retain all Silesia, and to have the strong town of Neisse, which he was then besieging. As a blind, the sham defense of Neisse was to be kept up for a fortnight longer, and then the place was to be given up. Neipperg was to retire unmolested into Moravia, and join his forces to the Austrians Frederick gave the Austrian general sound advice, to join Lobkowitz in Moravia, and then push into Bohemia, adding that, if they prospered, perhaps he would join the Queen byand-by; if not, every one must look out for himself. This agreement was to be kept a strict secret; if either party divulged it the other was at liberty to eonsider it broken and deny that it ever existed. Frederick took formal possession of his acquisition, while Neipperg joined his friends, and the combined Austrian armies poured into Bavaria. The Elector fled to the Palatinate, where he awaited the election which was to make him Emperor of Germany.

The Austrian court, thus sueeessful, broke the paet of Schellendorf by making it public. Frederick denied its existence, and prepared for He renewed and strengthened his treaties with France, Bavaria, and Saxony. In January, 1742, he set off for Saxony, the Elector of which was, we must bear in mind, King of Poland, and to be King of Moravia as soon as that province should be eonguered. Frederick was willing to aid in aecomplishing. The poor Polish King agreed to every thing, but cared more for the Opera than for winning a kingdom. But matters were arranged for a joint invasion, and Frederick started off for Moravia. Had his French and Saxon allies performed their part this winter expedition might have been successful. As it was, nothing was effected. It was a mere foray, beginning on the 5th of February and lasting just two months. It gave Frederick a thorough disgust for his allies, and inspired him with a resolution to get rid of them as soon as he could, and yet secure his Silesian conquest.

On the very day (January 24) upon which the meeting took place between the Kings of Prus-

sia and Poland the Imperial election was held at Frankfurt. The vote of Bohemia having been excluded, as before decided, all the others were cast for Charles Albert of Bavaria, who thus became Emperor of Germany, under the title of Charles VII., at the very moment when the Austrians were pouring into Bavaria. With this luckless monarch we shall have nothing further to do. We merely add that his new dignity was a mere nominal one; that he was an exile from his dominions, living upon the charity of the French Government, and died, of anxiety and shame, just two years, lacking four days, after his election.

Meanwhile the Austrians went on successfully almost every where, against the French, Bavarians, and Saxons; and late in February (the exact day is the 25th) the Aulie Council at Vienna resolved, in spite of English advice, to make one more attempt to wrest Silesia from Frederick; if that failed they would yield. Prince Charles, brother of Duke Francis, advanced with a strong regular army, masked by elouds of Croats and Tolpatches. Frederick, who had abandoned the impracticable Moravian adventure, advanced to meet him with nearly equal force-about 30,000 on a side. They met at Chotusitz, in Bohemia, on the 17th of May. The battle was fiereely contested, but ended in a complete victory for the Prussians, gained, as at Mollwitz, mainly by the infantry, for the Austrian cavalry had, on the whole, the advant-The Prussian loss in killed and wounded was far the heavier, amounting to 1905, while that of the Austrians was but 1052; but including prisoners and missing, the Austrian loss was nearly 7000; that of the Prussians from 4000 to 5000. In this battle Frederick completely effaeed the suspicion of personal cowardice which had rested upon him at Mollwitz.

The result of this action convinced Austria that the Prussians could not be beaten. Maria Theresa decided for peace. Among the Austrian prisoners was General Pallandt. "What a pity," he said to Frederick, "that you and my Queen should be ruining one another for the sake of the French, who are playing false to you!" To prove this charge he offered to procure a letter written by Fleury to Maria Theresa, offering to make peace, and abandon Frederick. The original letter was furnished; negotiations were opened, Hyndford, the English embassador, urging them forward. On the 11th of June the treaty was all arranged and duly signed at Bres-Austria yielded forever to Prussia Upper and Lower Silesia, and the County of Glatz, with all its dependencies; Frederick promising to take these in full of all claims. He was also to assume a debt of a couple of millions contracted by the late Emperor upon Silesian security; and not to take any part against the Queen of Hungary in the war which was still waging. The Queen of Hungary aeceded to these conditions with an ill grace. She complained bitterly against George II., who had forced her to eompliance by hints of withdrawing his subsidies; but was comforted by the significant hint, "Madame, what was good to take is good to give up;" a hint which Maria Theresa bore in mind for many long years, though as it happened when she at length came to try to act upon it, she found George and his subsidies on the other side. So she agreed to the treaty of cession, meaning to violate whenever she could. Belleisle, the French general, was in the Prussian camp while the negotiations were going on, doing all in his power to obstruct them. Historians narrate a very lively dialogue between him and Frederick in those days:

"Does your Majesty mean to make peace

with the Queen of Hungary?"

"The treaty is as good as finished. I've got all I want, and make peace. Any body would do the same."

"Dare you, Sire, to abandon your allies, and deceive such a monarch as the King of France?"

"Dare you, Sir, to talk to me in this manner!" replied Frederick, producing Fleury's letter, which Belleisle read, then rushed into the ante-room, tore his wig from his head, and stamped upon it, exclaiming, "That cursed priest has spoiled every thing!"

But Mr. Carlyle, who will take nothing at second-hand or upon doubtful evidence, finds no authentic record of this scene, and passes it by with a mere hint. All that is certain is, that Frederick said he had got all he wanted, and more than he had demanded, and had no more

occasion for war.

Frederick was now fairly out of the contest, and looked forward for a time of peace for himself and his Prussia. This was enjoyed for two years, during which he was engaged in bringing the affairs of the kingdom into order. But the great European war which had grown up around this small Silesian one was far from ceasing. The war in Italy we must dismiss in a paragraph, as it concerns Frederick but slightly. The Queen of Spain-the King being a mere cipher-wished a throne for her second son, She had failed of having him Don Philip. made Pope, and fixed upon Milan, which was to be wrested from Austria. France aided Spain; but it was difficult to send troops and supplies through the Alpine passes; while the English fleet, cruising in the Mediterranean, cut off access by water, and did good service otherwise, especially by forcing the King of Naples, Philip's elder brother, to remain neutral, under pain of having Naples bombarded. He had but an hour given him to decide, the English Admiral laying his watch on the cabin table to note the time. This Italian war lasted seven years (from 1741 to 1748). Great battles were fought-Campo-Santo, Rottofreddo, Piacenza, and others-of which we have not space to speak.

But the war in Germany concerned Frederick deeply, though for two full years he had no share in the fighting. France had undertaken to humble Austria, but Austria would not be humbled; and now that Frederick was out of the way, seemed much more likely to humble France.

The Franco-Bavarian army which, in September, 1741, was threatening Vienna, was by the close of the next year driven back from the Danube to the Rhine, and across it. Hardly an eighth of them reached France. Of 50,000 men 30,000 had been shot, starved, or frozen to death; and 12,000 were prisoners in Hungary, most of whom in the end took service with the Turks. George II. of England, who had been restrained from participation, except in a pecuniary way, now resolved to take part openly. It seemed that the glories of Marlborough might be emulated and exceeded. Terms might be again dictated to France. Austria might recover Lorraine, which had been given as the price for the French recognition of the Pragmatic Sanction. Alsace and the three Bishoprics would for a time solace Maria Theresa for the loss of Silesia. But only for a time; for the loss of the jewel of her dominions ever rankled in her proud heart. Years after, as we hope to see in a future volume of Mr. Carlyle, she roused all Europe to arms in the hope of wresting it from the iron grasp of Frederick; and to the very latest day of her life, if a stranger getting audience of her was found to come from Silesia, her Majesty would burst into a flood of tears. Austria hoped to gain all this, while England would gain-it is hard to say what beyond the glory of humbling France.

In the spring of 1743 the English troops crossed to the Continent, and 44,000 strong, led by little George and his fat son, the Duke of Cumberland, who it was thought had in him the making of a great captain. They got into the Rhine and Maine country, where the French had gathered a new army of 70,000 under Noailles. 'At Aschaffenburg, near the little village of Dettingen, the English found themselves hemmed in by superior forces and their supplies intercepted. It seemed that they must starve or withdraw, with an almost certain prospect of being cut to pieces. They began their retreat. The French in their eagerness threw away the advantage of position, attacked furiously, but at the wrong time and place. Two of their generals, it seems, were striving which should first win his marshal's baton. George showed abundance of pluck, though little horsemanship. His horse ran away with him; he flung himself on foot, put himself at the head of his infantry, drew his sword, and stood there left foot drawn back, weapon thrust out like a fencing-master lunging en carte, while the balls were whistling around. The French were beaten off; neither Grammont nor Harcourt won his baton that day. The English remained supperless on the ground till far into the night; then took up their line of retreat, leaving their dead and wounded behind. This was the famous battle of Dettingen, fought June 27, 1743. Not a very decisive battle after all; the French loss being 2659, that of the English quite as great, besides all their wounded, who became prisoners of war.

Louis now wished to retire from this unprofitable business. He proposed to withdraw his

troops from the German territories, and be friends with Austria, with whom he had indeed never been at war, all that he had done having been not on his own account, but merely as an ally of the Empire. The Emperor would then, he suggested, be able to make peace with her Majesty of Hungary upon favorable terms. Poor Charles VII. was anxious enough for peace. If Bavaria were given back to him, and a pension settled upon him, as head of the Empire, for a few years, so that he could live until his dominions, which had been sorely ravaged, could afford him a decent revenue, he would resign all his Austrian pretensions, and consent to have Duke Francis, her Hungarian Majesty's august consort, made "King of the Romans," that is, the recognized heir-apparent of the Imperial crown. To these propositions Maria Theresa gave a She would not make peace scornful denial. with France without receiving compensation for the past and security for the future. And as for the Emperor, there was no such person; the exclusion of the Bohemian vote had vitiated the election. Instead of thinking of giving up Bavaria, which was now wholly in her hands, she exacted oaths of fealty to herself from the population, and drafted the militia into her Italian army.

It was clear that Austria now looked upon herself as mistress of Germany, and would not make peace upon any terms which did not recognize for her this position. To this Frederick could not assent. He had been out of the war for more than a year, and had used every means to bring about a general pacification. He tried vainly to unite the German States into a defensive league, which should balance the Austrian power. France urged him to a new treaty, which meant a new war with England and Aus-Slowly the conclusion forced itself upon him that this was inevitable; and finally, on the 5th of April—just two years to a day after the treaty made at the camp of Strehlin-a new secret agreement was signed, from which, in six months, sprang up a second war.

With the closing days of this troubled peace Mr. Carlyle concludes his Third Volume. With the Fourth Volume, which it is understood will soon appear, the curtain will rise upon this second war, in which Frederick, tried by the extremes of success and disaster, proved himself equal to either fortune. Hitherto he had manifested no great military genius. His successes, as he himself said, had been owing quite as much to the faults of his opponents as to his own merits. But in the fiery ordeal through which he was now to pass were developed those powers which have given him a place among

the great captains of the world.

We have merely attempted in this paper to give an abstract of the History of the first four years of the reign of Frederick, apart from the Biography, which is the essential feature of Mr. Carlyle's work. We may protest against his peculiar manner; his abrupt and parenthetical style; his curious citations from "Smellfungus," "Sauerteig," the "Constitutional Historian,"

all of whom are Mr. Carlyle himself; his comical denunciations of "Dryasdust," under which name he sums up the whole mass of histories, memoirs, and documents that furnish his materials; but we can not fail to recognize in him all the highest qualities of a historian. Nothing can exceed his patient industry. Motley has not explored the stately archives of Simancas with more care than Carlyle has groped among pamphlets and records. He has disentangled the few actual threads from bales of "shoddy," and woven them into a web, often grotesque in pattern and coloring, but always strong and coherent. His portraitures of individuals are mar-He catches the likeness of every person velous. who moves across the stage, and fixes it often with a single stroke. We have Frederick, always keen, prompt, decisive; George II., the little old gentleman, standing something more than plumb straight, with garter leg well advanced; Maria Theresa, proud, passionate, impulsive; Louis XV., poor creature, solemnly washed and shirted in public; Maupertuis, heavy, pedantic, ridiculous; Voltaire, mischievous as an ape, and vain as a parrot; and a hundred others. He has not, indeed, like Macaulay, given us history made easy, which one can read as though it were a novel, but with the feeling always that it is only "founded on fact," and that the facts have been selected and arranged to suit the theory of the writer. But he has given us something better: a picture, or rather series of pictures, of the varying, shifting, and often contradictory aspects of human life and character, and of national growth and development at one of the great periods of modern history.

We venture the prediction that while every generation will lessen the esteem in which Macaulay's brilliant panegyric and invective will be held, Mr. Carlyle's Life of Frederick will stand as the great historical work of the age. abounds with moral maxims of the greatest weight. No opportunity is lost of pouring scorn and contempt upon imbeciles in high station. If a man can not govern he has no business to be a Ruler. "I am struck silent," says Mr. Carlyle, "in looking at much that goes on under these stars, and find that misappointment of your captains and of your exemplars and guiding individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always, and that especially, as highest instance of it, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain and King by the grace of God a gentleman who is not so, is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the chief mendacity capable of being done." This thought, which occurs in every work of Carlyle, is the key-note to his political and moral philosophy. It runs through "Sartor Resartus," the "French Revolution," "Cromwell," the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," as well as through "Frederick." A Henry VI. or a Louis XVI. is the one who brings ruin and misery upon his State. How far need we Americans to go back to find a case in point in our

own History?

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# THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH WE REACH THE LAST STAGE BUT ONE OF THIS JOURNEY.

LTHOUGH poverty was knocking at Phil-A ip's humble door, little Charlotte in all her trouble never knew how menacing the grim visitor had been. She did not quite understand that her husband in his last necessity sent to her mother for his due, and that the mother turned away and refused him. "Ah," thought poor Philip, groaning in his despair, "I wonder whether the thieves who attacked the man in the parable were robbers of his own family, who knew that he carried money with him to Jerusalem, and waylaid him on the journey?" But again and again he has thanked God, with grateful heart, for the Samaritans whom he has met on life's road; and if he has not forgiven, it must be owned he has never done any wrong to those who robbed him.

Charlotte did not know that her husband was at his last guinea, and a prey to dreadful anxiety for her dear sake, for after the birth of her child a fever came upon her; in the delirium consequent upon which the poor thing was ignorant of all that happened round her. A fortnight with a wife in extremity, with crying infants, with hunger menacing at the door, passed for Philip somehow. The young man became an old man in this time. Indeed, his fair hair was streaked with white at the temples after-

ward. But it must not be imagined that he had not friends during his affliction, and he always can gratefully count up the names of many persons to whom he might have applied had he been in need. He did not look or ask for these succors from his relatives. Aunt and uncle Twysden shrieked and cried out at his extravagance, imprudence, and folly. Sir John Ringwood said he must really wash his hands of a young man who menaced the life of his own Grenville Woolcomb, with many oaths, in which brother-in-law Ringwood joined chorus, cursed Philip, and said he didn't care, and the beggar ought to be hung, and his father ought to be hung. But I think I know half a dozen good men and true who told a different tale, and who were ready with their sympathy and succor. Did not Mrs. Flanagan, the Irish laundress, in a voice broken by sobs and gin, offer to go and chare at Philip's house for nothing, and nurse the dear children? Did not Goodenough say, "If you are in need, my dear fellow, of course you know where to come;" and did he not actually give two prescriptions, one for poor Charlotte, one for fifty pounds to be taken immediately, which he handed to the nurse by mistake? You may be sure she did not appropriate the money, for of course you know that the nurse was Mrs. Brandon. Charlotte has one remorse in her life. She owns she was jealous of the Little Sister. And now when that gentle life is over, when Philip's poverty trials are ended, when the children go sometimes and look wistfully at the grave of their dear Caroline, friend Charlotte leans her head against her husband's shoulder, and owns humbly how good, how brave, how generous a friend Heaven sent them in that humble defender.

Have you ever felt the pinch of poverty? In many cases it is like the dentist's chair, more dreadful in the contemplation than in the actual suffering. Philip says he never was fairly beaten but on that day when, in reply to his solicitation to have his due, Mrs. Baynes's friend, Captain Swang, brought him the open ten-pound note. It was not much of a blow; the hand which dealt it made the hurt so keen. member," says he, "bursting out crying at school because a big boy hit me a slight tap, and other boys said, 'Oh, you coward!' It was that I knew the boy at home, and my parents had been kind to him. It seemed to me a wrong that Bumps should strike me," said Philip; and he looked, while telling the story, as if he could cry about this injury now. I hope he has revenged himself by presenting coals of fire to his But this day, when he is enwife's relations. joying good health and competence, it is not safe to mention mothers-in-law in his presence. He fumes, shouts, and rages against them as if all were like his; and his, I have been told, is a

lady perfectly well satisfied with herself and her eonduct in this world; and as for the next-but our story does not dare to point so far. It only interests itself about a little clique of people here below—their grief, their trials, their weaknesses, their kindly hearts.

People there are in our history who do not seem to me to have kindly hearts at all; and yet, perhaps, if a biography could be written from their point of view, some other novelist might show how Philip and his biographer were a pair of selfish worldlings, unworthy of credit: how uncle and aunt Twysden were most exemplary people, and so forth. Have I not told you how many people at New York shook their heads when Philip's name was mentioned, and intimated a strong opinion that he used his father very ill? When he fell wounded and bleeding patron Tregarvan dropped him off his horse, and eousin Ringwood did not look behind to see how he fared. But these, again, may have had their opinion regarding our friend, who may have been misrepresented to them. I protest as I look back at the nineteen past portions of this history I begin to have qualms, and ask myself whether the folks of whom we have been prattling have had justice done to them; whether Agnes Twysden is not a suffering martyr justly offended by Philip's turbulent behavior; and whether Philip deserves any particular attention or kindness at all. He is not transcendently clever; he is not gloriously beautiful. He is not about to illuminate the darkness in which the peoples grovel with the flashing emanations of his truth. He sometimes owes money which he ean not pay. He slips, stumbles, blunders, brags. Ah! he sins and repents-pray Heaven -of faults, of vanities, of pride, of a thousand shorteomings! This I say—Ego—as my friend's biographer. Perhaps I do not understand the other characters round about him so well, and have overlooked a number of their merits, and caricatured and exaggerated their little defeets.

Among the Samaritans who eame to Philip's help in these his straits he loves to remember the name of J. J., the painter, whom he found sitting with the ehildren one day making drawings for them, which the good painter never tired to sketch.

Now if those children would but have kept Ridley's sketches, and waited for a good season at Christy's, I have no doubt they might have got seores of pounds for the drawings; but then, you see, they chose to improve the drawings with their own hands. They painted the soldiers yellow, the horses blue, and so forth. On the horses they put soldiers of their own eonstruction. Ridley's landscapes were enriched with representations of "Omnibuses," which the children saw and admired in the neighboring New Road. I dare say, as the fever left her, and as she eame to see things as they were, Charlotte's eyes dwelt fondly on the pietures of the omnibuses inserted in Mr. Ridley's sketches, and she put some aside and showed them to her friends, and said, "Doesn't our darling show head was held, and a gentleman and a lady with

extraordinary talent for drawing? says he does. He did a great part of this etch-

But besides the drawings, what do you think Master Ridley offered to draw for his friends? Besides the prescriptions of medicine, what drafts did Dr. Goodenough prescribe? When nurse Brandon came to Mrs. Philip in her anxious time, we know what sort of payment she proposed for her services. Who says the world is all cold? There is the sun and the shadows. And the Heaven which ordains poverty and sickness sends pity, and love, and succor.

During Charlotte's fever and illness the Little Sister had left her but for one day, when her patient was quiet, and pronounced to be mending. It appears that Mrs. Charlotte was very ill indeed on this oceasion; so ill that Dr. Goodenough thought she might have given us all the slip: so ill that, but for Brandon, she would, in all probability, have escaped out of this troublous world and left Philip and her orphaned little ones. Charlotte mended then: could take food, and liked it, and was specially pleased with some elickens which her nurse informed her were "from the country." "From Sir John Ringwood, no doubt?" said Mrs. Firmin, remembering the presents sent from Berkeley Square, and the mutton and the turnips.

"Well, eat and be thankful!" says the Little Sister, who was as gay as a little sister could be, and who had prepared a beautiful bread sauce for the fowl; and who had tossed the baby, and who showed it to its admiring brother and sister ever so many times; and who saw that Mr. Philip had his dinner comfortable; and who never took so much as a drop of porter-at home a little glass sometimes was comfortable, but on duty, never, never! No, not if Dr. Goodenough ordered it! she vowed. And the doctor wished he could say as much, or believe as much, of all his nurses.

Milman Street is such a quiet little street that our friends had not carpeted it in the usual way; and three days after her temporary absence, as nurse Brandon sits by her patient's bed, powdering the back of a small pink infant that makes believe to swim upon her apron, a rattle of wheels is heard in the quiet street — of four wheels, of one horse, of a jingling earriage, which stops before Philip's door. "It's the trap," says nurse Brandon, delighted. must be those kind Ringwoods," says Mrs "But stop, Brandon. Did not they, Philip. did not we?-oh, how kind of them!" She was trying to recall the past. Past and present for days had been strangely mingled in her fevered brain. "Hush, my dear! you are to be kep' quite still," says the nurse-and then proceeded to finish the polishing and powdering of the pink frog on her lap.

The bedroom window was open toward the sunny street: but Mrs. Philip did not hear a female voice say, "'Old the 'orse's 'ead, Jim," or she might have been agitated. The horse's PHILIP. 535

a great basket containing pease, butter, greens, flowers, and other rural produce, descended from the vehicle and rang at the bell.

Philip opened it; with his little ones, as usual,

trotting at his knees.

"Why, my darlings, how you air grown!"

cries the lady.

"By-gones be by-gones. Give us your 'and, Firmin: here's mine. My missus has brought some country butter and things for your dear good lady. And we hope you liked the chickens. And God bless you, old fellow, how are you?" The tears were rolling down the good man's cheeks as he spoke. And Mrs. Mugford was likewise exceedingly hot, and very much affected. And the children said to her, "Mamma is better now; and we have a little brother, and he is crying now up stairs."

"Bless you, my darlings!" Mrs. Mugford was off by this time. She put down her peace-offering of carrots, chickens, bacon, butter. She cried plentifully. "It was Brandon came and told us," she said; "and when she told us how all your great people had flung you over, and you'd been quarreling again, you naughty fellar, I says to Mugford, 'Let's go and see after that dear thing, Mugford,' I says. And here we are. And year's two nice cakes for your children" (after a forage in the cornucopia), "and, 'lor,

how they are grown!"

A little nurse from the up stairs regions here makes her appearance, holding a bundle of cashmere shawls, part of which is removed, and discloses a being pronounced to be ravishingly beautiful, and "jest like Mrs. Mugford's Emaly!"

"I say," says Mugford, "the 'old shop's still open to you. T'other chap wouldn't do at all. He was wild when he got the drink on board. Hirish. Pitched into Bickerton, and black'd 'is eye. It was Bickerton who told you lies about that poor lady. Don't see 'im no more now. Borrowed some money of me; haven't seen him since. We were both wrong, and we must make it up—the missus says we must."

"Amen!" said Philip, with a grasp of the honest fellow's hand. And next Sunday he and a trim little sister, and two children, went to an old church in Queen Squarc, Bloomsbury, which was fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, when Richard Steele kept house, and did not pay rent, hard by. And when the elergyman in the Thanksgiving particularized those who desired now to "offer up their praises and thanksgiving for late mercies vouchsafed to them," once more Philip Firmin said "Amen," on his knees, and with all his heart.

### CHAPTER XLII.

THE REALMS OF BLISS.

You know—all good boys and girls at Christmas know—that, before the last scene of the pantomime, when the Good Fairy ascends in a blaze of glory, and Harlequin and Columbine head and heels, though I declare the pit is half



take hands, having danced through all their tricks and troubles and tumbles, there is a dark, brief, scemingly meaningless penultimate scene, in which the performers appear to grope about perplexed, while the music of bassoons and trombones, and the like, groans tragically. As the actors, with gestures of dismay and outstretched arms, move hither and thither, the wary frequenter of pantomimes secs the illuminators of the Abode of Bliss and Hall of Prismatic Splendor nimbly moving behind the canvas, and streaking the darkness with twinkling fires—fires which shall blaze out presently in a thousand colors round the Good Fairy in the Revolving Temple of Blinding Bliss. Be happy, Harlequin! Love and be happy and dance, pretty Columbine! Children, mamma bids you put your shawls on. And Jack and Mary (who are young and love pantomimes) look lingeringly still over the ledge of the box, while the fairy temple yet revolves, while the fire-works play, and ere the Great Dark Curtain descends.

My dear young people, who have sate kindly through the scenes during which our entertainment has lasted, be it known to you that last chapter was the dark scene. Look to your cloaks, and tie up your little throats, for I tell you the great baize will soon fall down. Have I had any secrets from you all through the piece? I tell you the house will be empty and you will be in the cold air. When the boxes have got their night-gowns on, and you are all gone, and I have turned off the gas, and am in the empty theatre alone in the darkness, I promise you I shall not be merry. Never mind! We can make jokes though we are ever so sad. We can jump over head and heels, though I declare the pit is half

emptied already, and the last orange-woman has slunk away. Encore une pirouette, Colombine! Saute, Arlequin, mon ami! Though there are but five bars more of the music, my good people, we must jump over them briskly, and then go home to supper and bed.

Philip Firmin, then, was immensely moved by this magnanimity and kindness on the part of his old employer, and has always considered Mugford's arrival and friendliness as a special interposition in his favor. He owes it all to Brandon, he says. It was she who bethought herself of his condition, represented it to Mugford, and reconciled him to his enemy. Others were most ready with their money. It was Brandon who brought him work rather than alms, and enabled him to face fortune eheerfully. His interval of poverty was so short, that he actually had not oceasion to borrow. week more, and he could not have held out, and poor Brandon's little marriage present must have gone to the cenotaph of sovereigns-the dear Little Sister's gift which Philip's family cherish to this hour.

So Philip, with an humbled heart and demeanor, clambered up on his sub-editorial stool once more at the Pall Mall Gazette, and again brandished the paste pot and the scissors. I forget whether Bickerton still remained in command at the Pall Mall Gazette, or was more kind to Philip than before, or was afraid of him, having heard of his exploits as a fire-eater; but certain it is, the two did not come to a quarrel, giving each other a wide berth, as the saying is, and each doing his own duty. Good-by, Monsieur Bick-Except, mayhap, in the final group round the FAIRY CHARIOT (when, I promise you, there will be such a blaze of glory that he will be invisible), we shall never see the little spiteful, envious creature any more. Let him pop down his appointed trap-door; and, quick fiddles! let the brisk music jig on.

Owing to the coolness which had arisen between Philip and his father on account of their different views regarding the use to be made of Philip's signature, the old gentleman drew no further bills in his son's name, and our friend was spared from the unpleasant persecution. Mr. Hunt loved Dr. Firmin so ardently that he could not bear to be separated from the doctor long. Without the doctor, London was a dreary wilderness to Hunt. Unfortunate remembrances of past pecuniary transactions haunted him here. We were all of us glad when he finally retired from the Covent Garden taverns and betook himself to the Bowery once more.

And now friend Philip was at work again, hardly earning a scanty meal for self, wife, servant, children. It was indeed a meagre meal, and a small wage. Charlotte's illness, and other mishaps, had swept away poor Philip's little savings. It was determined that we would let the elegantly furnished apartments on the first floor. You might have fancied the proud Mr. Firmin rather repugnant to such a measure.

And so he was on the score of convenience, but of dignity, not a whit. To this day, if necessity called, Philip would turn a mangle with perfect gravity. I believe the thought of Mrs. General Baynes's horror at the idea of her sonin-law letting lodgings greatly soothed and comforted Philip. The lodgings were absolutely taken by our country acquaintance, Miss Pybus, who was coming up for the May meetings, and whom we persuaded (Heaven be good to us!) that she would find a most desirable quiet residence in the house of a man with three squalling chil-Miss P. came, then, with my wife to dren. look at the apartments; and we allured her by describing to her the delightful musical services at the Foundling hard by; and she was very much pleased with Mrs. Philip, and did not even wince at the elder children, whose pretty faces won the kind old lady's heart; and I am ashamed to say we were mum about the baby; and Pybus was going to elose for the lodgings, when Philip burst out of his little room, without his coat, I believe, and objurgated a little printer's boy, who was sitting in the hall, waiting for some "copy" regarding which he had made a blunder; and Philip used such violent language toward the little lazy boy, that Pybus said "shc never could think of taking apartments in that house," and hurried thence in a panic. Brandon heard of this project of letting lodgings, she was in a fury. She might let lodgin's, but it wasn't for Philip to do so. "Let lodgin's, indeed! Buy a broom, and sweep a crossin'!" Brandon always thought Charlotte a poorspirited creature, and the way she scolded Mrs. Firmin about this transaction was not a little Charlotte was not angry. She liked amusing. the scheme as little as Brandon. No other person ever asked for lodgings in Charlotte's house. May and its meetings came to an end. The old ladies went back to their country towns. The missionaries returned to Caffraria. (Ah! where are the pleasant-looking Quakeresses of our youth, with their comely faces and pretty dove-colored robes? They say the goodly sect is dwindling—dwindling.) The Quakeresses went out of town: then the fashionable world began to move: the Parliament went out of town. In a word, every body who could made away for a holiday, while poor Philip remained at his work, snipping and pasting his paragraphs, and doing his humble drudgery.

A sojourn on the sea-shore was prescribed by Dr. Goodenough as absolutely necessary for Charlotte and her young ones, and when Philip pleaded certain cogent reasons why the family could not take the medicine prescribed by the doctor, that eccentric physician had recourse to the same pocket-book which we have known him to produce on a former occasion; and took from it, for what I know, some of the very same notes which he had formerly given to the Little Sister. "I suppose you may as well have them as that rascal Hunt?" said the Doctor, scowling very fiercely. "Don't tell me. Stuff and nonsense. Pooh! Pay me when you are a rich

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man!" And this Samaritan had jumped into his carriage and was gone before Philip or Mrs. Philip could say a word of thanks. Look at him as he is going off. See the green brougham drive away, and turn westward, and mark it A shoe go after thee, John Goodenough; we shall see thee no more in this story. You are not in the secret, good reader; but I, who have been living with certain people for many months past, and have a hearty liking for some of them, grow very soft when the hour for shaking hands eomes, to think we are to meet no more. Go to! when this tale began, and for some months after, a pair of kind old eyes used to read these pages, which are now closed in the sleep appointed for all of us. And so page is turned after page, and behold Finis and the volume's end.

So Philip and his young folks came down to Periwinkle Bay, where we were staying, and the girls in the two families nursed the baby, and the child and mother got health and comfort from the fresh air, and Mr. Mugford-who believes himself to be the finest sub-editor in the world-and I can tell you there is a great art in sub-editing a paper-Mr. Mugford, I say, took Philip's scissors and paste pot, while the latter enjoyed his holiday. And J. J. Ridley, R.A., came and joined us presently, and we had many sketching parties, and my drawings of the various points about the bay, viz., Lobster Head, the Mollusc Rocks, etc., etc., are considered to be very spirited, though my little boy (who certainly has not his father's taste for art) mistook for the rock a really capital portrait of Philip, in a gray hat and paletot, sprawling on the sand.

Some twelve miles inland from the bay is the little town of Whipham Market, and Whipham skirts the park palings of that castle where Lord Ringwood had lived, and where Philip's mother was born and bred. There is a statue of the late lord in Whipham market-place. Could he have had his will, the borough would have continued to return two members to Parliament, as in the good old times before us. In that ancient and grass-grown little place, where your footsteps eeho as you pass through the streetwhere you hear distinctly the creaking of the sign of the "Ringwood Arms" hotel and posting-house, and the opposition ereaking of the "Ram Inn" over the way-where the half-pay captain, the curate, and the medical man stand before the fly-blown window-blind of the "Ringwood Institute" and survey the strangers-there is still a respect felt for the memory of the great lord who dwelt behind the oaks in yonder hall. He had his faults. His lordship's life was not that of an anchorite. The company his lordship kept, especially in his latter days, was not of that select description which a nobleman of his lordship's rank might command. But he was a good friend to Whipham. He was a good landlord to a good tenant. If he had his will Whipham would have kept its own. His lordship paid half the expense after the burning of the town-hall. He was an arbitrary man, cer-

tainly, and he flogged Alderman Duffle before his own shop, but he apologized for it most handsome afterward. Would the gentlemen like port or sherry? Claret not ealled for in Whipham; not at all: and no fish, because all the fish at Periwinkle Bay is bought up and goes to London. Such were the remarks made by the landlord of the Ringwood Arms to three cavaliers who entered that hostelry. And you may be sure he told us about Lord Ringwood's death in the post-chaise as he came from Turreys Regum; and how his lordship went through them gates (pointing to a pair of gates and lodges which skirt the town), and was drove up to the castle and laid in state; and his lordship never would take the raiiway, never; and he always traveled like a nobleman, and when he came to a hotel and changed horses, he always called for a bottle of wine, and only took a glass, and sometimes not even that. And the present Sir John has kept no company here as yet; and they say he is close of his money, they say he is. And this is certain, Whipham haven't seen much of it, Whipham haven't.

We went into the inn yard, which may have been once a stirring place, and then sauntered up to the park gate, surmounted by the supporters and armorial bearings of the Ringwoods. "I wonder whether my poor mother came out of that gate when she eloped with my father?" said Philip. "Poor thing, poor thing!" The great gates were shut. The westering sun east shadows over the sward where here and there the deer were browsing, and at some mile distance lay the house, with its towers and porticoes and vanes flaming the sun. The smaller gate was open, and a girl was standing by the lodge door. Was the house to be seen?

"Yes," says a little red-cheeked girl, with a eourtesy.

"No!" calls out a harsh voice from within, and an old woman comes out from the lodge and looks at us fiercely. "Nobody is to go to the house. The family is a-coming."

That was provoking. Philip would have liked to behold the great house where his mother and her ancestors were born.

"Marry, good dame," Philip's companion said to the old beldam, "this goodly gentleman hath a right of entrance to yonder castle, which, I trow, ye wot not of. Heard ye never tell of one Philip Ringwood, slain at Busaco's glorious fi—"

"Hold your tongue, and don't chaff her, Pen," growled Firmin.

"Nay, and she knows not Philip Ringwood's grandson," the other wag continued, in a softened tone. "This will convince her of our right to enter. Canst recognize this image of your queen?"

"Well, I suppose 'ee can go up," said the old woman, at the sight of this talisman. "There's only two of them staying there, and they're out a drivin'."

Philip was bent on seeing the halls of his ancestors. Gray and huge, with towers, and vanes,

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and porticoes, they lay before us a mile off, separated from us by a streak of glistening river. A great chestnut avenue led up to the river, and in the dappled grass the deer were browsing.

You know the house, of course. There is a picture of it in Watts, bearing date 1783. A gentleman in a cocked hat and pigtail is rowing a lady in a boat on the shining river. Another nobleman in a cocked hat is angling in the glistening river from the bridge, over which a post-

chaise is passing.

"Yes, the place is like enough," said Philip; "but I miss the post-chaise going over the bridge, and the lady in the punt with the tall parasol. Don't you remember the print in our housekeeper's room in Old Parr Street? My poor mother used to tell me about the house, and I imagined it grander than the palace of Aladdin. It is a very handsome house," Philip went on. "'It extends two hundred and sixty feet by seventy-five, and consists of a rustic basement and principal story, with an attic in the centre—the whole executed in stone. The grand front toward the park is adorned with a noble portico of the Corinthian order, and may with propriety be considered one of the finest elevations in the-' I tell you I am quoting out of Watts's 'Seats of the Nobility and Gentry,' published by John and Josiah Boydell, and lying in our drawing-room. Ah, dear me! I painted the boat and the lady and gentleman in the drawing-room copy, and my father boxed my ears, and my mother cried out-poor, dear soul! And this is the river, is it? And over this the post-chaise went with the club-tailed horses, and here was the pigtailed gentleman fishing. It gives one a queer sensation," says Philip, standing on the bridge and stretching out his big arms. "Yes, there are the two people in the punt by the rushes. I can see them, but you can't; and I hope, Sir, you will have good sport." And here he took off his hat to an imaginary gentleman supposed to be angling from the balustrade for ghostly gudgeon. We reach the house presently. We ring at a door in the basement under the portico. The porter demurs, and says some of the family is down, but they are out, to be sure. The same half-crown argument answers with him which persuaded the keeper at the lodge. We go through the show-rooms of the stately but somewhat faded and melancholy palace. cedar dining-room there hangs the grim portrait of the late earl; and that fair-haired officer in red? that must be Philip's grandfather. And those two slim girls embracing, surely those are his mother and his aunt. Philip walks softly through the vacant rooms. He gives the porter a gold piece ere he goes out of the great hall, forty feet cube, ornamented with statues brought from Rome by John first Baron, namely, Heliogabalus, Nero's mother, a priestess of Isis, and a river god; the pictures over the doors by Pedimento; the ceiling by Leotardi, etc.; and in a window in the great hall there is a table with a visitors'-book, in which Philip writes his

As we went away we met a carriage which drove rapidly toward the house, and which no doubt contained the members of the Ringwood family, regarding whom the porteress had spoken. After the family differences previously related we did not care to face these kinsfolks of Philip, and passed on quickly in twilight beneath the rustling umbrage of the chestnuts. J. J. saw a hundred fine pictorial effects as we walked: the palace reflected in the water; the dappled deer under the checkered shadow of the trees. It was, "Oh, what a jolly bit of color!" and, "I say, look, how well that old woman's red cloak comes in!" and so forth. Painters never seem tired of their work. At seventy they are students still-patient, docile, happy. May we, too, my good Sir, live for fourscore years, and never be too old to learn! The walk, the brisk accompanying conversation, amidst stately scenery around, brought us with good appetites and spirits to our inn, where we were told that dinner would be served when the omnibus arrived from the railway.

At a short distance from the Ringwood Arms, and on the opposite side of the street, is the Ram Inn, neat post-chaises, and farmers' ordinary; a house of which the pretensions seemed less, though the trade was somewhat more lively. When the tooting of the horn announced the arrival of the omnibus from the railway, I should think a crowd of at least fifteen people assembled at various doors of the High Street and Market. The half-pay captain and the curate came out from the Ringwood Athenæum. The doctor's apprentice stood on the step of the surgery door, and the surgeon's lady looked out from the first floor. We shared the general curiosity. We and the waiter stood at the door of the Ringwood Arms. We were mortified to see that of the five persons conveyed by the 'bus one was a tradesman, who descended at his door (Mr. Packwood, the saddler, so the waiter informed us), three travelers were discharged at the Ram, and only one came to us.

"Mostly bagmen goes to the Ram," the waiter said, with a scornful air; and these bagmen

and their bags quitted the omnibus.

Only one passenger remained for the Ringwood Arms Hotel, and he presently descended under the porte cochère; and the omnibus—I own, with regret, it was but a one-horse machine—drove rattling into the court-yard, where the bells of the "Star," the "George," the "Rodney," the "Dolphin," and so on, had once been wont to jingle, and the court had echoed with the noise and clatter of hoofs and hostlers, and the cries of "First and second, turn out!"

Who was the merry-faced little gentleman in black, who got out of the omnibus, and cried, when he saw us, "What! you here?" It was Mr. Bradgate, that lawyer of Lord Ringwood's with whom we made a brief acquaintance just after his lordship's death. "What! you here?" cries Bradgate then to Philip. "Come down about this business, of course? Very glad that

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you and—and certain parties have made it up. Thought you weren't friends."

What business? What parties? We had not heard the news? We had only come over from Periwinkle Bay by chance, in order to see the house.

"How very singular! Did you meet the—

the people who were staying there?"

We said we had seen a carriage pass, but did not remark who was in it. What, however, was the news? Well. It would be known immediately, and would appear in Tuesday's Gazette. The news was that Sir John Ringwood was going to take a peerage, and that the seat for Whipham would be vacant. And herewith our friend produced from his traveling-bag a proclamation, which he read to us, and which was addressed:

"TO THE WORTHY AND INDEPENDENT ELECT-ORS OF THE BOROUGH OF RINGWOOD.

" LONDON, Wednesday.

"Gentlemen—A gracious Sovereign having been pleased to order that the family of Ringwood should continue to be represented in the House of Peers, I take leave of my friends and constituents who have given me their kind confidence hitherto, and promise them that my regard for them will never cease, or my interest in the town and neighborhood where my family have dwelt for many centuries. The late lamented Lord Ringwood's brother died in the service of his Sovereign in Portugal, following the same flag under which his ancestors for centuries have fought and bled. My own son serves the Crown in a civil capacity. It was natural that one of our name and family should continue the relations which so long have subsisted between us and this loyal, affectionate, but independent borough. Mr. Ringwood's onerous duties in the office which he holds are sufficient to occupy his time. A gentleman united to our family by the closest ties will offer himself as a candidate for your suffrages—"

"Why, who is it? He is not going to put in uncle Twysden, or my sneak of a eousin?"

"No," says Mr. Bradgate.

"Well, bless my soul! he can't mean me," said Philip. "Who is the dark horse he has in his stable!"

Then Mr. Bradgate laughed. "Dark horse you may call him. The new member is to be Grenville Wooleomb, Esq., your West India relative, and no other."

Those who know the extreme energy of Mr. P. Firmin's language when he is excited, may imagine the explosion of Philippine wrath which ensued as our friend heard this name. "That miscreant: that skinflint: that wealthy crossing-sweeper: that ignoramus who searce could do more than sign his name! Oh, it was horrible, shameful! Why the man is on such ill terms with his wife that they say he strikes her. When I see him I feel inclined to choke him, and murder him. That brute going into Parliament, and the republican Sir John Ringwood sending him there! It's monstrous!"

"Family arrangements. Sir John, or, I should say, my Lord Ringwood, is one of the most affectionate of parents," Mr. Bradgate remarked. "He has a large family by his second marriage, and his estates go to his eldest son. We must not quarrel with Lord Ringwood for wishing to provide for his young ones. I don't say that he quite acts up to the extreme Liberal our house."

principle of which he was once rather fond of boasting. But if you were offered a peerage, what would you do? what would I do? If you wanted money for your young ones, and could get it, would you not take it? Come, come, don't let us have too much of this Spartan virtue! If we were tried, my good friend, we should not be much worse or better than our neighbors. Is my fly coming, waiter?" We asked Mr. Bradgate to defer his departure, and to share our But he declined, and said he must go dinner. up to the great house, where he and his elient had plenty of business to arrange, and where no doubt he would stay for the night. He bade the inn servants put his portmanteau into his carriage when it came. "The old lord had some famous port-wine," he said; "I hope my friends have the key of the cellar.

The waiter was just putting our meal on the table, as we stood in the bow-window of the Ringwood Arms coffee-room, engaged in this colloquy. Hence we could see the street, and the opposition inn of the Ram, where presently a great placard was posted. At least a dozen street boys, shopmen, and rusties were quickly gathered round this manifesto, and we ourselves went out to examine it. The Ram placard denounced, in terms of unmeasured wrath, the impudent attempt from the Castle to dietate to the free and independent electors of the borough. Freemen were invited not to promise their votes; to show themselves worthy of their name; to submit to no Castle dictation. A county gentleman of property, of influence, of liberal prineiples-no West Indian, no Castle Flunky, but a True English Gentleman, would come forward to reseue them from the tyranny under which they labored. On this point the electors might rely on the word of A BRITON.

"This was brought down by the clerk from Bedloe's. He and a newspaper man eame down

in the train with me; a Mr.-"

As he spoke, there came forth from the "Ram" the newspaper man of whom Mr. Bradgate spoke—an old friend and comrade of Philip, that energetic man and able reporter, Phipps of the Daily Intelligencer, who recognized Philip, and cordially greeting him, asked what he did down here, and supposed he had come to support his family.

Philip explained that we were strangers, had eome from a neighboring watering-place to see the home of Philip's ancestors, and was not even aware until then that an electioneering contest was pending in the place, or that Sir John Ringwood was about to be promoted to the peerage. Meanwhile, Mr. Bradgate's fly had driven out of the hotel yard of the Ringwood Arms, and the lawyer running to the house for a bag of papers, jumped into the carriage and ealled to the coachman to drive to the castle.

"Bon appétit!" says he, in a confident tone, and he was gone.

"Would Phipps dine with us?" Phipps whispered, "I am on the other side, and the Ram is our house."

We, who were on no side, entered into the Ringwood Arms, and sat down to our meal-to the mutton and the catsup, cauliflower and potatoes, the copper-edged side dishes, and the watery melted butter, with which strangers are regaled in inns in declining towns. The town badauds, who had read the placard at the Ram, now came to peruse the proclamation in our window. I dare say thirty pairs of clinking boots stopped before the one window and the other the while we ate tough mutton and drank fiery sherry. And J. J., leaving his dinner, sketched some of the figures of the townsfolk staring at the manifesto, with the old-fashioned Ram Inn for a back-ground—a picturesque gable enough.

Our meal was just over, when, somewhat to our surprise, our friend Mr. Bradgate the lawyer returned to the Ringwood Arms. He wore a disturbed countenance. He asked what he could have for dinner? Mutton, neither hot Hum! That must do. So he had not been invited to dine at the Park? We rallied him with much facetiousness on this disap-

pointment.

Little Bradgate's eyes started with wrath. "What a churl the little black fellow is!" he cried. "I took him his papers. I talked with him till dinner was laid in the very room where we were. French beans and neck of venison-I saw the housekeeper and his man bring them in! And Mr. Woolcomb did not so much as ask me to sit down to dinner-but told me to come again at nine o'clock! Confound this mutton-it's neither hot nor cold! The little skinflint! The glasses of fiery sherry which Bradgate now swallowed served rather to choke than appease the lawyer. We laughed, and this jocularity angered him more. "Oh," said he, "I am not the only person Woolcomb was rude to. He was in a dreadful ill-temper. He abused his wife: and when he read somebody's name in the strangers' book, I promise you, Firmin, he abused you. I had a mind to say to him, 'Sir, Mr. Firmin is dining at the Ringwood Arms, and I will tell him what you say of him.' What India-rubber mutton this is! What villainous sherry! Go back to him at nine o'clock, indeed! Be hanged to his impudence!"

"You must not abuse Woolcomb before Firmin," said one of our party. "Philip is so fond of his cousin's husband that he can not bear to

hear the black man abused."

This was not a very brilliant joke, but Philip grinned at it with much savage satisfaction.

"Hit Woolcomb as hard as you please, he has no friends here, Mr. Bradgate," growled Philip. "So he is rude to his lawyer, is he?"

"I tell you he is worse than the old earl," cried the indignant Bradgate. "At least the old man was a peer of England, and could be a gentleman when he wished. But to be bullied by a fellow who might be a black footman, or ought to be sweeping a crossing! It's monstrous!"

"Don't speak ill of a man and a brother, Mr. Bradgate. Woolcomb can't help his complexion." | number x in the lottery, when the winning tick-

"But he can help his confounded impudence, and sha'n't practice it on me!" the attorney cried.

As Bradgate called out from his box, puffing and fuming, friend J. J. was scribbling in the little sketch-book which he always carried. He smiled over his work. "I know," he said, "the Black Prince well enough. I have often seen him driving his chestnut mares in the Park. with that bewildered white wife by his side. I am sure that woman is miserable, and, poor thing!—"

"Serve her right! What did an English lady mean by marrying such a fellow!" cries

Bradgate.

"A fellow who does not ask his lawyer to dinner!" remarks one of the company; perhaps the reader's very humble servant. "But what an imprudent lawyer he has chosen-a lawyer who speaks his mind."

"I have spoken my mind to his betters, and be hanged to him! Do you think I am going to be afraid of him?" bawls the irascible solicitor.

"Contempsi Catilina gladios-do you remember the old quotation at school, Philip?" And here there was a break in our conversation, for, chancing to look at friend J. J.'s sketch-book, we saw that he had made a wonderful little drawing, representing Woolcomb and Woolcomb's wife, grooms, phaeton, and chestnut mares, as they were to be seen any afternoon in Hyde

Park during the London season.

Admirable! Capital! Every body at once knew the likeness of the dusky charioteer. Iracundus himself smiled and sniggered over it. "Unless you behave yourself, Mr. Bradgate, Ridley will make a picture of you," says Philip. Bradgate made a comical face and retreated into his box, of which he pretended to draw the curtain. But the sociable little man did not long remain in his retirement; he emerged from it in a short time, his wine-decanter in his hand, and joined our little party; and then we fell to talking of old times; and we all remembered a famous drawing by H. B., of the late Earl of Ringwood, in the old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat and tight trowsers, on the old-fashioned horse, with the old-fashioned groom behind him, as he used to be seen pounding along Rotten

"I speak my mind, do I?" says Mr. Bradgate, presently. "I know somebody who spoke his mind to that old man, and who would have been better off if he had held his tongue."

"Come, tell me, Bradgate," cried Philip. "It is all over and past now. Had Lord Ringwood left me something? I declare I thought at one

time that he intended to do so."

"Nay, has not your friend here been rebuking me for speaking my mind? I am going to be as mum as a mouse. Let us talk about the election," and the provoking lawyer would say no more on a subject possessing a dismal interest for poor Phil.

"I have no more right to repine," said that philosopher, "than a man would have who drew PHILIP. 541

et was number y. Let us talk, as you say, about Who is to oppose Mr. Woolthe election. comb?"

Mr. Bradgate believed a neighboring squire, Mr. Hornblow, was to be the candidate put forward against the Ringwood nominee.

"Hornblow! what, Hornblow of Grey Friars?" cries Philip. "A better fellow never lived. In this case he shall have our vote and interest; and I think we ought to go over and take another dinner at the 'Ram.'"

The new candidate actually turned out to be Philip's old school and college friend, Mr. Hornblow. After dinner we met him with a staff of canvassers on the tramp through the little town. Mr. Hornblow was paying his respects to such tradesmen as had their shops yet open. Next day being market-day he proposed to canvass the market-people. "If I meet the black man, Firmin," said the burly squire, "I think I can chaff him off his legs. He is a bad one at speaking, I am told."

As if the tongue of Plato would have prevailed in Whipham and against the nominee of the great house! The hour was late to be sure, but the companions of Mr. Hornblow on his canvass augured ill of his success after half an hour's walk at his heels. Baker Jones would not promise no how: that meant Jones would vote for the castle, Mr. Hornblow's legal aid-decamp, Mr. Batley, was forced to allow. Butcher Brown was having his tea—his shrill-voiced wife told us, looking out from her glazed back parlor: Brown would vote for the castle. Saddler Briggs would see about it. Grocer Adams fairly said he would vote against us-against us?against Hornblow, whose part we were taking already. I fear the flattering promises of support of a great body of free and unbiased electors, which had induced Mr. Hornblow to come forward and, etc., were but inventions of that little lawyer, Batley, who found his account in having a contest in the borough. When the polling-day came—you see, I disdain to make any mysteries in this simple and veracious story —Mr. Grenville Woolcomb, whose solicitor and agent spoke for him-Mr. Greenville Woolcomb, who could not spell or speak two sentences of decent English, and whose character for dullness, ferocity, penuriousness, jealousy, almost fatuity, was notorious to all the worldwas returned by an immense majority, and the country gentleman brought scarce a hundred

votes to the poll. We who were in nowise engaged in the contest, nevertheless, found amusement from it in a quiet country place where little else was stirring. We came over once or twice from Periwinkle Bay. We mounted Hornblow's colors openly. We drove up ostentatiously to the Ram, forsaking the Ringwood Arms, where Mr. Gren-VILLE WOOLCOMB'S COMMITTEE ROOM WAS NOW established in that very coffee-room where we have dined in Mr. Bradgate's company. We warmed in the contest. We met Bradgate and

tagus and Capulets defied each other in the pub-It was fine to see Philip's great figure and noble scowl when he met Woolcomb at the canvass. Gleams of mulatto hate quivered from the eyes of the little captain. Darts of fire flashed from beneath Philip's eyebrows as he elbowed his way forward, and hustled Woolcomb off the pavement. Mr. Philip never disguised any sentiment of his. Hate the little ignorant, spiteful, vulgar, avaricious beast? Of course I hate him, and I should like to pitch him into the river. Oh, Philip! Charlotte pleaded. But there was no reasoning with this savage when in wrath. I deplored, though perhaps I was amused by, his ferocity.

The local paper on our side was filled with withering epigrams against this poor Woolcomb, of which, I suspect, Philip was the author. I think I know that fierce style and tremendous invective. In the man whom he hates he can see no good; and in his friend no fault. When we met Bradgate apart from his principal we were friendly enough. He said we had no chance in the contest. He did not conceal his dislike and contempt for his client. He amused us in later days (when he actually became Philip's man of law) by recounting anecdotes of Woolcomb, his fury, his jealousy, his avarice, his brutal behavior. Poor Agnes had married for money, and he gave her none. Old Twysden, in giving his daughter to this man, had hoped to have the run of a fine house; to ride in Woolcomb's carriages, and feast at his table. But Woolcomb was so stingy that he grudged the meat which his wife ate, and would give none to her relations. He turned those relations out of his doors. Talbot and Ringwood Twysden, he drove them both away. He lost a child because he would not send for a physician. His wife never forgave him that meanness. hatred for him became open and avowed. They parted, and she led a life into which we will look no farther. She quarreled with parents as well as husband. "Why," she said, "did they sell me to that man?" Why did she sell herself? She required little persuasion from father and mother when she committed that crime. To be sure they had educated her so well to worldliness that when the occasion came she was ready.

We used to see this luckless woman, with her horses and servants decked with Woolcomb's ribbons, driving about the little town, and making feeble efforts to canvass the townspeople. They all knew how she and her husband quarreled. Reports came very quickly from the Hall to the town. Woolcomb had not been at Whipham a week when people began to hoot and jeer at him as he passed in his carriage. "Think how weak you must be," Bradgate said, "when we can win this horse! I wish he would stay away, though. We could manage much better without him. He has insulted I don't know how many free and independent electors, and infuriated others, because he will not give them his principal more than once, and our Mon-beer when they come to the house. If Woolcomb would stay in the place, and we could have the election next year, I think your man might win. But, as it is, he may as well give in, and spare the expense of a poll." Meanwhile Hornblow was very confident. We believe what we wish to believe. It is marvelous what faith an enthusiastic electioneering agent can inspire in his client. At any rate, if Hornblow did not win this time, he would at the next election. The old Ringwood domination in Whipham was gone henceforth forever.

When the day of election arrived you may be sure we came over from Periwinkle Bay to see the battle. By this time Philip had grown so enthusiastic in Hornblow's cause—(Philip, bythe-way, never would allow the possibility of a defeat)—that he had his children decked in the Hornblow ribbons, and drove from the bay, wearing a cockade as large as a pancake. and Ridley the painter, went together in a dogcart. We were hopeful, though we knew the enemy was strong; and cheerful, though, ere we had driven five miles, the rain began to fall.

Philip was very anxious about a certain great roll of paper which we carried with us. When I asked him what it contained, he said it was a gun; which was absurd. Ridley smiled in his silent way. When the rain came, Philip cast a cloak over his artillery, and sheltered his powder. We little guessed at the time what strange game his shot would bring down.

When we reached Whipham the polling had continued for some hours. The confounded black miscreant, as Philip called his cousin's husband, was at the head of the poll, and with every hour his majority increased. The free and independent electors did not seem to be in the least influenced by Philip's articles in the county paper, or by the placards which our side had pasted over the little town, and in which freemen were called upon to do their duty, to support a fine old English gentleman, to submit to no castle nominee, and so forth. The pressure of the Ringwood steward and bailiffs was too However much they disliked the black man, tradesman after tradesman, and tenant after tenant came up to vote for him. Our drums and trumpets at the Ram blew loud defiance to the brass band at the Ringwood Arms. From our balcony, I flatter myself, we made much finer speeches than the Ringwood people could deliver. Hornblow was a popular man in the When he came forward to speak the market-place echoed with applause. The farmers and small tradesmen touched their hats to him kindly, but slunk off sadly to the pollingbooth and voted according to order. A fine, healthy, handsome, red-cheeked squire, our champion's personal appearance enlisted all the ladies in his favor.

"If the two men," bawled Philip, from the Ram window, "could decide the contest with their coats off before the market-house yonder, which do you think would win—the fair man or the darkey?" (Loud cries of "Hornblow for-

you see, my friends, Mr. Woolcomb does not like a fair fight. Why doesn't he show at the Ringwood Arms and speak? I don't believe he can speak—not English. Are you men? Are you Englishmen? Are you white slaves to be sold to that fellow?" (Immense uproar. Mr. Finch, the Ringwood agent, in vain tries to get a hearing from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms.) "Why does not Sir John Ringwoodmy Lord Ringwood now-come down among his tenantry and back the man he has sent down? I suppose he is ashamed to look his tenants in the face. I should be, if I ordered them to do such a degrading job. You know, gentlemen, that I am a Ringwood myself. My grandfather lies buried—no, not buried—in yonder church. His tomb is there. His body lies on the glorious field of Busaco!" ("Hurray!") "I am a Ringwood!" (Cries of "Hoo—down. No Ringwoods year. We wunt have un!") "And, before George, if I had a vote I would give it for the gallant, the good, the admirable, the excellent Hornblow! Some one holds up the state of the poll, and Woolcomb is ahead! I can only say, electors of Whipham, the more shame for you!" "Hooray! Bravo!" The boys, the people, the shouting are all on our side. The voting, I regret to say, steadily continues in favor of the enemy.

As Philip was making his speech an immense banging of drums and blowing of trumpets arose from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and a something resembling the song of triumph called, "See the Conquering Hero comes!" was performed by the opposition orchestra. The lodgegates of the park were now decorated with the Ringwood and Woolcomb flags. They were flung open, and a dark-green chariot with four gray horses issued from the park. On the chariot was an earl's coronet, and the people looked rather scared as it came toward us, and said, "Do'ee look, now, 'tis my lard's own postchaise!" On former days Mr. Woolcomb and his wife, as his aid-de-camp, had driven through the town in an open barouche, but to-day being rainy, preferred the shelter of the old chariot, and we saw presently within Mr. Bradgate, the London agent, and by his side the darkling figure of Mr. Woolcomb. He had passed many agonizing hours, we were told subsequently, in attempting to learn a speech. He cried over it. He never could get it by heart. He swore like a frantic child at his wife, who endeavored to teach him his lesson.

"Now's the time, Mr. Briggs!" Philip said to Mr. B., our lawyer's clerk, and the intelligent Briggs sprang down stairs to obey his orders. Clear the road there! make way! was heard from the crowd below us. The gates of our inn court-yard, which had been closed, were suddenly flung open, and amidst the roar of the multitude there issued out a cart, drawn by two donkeys and driven by a negro, beasts and man all wearing Woolcomb's colors. In the cart was the darkey?" (Loud cries of "Hornblow for- fixed a placard, on which a most undeniable iver!" or, "Mr. Philip, we'll have yew!") "But likeness of Mr. Woolcomb was designed, who PHILIP.

was made to say, "Vote for ME! AM I NOT A MAN AND A BRUDDER?" This cart trotted out of the yard of the Ram, and, with a cortége of shouting boys, advanced into the market-place, which Mr. Woolcomb's carriage was then crossing.

Before the market-house stands the statue of the late earl, whereof mention has been made. In his peer's robes, a hand extended, he points toward his park gates. An inscription, not more mendacious than many other epigraphs, records his rank, age, virtues, and the esteem in which the people of Whipham held him. The mulatto who drove the team of donkeys was an itinerant tradesman who brought fish from the bay to the little town; a jolly wag, a fellow of indifferent character, a frequenter of all the ale-houses in the neighborhood, and rather celebrated for his skill as a bruiser. He and his steeds streamed with Woolcomb ribbons. With ironical shouts of "Woolcomb forever!" Yellow Jack urged his cart toward the chariot with the white horses. He took off his hat with mock respect to the candidate sitting within the green chariot. From the balcony of the Ram we could see the two vehicles approaching each other; and the Yellow Jack waving his ribboned hat, kicking his bandy legs here and there, and urging on his donkeys. What with the roar of the people and the banging and trumpeting of the rival bands, we could hear but little; but I saw Woolcomb thrust his yellow head out of his chaise-window—he pointed toward that impudent donkey-cart, and urged, seemingly, his postillions to ride it down. Plying their whips, the post-boys galloped toward Yellow Jack and his vehicle, a yelling crowd scattering from before the horses, and rallying behind them, to utter execrations at Woolcomb. His horses were frightened, no doubt; for just as Yellow Jack wheeled nimbly round one side of the Ringwood statue, Woolcomb's horses were all huddled together and plunging in confusion beside it, the fore-wheel came in abrupt collision with the stone-work of the statue railing; and then we saw the vehicle turn over altogether, one of the wheelers down with its rider, and the lcaders kicking, plunging, lashing out right and left, wild and maddened with fcar. Mr. Philip's countenance, I am bound to say, wore a most guilty and queer expression. This accident, this collision, this injury, perhaps death of Woolcomb and his lawyer, arose out of our fine joke about the Man and the Brother.

We dashed down the stairs from the Ram-Hornblow, Philip, and half a dozen more-and made a way through the crowd toward the carriage, with its prostrate occupants. made way civilly for the popular candidate—the When we reached the chaise losing candidate. the traces had been cut, the horses were free, the fallen postillion was up and rubbing his leg, and as soon as the wheelers were taken out of the chaise Woolcomb emerged from it. He had said from within (accompanying his speech with many oaths, which need not be repeated, and showing a just sense of his danger), "Cut the Bradgate, Smith, and Burrows."

traces, hang you! And take the horses away; I can wait until they're gone. I'm sittin' on my lawyer; I ain't goin' to have my head kicked off by those wheelers." And just as we reached the fallen post-chaise he emerged from it, laughing, and saying, "Lie still, you old beggar!" to Mr. Bradgate, who was writhing underneath him. His issue from the carriage was received with shouts of laughter, which increased prodigiously when Yellow Jack, nimbly clambering up the statue-railings, thrust the outstretched arm of the statue through the picture of the Man and the Brother, and left that cartoon flapping in the air over Woolcomb's head.

Then a shout arose, the like of which has seldom been heard in that quiet little town. Then Woolcomb, who had been quite goodhumored as he issued out of the broken postchaise, began to shriek, curse, and revile more shrilly than before; and was heard, in the midst of his oaths and wrath, to say, "He would give any man a shillin' who would bring him down that confounded thing!" Then scarcd, bruised, contused, confused, poor Mr. Bradgate came out of the carriage, his employer taking not the least notice of him.

Hornblow hoped Woolcomb was not hurt, on which the little gentleman turned round, and said, "Hurt? no; who are you! Is no fellah goin' to bring me down that confounded thing? I'll give a shillin', I say, to the fellah who does!"

"A shilling is offered for that picture!" shouts Philip, with a red face, and wild with excitement. "Who will take a whole shilling for that beauty?"

On which Woolcomb began to scream, curse, and revile more bitterly than before. "You here? Hang you, why are you here? Don't come bullyin' me. Take that fellah away, some of you fellahs. Bradgate, come to my committeeroom. I won't stay here, I say. Let's have the beast of a carriage, and- Well, what's up now?"

While he was talking, shrieking, and swearing half a dozen shoulders in the crowd had raised the carriage up on its three wheels. The panel which had fallen toward the ground had split against a stone, and a great gap was seen in the side. A lad was about to thrust his hand into the orifice when Woolcomb turned upon

"Hands off, you little beggar!" he cried, "no priggin'! Drive away some of these fellahs, you post-boys! Don't stand rubbin' your knec there, you great fool. What's this?" and he thrust his own hand into the place where the boy had just been marauding.

In the old traveling carriages there used to be a well or sword-case, in which travelers used to put swords and pistols in days when such weapons of defense were needful on the road. Out of this sword-case of Lord Ringwood's old postchariot Woolcomb did not draw a sword but a foolscap paper folded and tied with a red tape. And he began to read the superscription—"Will of the Right Honorable John, Earl of Ringwood.

"God bless my soul! It's the will he had back from my office, and which I thought he had destroyed. My dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart!" And herewith Mr. Bradgate the lawyer began to shake Philip's hand with much warmth. "Allow me to look at that paper. Yes, this is in my handwriting. Let us come into the Ringwood Arms-the Ram -any where, and read it to you!"

. . . Here we looked up to the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and beheld a great placard announcing the state of the poll at 1 o'clock.

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"We are beaten," said Mr. Hornblow, very good-naturedly. "We may take our flag down. Mr. Woolcomb, I congratulate you."

"I knew we should do it," said Mr. Woolcomb, putting out a little yellow-kidded hand. "Had all the votes beforehand-knew we should do the trick. I say. Hi! you-Whatdyoucallem -Bradgate! What is it about, that will? It does not do any good to that beggar, does it?" and with laughter and shouts, and cries of "Woolcomb forever!" and "Give us something to drink, your Honor!" the successful candidate marched into his hotel.

And was the tawny Woolcomb the fairy who was to rescue Philip from grief, debt, and poverty? Yes. And the old post-chaise of the late Lord Ringwood was the fairy chariot. You have read in a past chapter how the old lord, being transported with anger against Philip, desired his lawyer to bring back a will in which he had left a handsome legacy to the young man, as his mother's son. My lord had intended to make a provision for Mrs. Firmin, when she was his dutiful niece, and yet under his roof. . When she eloped with Mr. Firmin, Lord Ringwood vowed he would give his niece nothing. But he was pleased with the independent and forgiving spirit exhibited by her son; and, being a person of much grim humor, I dare say chuckled inwardly at thinking how furious the Twysdens would be when they found Philip was the old lord's favorite. Then Mr. Philip chose to be insubordinate, and to excite the wrath of his great uncle, who desired to have his will back again. He put the document into his carriage, in the secret box, as he drove away on that last journey, in the midst of which death seized him. Had he survived, would he have made another will, leaving out all mention of Philip? Who shall say? My lord made and canceled many wills. This certainly, duly drawn and witnessed, was the last he ever signed; and by it Philip is put in possession of a sum of money which is sufficient to insure a provision for those whom he loves. Kind readers, I know not whether the fairies be rife now, or banished from this work-a-day earth, but Philip's biographer wishes you some of those blessings which never forsook Philip in his trials: a dear wife and children to love you, a true friend or two to stand by you, and in health or sickness a clear conscience and a kindly heart. If you astonishment of the man, who knew her. She

fall upon the way, may succor reach you! And may you, in your turn, have help and pity in store for the unfortunate whom you overtake on life's journey!

Would you care to know what happened to the other personages of our narrative? Twysden is still babbling and bragging at clubs, and though aged is not the least venerable. He has quarreled with his son for not calling Woolcomb out, when that unhappy difference arose between the Black Prince and his wife. He says his family has been treated with cruel injustice by the late Lord Ringwood, but as soon as Philip had a little fortune left him he instantly was reconciled to his wife's nephew. There are other friends of Firmin's who were kind enough to him in his evil days, but can not pardon his prosperity. Being in that benevolent mood which must accompany any leave-taking, we will not name these ill-wishers of Philip, but wish that all readers of his story may have like reason to make some of their acquaintances angry.

Our dear Little Sister would never live with Philip and his Charlotte, though the latter especially, and with all her heart, besought Mrs. Brandon to come to them. That pure and useful and modest life ended a few years since. She died of a fever caught from one of her patients. She would not allow Philip or Charlotte to come near her. She said she was justly punished for being so proud as to refuse to live with them. All her little store she left to Philip. He has now in his desk the five guineas which she gave him at his marriage; and J. J. has made a little picture of her, with her sad smile and her sweet face, which hangs in Philip's drawing-room, where father, mother, and children talk of the Little Sister as though she were among them

She was dreadfully agitated when the news came from New York of Doctor Firmin's second marriage. "His second? His third!" she said. "The villain, the villain!" That strange delusion which we have described as sometimes possessing her increased in intensity after this news. More than ever she believed that Philip was her own child. She came wildly to him, and cried that his father had forsaken them. It was only when she was excited that she gave utterance to this opinion. Doctor Goodenough says that though generally silent about it it never left her.

Upon his marriage Dr. Firmin wrote one of his long letters to his son announcing the event. He described the wealth of the lady (a widow from Norfolk, in Virginia) to whom he was about to be united. He would pay back, ay, with interest, every pound, every dollar, every cent he owed his son. Was the lady wealthy? We had only the poor doctor's word.

Three months after his marriage he died of yellow fever on his wife's estate. It was then the Little Sister came to see us in widow's mourning, very wild and flushed. She bade our servant say, "Mrs. Firmin was at the door," to the

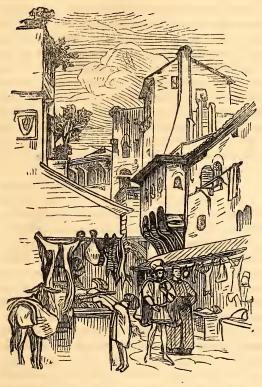
had even caused a mourning-card to be printed. Ah, there is rest now for that little fevered brain, and peace, let us pray, for that fond, faithful heart.

The mothers in Philip's household and mine have already made a match between our children. We had a great gathering the other day at Roehampton, at the house of our friend Mr. Clive Newcome (whose tall boy, my wife says, was very attentive to our Helen), and, having been part.

educated at the same school, we sat ever so long at dessert telling old stories, while the children danced to piano music on the lawn. Dance on the lawn, young folks, while the elders talk in the shade! What? The night is falling: we have talked enough over our wine; and it is time to go home? Good-night. Good-night, friends, old and young! The night will fall: the stories must end: and the best friends must

## ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER VI. DAWNING HOPES.

HEN Maso opened the door again, and ushered in the two visitors, Nello, first making a deep reverence to Romola, gently pushed Tito before him, and advanced with him toward her father.

"Messer Bardo," he said, in a more measured and respectful tone than was usual with him, "I have the honor of presenting to you the Greek scholar, who has been eager to have speech of you, not less from the report I made to him of your learning and your priceless collections, than because of the furtherance your patronage may give him under the transient need to which he has been reduced by shipwreck. His name is Tito Melema, at your service.'

Romola's astonishment could hardly have been greater if the stranger had worn a panther-skin and carried a thyrsus; for the cunning barber had said nothing of the Greek's age or appearance; and among her father's scholarly visitors ery instructed Florentine; for, as you are doubt-

she had hardly ever seen any but middle-aged or gray-headed men. There was only one masculine face, at once youthful and beautiful, the image of which remained deeply impressed on her mind: it was that of her brother, who long years ago had taken her on his knee, kissed her, and never come back again: a fair face, with sunny hair like her own. But the habitual attitude of her mind toward strangers—a proud self-dependence and determination to ask for nothing even by a smile-confirmed in her by her father's complaints against the world's injustice, was like a snowy embankment hemming in the rush of admiring surprise. Tito's bright face showed its rich-tinted beauty without any rivalry of color above his black sajo or tunic reaching to the knees. It seemed like a wreath of spring, dropped suddenly into Romola's young but wintry life, which had inherited nothing but memories—memories of a dead mother, of a lost brother, of a blind father's happier time-memories of far-off light, love, and beauty, that lay imbedded in dark mines of books, and could hardly give out their brightness again until they were kindled for her by the torch of some known Nevertheless, she returned Tito's bow, made to her on entering, with the same pale, proud face as ever; but as he approached the snow melted, and when he ventured to look toward her again, while Nello was speaking, a pink flush overspread her face, to vanish again almost immediately, as if her imperious will had recalled it. Tito's glance, on the contrary, had that gentle, beseeching admiration in it which is the most propitiating of appeals to a proud, shy woman, and is perhaps the only atonement a man can make for being too handsome. The finished fascination of his air came chiefly from the absence of demand and assumption. It was that of a fleet, soft-coated, dark-eyed animal that delights you by not bounding away in indifference from you, and unexpectedly pillows its chin on your palm, and looks up at you desiring to be stroked—as if it loved you.

"Messere, I give you welcome," said Bardo, with some condescension; "misfortune wedded to learning, and especially to Greek learning, is a letter of credit that should win the ear of ev-

less aware, since the period when your countryman, Manuello Crisolora, diffused the light of his teaching in the chief cities of Italy, now nearly a century ago, no man is held worthy of the name of scholar who has acquired merely the transplanted and derivative literature of the Latins; rather, such inert students are stigmatized as opici or barbarians, according to the phrase of the Romans themselves, who frankly replenished their urns at the fountain-head. I am, as you perceive, and as Nello has doubtless forewarned you, totally blind-a calamity to which we Florentines are held especially liable, whether owing to the cold winds which rush upon us in spring from the passes of the Apennines, or to that sudden transition from the cool gloom of our houses to the dazzling brightness of our summer sun, by which the lippi are said to have been made so numerous among the ancient Romans; or, in fine, to some occult cause which eludes our superficial surmises. But I pray you be seated: Nello, my friend, be seated."

Bardo paused until his fine ear had assured him that the visitors were seating themselves, and that Romola was taking her usual chair at

his right hand. Then he said:

"From what part of Greece do you come, Messere? I had thought that your unhappy country had been almost exhausted of those sons who could cherish in their minds any image of her original glory, though indeed the barbarous Sultans have of late shown themselves not indisposed to ingraft on their wild stock the precious vine which their own fierce bands have hewn down and trampled under foot. From what part of Greece do you come?"

"I sailed last from Nauplia," said Tito; "but I have resided both at Constantinople and Thessalonica, and have traveled in various parts little visited by Western Christians since the triumph of the Turkish arms. I should tell you, however, Messere, that I was not born in Greece, but at Bari. I spent the first sixteen years of

my life in Southern Italy and Sicily."

While Tito was speaking some emotion passed, like a breath on the waters, across Bardo's delicate features; he leaned forward, put out his right hand toward Romola, and turned his head as if about to speak to her; but then, correcting himself, turned away again, and said, in a subdued voice,

"Excuse me; is it not true-you are young?"

"I am three-and-twenty," said Tito.

"Ah," said Bardo, still in a tone of subdued excitement, "and you had, doubtless, a father who cared for your early instruction—who, perhaps, was himself a scholar?"

There was a slight pause before Tito's answer came to the ear of Bardo; but for Romola and Nello it commenced with a slight shock that seemed to pass through him, and cause a momentary quivering of the lip; doubtless at the revival of a supremely painful remembrance.

"Yes," he replied; "at least a father by adoption. He was a Neapolitan, and of accomplished scholarship both Latin and Greek.

But," added Tito, after another slight pause, "he is lost to me—was lost on a voyage he too rashly undertook to Delos."

Bardo sank backward again, too delicate to ask another question that might probe a sorrow which he divined to be recent. Romola, who knew well what were the fibres that Tito's voice had stirred in her father, felt that this new acquaintance had with wonderful suddenness got within the barrier that lay between them and the alien world. Nello, thinking that the evident check given to the conversation offered a graceful opportunity for relieving himself from silence, said—

"In truth, it is as clear as Venetian glass that this bel giovane has had the finest training; for the two Cennini have set him to work at their Greek sheets already, and they are not men to begin cutting before they have felt the edge of their tools, mi pare; they tested him well beforehand, we may be sure, and if there are two things not to be hidden—love and a cough—I say there is a third, and that is ignorance, when once a man is obliged to do something besides wagging his head. The tonsor inequalis is inevitably betrayed when he takes the shears in his hand; is it not true, Messer Bardo? I speak after the fashion of a barber, but, as Luigi Pulci says—

"'Perdonimi s'io fallo: chi m'ascolta Intenda il mio volgar col suo latino.'"

"Nay, my good Nello," said Bardo, with an air of friendly severity, "you are not altogether illiterate, and might doubtless have made a more respectable progress in learning if you had abstained somewhat from the cicalata and gossip of the street-corner, to which our Florentines are excessively addicted; but still more if you had not clogged your memory with those frivolous productions of which Luigi Pulci has furnished the most peccant exemplar-a compendium of extravagances and incongruities the farthest removed from the models of a pure age, and resembling rather the grylli, or conceits of a period when mystic meaning was held a warrant for monstrosity of form; with this difference, that while the monstrosity is retained, the mystic meaning is absent; in contemptible contrast with the great poem of Virgil, who, as I long held with Filelfo, before Landino had taken upon him to expound the same opinion, embodied the deepest lessons of philosophy in a graceful and wellknit fable. And I can not but regard the multiplication of these babbling, lawless productions, albeit countenanced by the patronage, and in some degree the example of Lorenzo himself, otherwise a friend to true learning, as a sign that the glorious hopes of this century are to be quenched in gloom; nay, that they have been the delusive prologue to an age worse than that of iron—the age of tinsel and gossamer, in which no thought has substance enough to be moulded into consistent and lasting form."

"Once more, pardon," said Nello, opening his palms outward, and shrugging his shoulders, "I find myself knowing so many things in good Tuscan before I have time to think of the Latin

for them; and Messer Luigi's rhymes are always slipping off the lips of my eustomers:—that is what corrupts me. And, indeed, talking of eustomers, I have left my shop and my reputation too long in the eustody of my slow Sandro, who does not deserve even to be called a tonsor inequalis, but rather to be pronounced simply a bungler in the vulgar tongue. So with your permission, Messer Bardo, I will take my leave—well understood that I am at your service whenever Maso calls upon mc. It seems a thousand years till I dress and perfume the damigella's hair, which deserves to shinc in the heavens as a constellation, though indeed it were a pity for it ever to go so far out of reach."

Three voices made a fugue of friendly farewells to Nello, as he retreated with a bow to Romola and a beek to Tito. The acute barber saw that the pretty youngster, who had erept into his liking by some strong magie, was well launched in Bardo's favorable regard; and satisfied that his introduction had not misearried so

far, he felt the propriety of retiring.

The little burst of wrath, called forth by Nello's unlucky quotation, had diverted Bardo's mind from the feelings which had just before been hemming in further speech, and he now addressed Tito again with his ordinary calmness.

"Ah! young man, you are happy in having been able to unite the advantages of travel with those of study, and you will be welcome among us as a bringer of fresh tidings from a land which has become sadly strange to us, except through the agents of a now restricted commerce and the reports of hasty pilgrims. For those days are in the far distance which I myself witnessed, when men like Aurispa and Guarino went out to Greece as to a store-house, and came back laden with manuscripts which every scholar was eager to borrow-and, be it owned with shame, not always willing to restore; nay, even the days when erudite Greeks flocked to our shores for a refuge seem far off now-farther off than the oncoming of my blindness. But, doubtless, young man, research after the treasures of antiquity was not alien to the purpose of your travels?"

"Assuredly not," said Tito. "On the contrary, my companion—my father—was willing to risk his life in his zeal for the discovery of inscriptions and other traces of ancient civiliza-

tion."

"And I trust there is a record of his researches and their results," said Bardo, eagerly, "since they must be even more precious than those of Ciriaco, which I have diligently availed myself of, though they are not always illuminated by adequate learning."

"There was such a record," said Tito, "but it was lost, like every thing else, in the ship-wreek I suffered below Aneona. The only record left is such as remains in our—in my mem-

ory."

"You must lose no time in committing it to paper, young man," said Bardo, with growing interest. "Doubtless you remember much, if you aided in transcription; for when I was your

age words wrought themselves into my mind as if they had been fixed by the tool of the graver; wherefore I constantly marvel at the capriciousness of my daughter's memory, which grasps certain objects with tenacity, and lets fall all those minutiæ whereon depends accuracy, the very soul of scholarship. But I apprehend no such danger with you, young man, if your will has seconded the advantages of your training."

When Bardo made this reference to his daughter Tito ventured to turn his eyes toward her, and at the accusation against her memory his face broke into its brightest smile, which was reflected as inevitably as sudden sunbeams in Romola's. Conceive the soothing delight of that smile to her! Romola had never dreamed that there was a scholar in the world who would smile at her for a deficiency for which she was constantly made to feel herself a culprit. It was like the dawn of a new sense to her—the sense of comradeship. They did not look away from each other immediately, as if the smile had been a stolen one; they looked and smiled with frank enjoyment.

"She is not really so cold and proud," thought

Tito.

"Does he forget, too, I wonder?" thought Romola. "But I hope not, else he will vex my father."

But Tito was obliged to turn away and answer Bardo's question.

"I have had much practice in transcription," he said, "but in the ease of inscriptions copied in memorable scenes, rendered doubly impressive by the sense of risk and adventure, it may have happened that my retention of written characters has been weakened. On the plain of the Eurotas, or among the gigantie stones of Mycenæ and Tyrins-especially when the fear of the Turk hovers over one like a vulture—the mind wanders, even though the hand writes faithfully what the eye dictates. But something doubtless I have retained," added Tito, with a modesty which was not false, though he was conscious that it was politic, "something that might be of service if illustrated and corrected by a wider learning than my own."

"That is well spoken, young man," said Bardo, delighted. "And I will not withhold from you such aid as I can give, if you like to communicate with me concerning your recollections. I foresee a work which will be a useful supplement to the Isolario of Cristoforo Buondelmonte, and which may take rank with the Itineraria of Ciriaeo and the admirable Ambrogio Traversari. But we must prepare ourselves for calumny, young man," Bardo went on with energy, as if the work were already growing so fast that the time of trial was near; "if your book contains novelties you will be charged with forgery; if my elucidations should elash with any principles of interpretation adopted by another scholar our personal characters will be attacked, we shall be impeached with foul actions; you must prepare yourself to be told that your mother was a fish-woman, and that your

father was a renegade priest or a hanged malefactor. I myself, for having shown error in a single preposition, had an invective written against me wherein I was taxed with treachery, fraud, indecency, and even hideous crimes. Such, my young friend, such are the flowers with which the glorious path of scholarship is strewed! But tell me, then: I have learned much concerning Byzantium and Thessalonica long ago from Demetrio Calcondila, who has but lately departed from Florence; but you, it seems, have visited less familiar scenes?"

"Yes; we made what I may call a pilgrimage full of danger, for the sake of visiting places which have almost died out of the memory of the West, for they lie away from the track of pilgrims; and my father used to say that scholars themselves hardly imagine them to have any existence out of books. He was of opinion that a new and more glorious era would open for learning when men should begin to look for their commentaries on the ancient writers in the remains of cities and temples-nay, in the paths of the rivers, and on the face of the valleys and mountains."

"Ah!" said Bardo, fervidly, "your father, Was he fortuthen, was not a common man. nate, may I ask? Had he many friends?" These last words were uttered in a tone charged with meaning.

"No; he made enemies—chiefly, I believe, by a certain impetuous candor; and they hindered his advancement, so that he lived in obscurity. And he would never stoop to conciliate: he could never forget an injury.

"Ah!" said Bardo again, with a long, deep intonation.

"Among our hazardous expeditions," continued Tito, willing to prevent further questions on a point so personal, "I remember with particular vividness a visit we snatched to Athens. Our haste, and the double danger of being seized as prisoners by the Turks, and of our galley raising anchor before we could return, made it seem like a fevered vision of the night—the wide plain, the girdling mountains, the ruined porticoes and columns, either standing far aloof, as if receding from our hurried footsteps, or else jammed in confusedly among the dwellings of Christians degraded into servitude, or among the forts and turrets of their Moslem conquerors, who have their strong-hold on the Acropolis."

"You fill me with surprise," said Bardo. "Athens, then, is not utterly destroyed and swept away, as I had imagined?"

"No wonder you should be under that mistake, for few even of the Greeks themselves, who live beyond the mountain boundary of Attica, know any thing about the present condition of Athens, or Setine, as the sailors call it. I remember, as we were rounding the promontory of Sunium, the Greek pilot we had on board our Venetian galley pointed to the mighty columns that stand on the summit of the rock—the remains, as you know well, of the great temple could unravel. High over every fastness, from

erected to the goddess Athena, who looked down from that high shrine with triumph at her conquered rival Poseidon; well, our Greek pilot, pointing to those columns, said, 'That was the school of the great philosopher Aristotle.' And at Athens itself, the monk who acted as our guide in the hasty view we snatched, insisted most on showing us the spot where St. Philip baptized the Ethiopian eunuch, or some such legend."

"Talk not of monks and their legends, young man!" said Bardo, interrupting Tito impetuously. "It is enough to overlay human hope and enterprise with an eternal frost to think that the ground which was trodden by philosophers and poets is crawled over by those insect-swarms of besotted fanatics or howling hypocrites."

"Perdio, I have no affection for them," said Tito, with a shrug; "servitude agrees well with a religion like theirs, which lies in the renunciation of all that makes life precious to other men. And they carry the yoke that befits them: their matin chant is drowned by the voice of the muezzin, who, from the gallery of the high tower on the Acropolis, calls every Mussulman to his prayers. That tower springs from the Parthenon itself; and every time we paused and directed our eyes toward it, our guide set up a wail, that a temple which had once been won from the diabolical uses of the Pagans to become the temple of another virgin than Pallas-the Virgin-Mother of God-was now again perverted to the accursed ends of the Moslem. It was the sight of those walls of the Acropolis, which disclosed themselves in the distance as we leaned over the side of our galley when it was forced by contrary winds to anchor in the Piræus, that fired my father's mind with the determination to see Athens at all risks, and in spite of the sailors' warnings that if we lingered till a change of wind they would depart without us; but after all, it was impossible for us to venture near the Acropolis, for the sight of men eager in examining 'old stones' raised the suspicion that we were Venetian spies, and we had to hurry back to the harbor."

"We will talk more of these things," said Bardo, eagerly. "You must recall every thing, to the minutest trace left in your memory. You will win the gratitude of after-times by leaving a record of the aspect Greece bore while yet the barbarians had not swept away every trace of the structures that Pausanias and Pliny described: you will take those great writers as your models; and such contribution of criticism and suggestion as my riper mind can supply shall not be wanting to you. There will be much to tell: for you have traveled, you said, in the Peloponnesus?"

"Yes; and in Bœotia also: I have rested in the groves of Helicon, and tasted of the fountain Hippocrene. But on every memorable spot in Greece conquest after conquest has set its seal, till there is a confusion of ownership even in ruins, that only close study and comparison

the plains of Lacedæmon to the Straits of Thermopylæ, there towers some huge Frankish fortress, once inhabited by a French or Italian marquis, now either abandoned or held by Turkish bands."

"Stay!" eried Bardo, whose mind was now too thoroughly preoccupied by the idea of the future book to attend to Tito's further narration. "Do you think of writing in Latin or Greek? Doubtless Greek is the more ready clothing for your thoughts, and it is the nobler language. But, on the other hand, Latin is the tongue in which we shall measure ourselves with the larger and more famous number of modern rivals. And if you are less at ease in it, I will aid you—yes, I will spend on you that long-accumulated study which was to have been thrown into the channel of another work—a work in which I myself was to have had a helpmate."

Bardo paused a moment, and then added-

"But who knows whether that work may not be executed yet? For you, too, young man, have been brought up by a father who poured into your mind all the long-gathered stream of his knowledge and experience. Our aid might be mutual."

Romola, who had watched her father's growing excitement, and divined well the invisible currents of feeling that determined every question and remark, felt herself in a glow of strange anxiety: she turned her eyes on Tito continually, to watch the impression her father's words made on him, afraid lest he should be inclined to dispel these visions of co-operation which were lighting up her father's face with a new hope. But no! He looked so bright and gentle: he must feel, as she did, that in this eagerness of blind age there was piteousness enough to call forth inexhaustible patience. How much more strongly he would feel this if he knew about her brother! A girl of eighteen imagines the feelings behind the face that has moved her with its sympathetic youth, as easily as primitive people imagined the humors of the gods in fair weather: what is she to believe in, if not in this vision woven from within?

And Tito was really very far from feeling impatient. He delighted in sitting there with the sense that Romola's attention was fixed on him, and that he could occasionally look at her. He was pleased that Bardo should take an interest in him; and he did not dwell with enough seriousness on the prospect of the work in which he was to be aided, to feel moved by it to any thing else than that easy, good-humored acquiescence which was natural to him.

"I shall be proud and happy," he said, in answer to Bardo's last words, "if my services can be held a meet offering to the matured seholarship of Messere. But doubtless"—here he looked toward Romola—"the lovely damigella, your daughter, makes all other aid superfluous; for I have learned from Nello that she has been nourished on the highest studies from her earliest years."

"You are mistaken," said Romola; "I am

by no means sufficient to my father: I have not the gifts that are necessary for scholarship."

Romola did not make this self-depreciatory statement in a tone of anxious humility, but with a proud gravity.

"Nay, my Romola," said her father, not willing that the stranger should have too low a conception of his daughter's powers; "thou art not destitute of gifts; rather, thou art endowed beyond the measure of women; but thou hast withal the woman's delicate frame, which ever eraves repose and variety, and so begets a wandering imagination. My daughter"—turning to Tito—"has been very precious to me, filling up to the best of her power the place of a son. For I had once a son....."

Bardo checked himself: he did not wish to assume an attitude of complaint in the presence of a stranger, and he remembered that this young man, in whom he had unexpectedly become so much interested, was still a stranger, toward whom it became him rather to keep the position of a patron. His pride was roused to double activity by the fear that he had forgotten his dignity.

"But," he resumed, in his original tone of condescension, "we are departing from what I believe is to you the most important business. Nello informed me that you had certain gems which you would fain dispose of, and that you desired a passport to some man of wealth and taste who would be likely to become a purchaser."

"It is true; for, though I have obtained employment as a corrector with the Cennini, my payment leaves little margin beyond the provision of necessaries, and would leave less but that my good friend Nello insists on my hiring a lodging from him, and saying nothing about the rent till better days."

"Nello is a good-hearted prodigal," said Bardo; "and though, with that ready ear and ready tongue of his, he is too much like the ill-famed Margites—knowing many things and knowing them all badly, as I hinted to him but now—he is nevertheless 'abnormis sapiens,' after the manner of our born Florentines. But have you the gems with you? I would willingly know what they are—yet it is useless: no, it might only deepen regret. I ean not add to my store."

"I have one or two *intagli* of much beauty," said Tito, proceeding to draw from his wallet a small ease.

But Romola no sooner saw the movement than she looked at him with significant gravity, and placed her finger on her lips,

"Con viso che tacendo dicea, Taci."

If Bardo were made aware that the gems were within reach, she knew well he would want a minute description of them, and it would become pain to him that they should go away from him, even if he did not insist on some device for purchasing them in spite of poverty. But she had no sooner made this sign than she felt rather guilty and ashamed at having virtually confessed a weakness of her father's to a stran-

It seemed that she was destined to a sudden confidence and familiarity with this young Greek, strangely at variance with her deeplyseated pride and reserve; and this consciousness again brought the unwonted color to her cheeks.

Tito understood her look and sign, and immediately withdrew his hand from the case, saying, in a careless tone, so as to make it appear that he was merely following up his last words, "But they are usually in the keeping of Messer Domenico Cennini, who has strong and safe places for these things. He estimates them as worth at least five hundred ducats."

"Ah, then, they are fine intagli," said Bardo. "Five hundred ducats! Ah, more than a man's ransom!"

Tito gave a slight, almost imperceptible start, and opened his long dark eyes with questioning surprise at Bardo's blind face, as if his wordsa mere phrase of common parlance, at a time when men were often being ransomed from slavery or imprisonment—had had some special meaning for him. But the next moment he looked toward Romola, as if her eyes must be her father's interpreters. She, intensely preoccupied with what related to her father, imagined that Tito was looking to her again for some guidance, and immediately spoke.

"Alessandra Scala delights in gems, you know, father; she calls them her winter flowers; and the Segretario would be almost sure to buy some of Messere's gems if she wished it. Besides, he himself sets great store by rings and sigils, which he wears as a defense against pains

in the joints."

"It is true," said Bardo. "Bartolommeo has overmuch confidence in the efficacy of gems -a confidence wider than is sanctioned by Pliny, who clearly shows that he regards many beliefs of that sort as idle superstitions; though not to the utter denial of medicinal virtues in gems. Whereforc, I myself, as you observe, young man, wear certain rings, which the discreet Camillo Leonardi prescribed to me by letter when two years ago I had a certain infirmity of sudden numbness. But thou hast spoken well, Romola. I will dictate a letter to Bartolommco, which Maso shall carry. But it were well that Messere should notify to thee what the gems are, together with the intagli they bear, as a warrant to Bartolommeo that they will be worthy of his attention."

"Nay, father," said Romola, whose dread lest a paroxysm of the collector's mania should seize her father, gave her the conrage to resist his proposal. "Your word will be sufficient that Messere is a scholar and has traveled much. The Segretario will need no further inducement

to receive him."

"True, child," said Bardo, touched on a chord that was sure to respond. "I have no need to add proofs and arguments in confirmation of my word to Bartolommeo. And I doubt not that this young man's presence is in accord with the tones of his voice, so that, the door | der, and Romola sitting near with eyes dilated

being once opened, he will be his own best advocate."

Bardo paused a few moments, but his silence was evidently charged with some idea that he was hesitating to express, for he once leaned forward a little as if he were going to speak, then turned his head aside toward Romola and sank backward again. At last, as if he had made up his mind, he said in a tone which might have become a prince giving the courteous signal of dismissal:

"I am somewhat fatigued this morning, and shall prefer seeing you again to-morrow, when I shall be able to give you the secretary's answer, authorizing you to present yourself to him at some given time. But before you go"-here the old man, in spite of himself, fell into a more faltering tone-"'you will perhaps permit me to touch your hand? It is long since I touched the hand of a young man."

Bardo had stretched out his aged white hand, and Tito immediately placed his dark but delicate and supple fingers within it. Bardo's cramped fingers closed over them, and he held them for a few minutes in silence. Then he

said:

"Romola, has this young man the same complexion as thy brother—fair and pale?"

"No, father," Romola answered, with dctermined composure, though her heart began to beat violently with mingled emotions. "The hair of Messere is dark—his complexion is dark." Inwardly she said, "Will he mind it? will it be disagreeable? No, he looks so gentle and goodnatured." Then aloud again:

"Would Messere permit my father to touch

his hair and face?"

Her eyes inevitably made a timid entreating appeal while she asked this, and Tito's met them with soft brightness as he said, "Assuredly;" and, leaning forward, raised Bardo's hand to his curls, with a readiness of assent which was the greater relief to her because it was unaccompanied by any sign of embarrassment.

Bardo passed his hand again and again over the long curls and grasped them a little, as if their spiral resistance made his inward vision clearer; then he passed his hand over the brow and cheek, tracing the profile with the edge of his palm and fourth finger, and letting the breadth of his hand repose on the rich oval of the cheek.

"Ah!" he said, as his hand glided from the face and rested on the young man's shoulder. "He must be very unlike thy brother, Romola: and it is the better. my young friend?" You see no visions, I trust,

At this moment the door opened, and there entered, unannounced, a tall elderly man in a handsome black silk lucco, who, unwinding his becchetto from his neck and taking off his cap, disclosed a head as white as Bardo's. He east a keen glance of surprise at the group before him—the young stranger leaning in that filial attitude, while Bardo's hand rested on his shoul-

by anxiety and agitation. But there was an instantaneous change: Bardo let fall his hand, Tito raised himself from his stooping posture, and Romola rose to meet the visitor with an alacrity which implied all the greater intimacy, because it was unaccompanied by any smile.

"Ebbene, figlioccina," said the stately man, as he touched Romola's shoulder; "Maso said you had a visitor, but I came in nevertheless."

"It is thou, Bernardo," said Bardo. "Thou art come at a fortunate moment. This, young man," he continued, while Tito rose and bowed, "is one of the chief citizens of Florence, Messer Bernardo del Nero, my oldest, I had almost said my only friend—whose good opinion, if you can win it, may carry you far. He is but three-and-twenty, Bernardo, yet he can doubtless tell thee much which thou wilt care to hear; for though a scholar, he has already traveled far, and looked on other things besides the manuscripts for which thou hast too light an esteem."

"Ah, a Greek, as I augur," said Bernardo, returning Tito's reverence but slightly, and surveying him with that sort of glance which seems almost to cut like fine steel. "Newly arrived in Florence, it appears. The name of Messere—or part of it, for it is doubtless a long one?"

"On the contrary," said Tito, with perfect good-humor, "it is most modestly free from polysyllabic pomp. My name is Tito Melcma."

"Davvero? (Indeed?)" said Bernardo, rather scornfully, as he took a seat, "I had expected it to be at least as long as the names of a city, a river, a province, and an empire all put together. We Florentines mostly use names as we do prawns, and strip them of all flourishes before we trust them to our throats."

"Well, Bardo," he continued, as if the stranger were not worth further notice, and changing his tone of sarcastic suspicion for one of sadness,

"we have buried him!"

"Ah!" replied Bardo, with corresponding sadness, "and a new epoch has come for Florence—a dark one, I fear. Lorenzo has left behind him an inheritance that is but like the alchemist's laboratory when the wisdom of the alchemist is gone."

"Not altogether so," said Bernardo. "Piero de' Medici has abundant intelligence; his faults are only the faults of hot blood. I love the lad—lad he will always be to me, as I have always been padricciuolo (little father) to him."

"Yet all who want a new order of things are likely to conceive new hopes," said Bardo. "We shall have the old strife of parties, I fcar."

"If we could have a new order of things that was something else than knocking down one coat of arms to put up another," said Bernardo, "I should be ready to say, 'I belong to no party: I am a Florentine.' But as long as parties are in question I am a Medicean, and will be a Medicean till I die. I am of the same mind as Farinata degli Uberti: if any man asks me what is meant by siding with a party, I say, as he did, 'To wish ill or well, for the sake of past wrongs or kindnesses.'"

During this short dialogue Tito had been standing, and now took his leave.

"But come again at the same hour to-morrow," said Bardo, graciously, before Tito left the room, "that I may give you Bartolommeo's answer."

"From what quarter of the sky has this pretty Greek youngster alighted so close to thy chair, Bardo?" said Bernardo del Nero, as the door closed. He spoke with dry emphasis, evidently intended to convey something more to Bardo than was implied by the mere words.

"He is a scholar who has been shipwrecked and has saved a few gems, for which he wants to find a purchaser. I am going to send him to Bartolommeo Scala, for thou knowest it were more prudent in me to abstain from further purchases."

Bernardo shrugged his shoulders and said, "Romola, wilt thou see if my servant is without? I ordered him to wait for me here." Then, when Romola was at a sufficient distance, he leaned forward and said to Bardo, in a low, emphatic tone:

"Remember, Bardo, thou hast a rare gem of thy own; take care no man gets it who is not likely to pay a worthy price. That pretty Greek has a lithe sleekness about him that seems marvelously fitted for slipping easily into any nest he fixes his mind on."

Bardo was startled: the association of Tito with the image of his lost son had excluded instead of suggesting the thought of Romola. But almost immediately there seemed to be a reaction, which made him grasp the warning as if it had been a hope.

"But why not, Bernardo? If the young man approved himself worthy—he is a scholar—and—and there would be no difficulty about the dowry, which always makes thee gloomy."

### CHAPTER VII.

### A LEARNED SQUABBLE.

Bartolommeo Scala, secretary of the Florentine Republic, on whom Tito Mclema had been thus led to anchor his hopes, lived in a handsome palace close to the Porta a Pinti, now known as the Casa Gherardesca. His armsan azure ladder transverse on a golden field, with the motto Gradatim placed over the entrance—told all comers that the miller's son held his ascent to honors by his own efforts a fact to be proclaimed without wincing. The secretary was a vain and pompous man, but he was also an honest one: he was sincerely convinced of his own mcrit, and could see no reason for feigning. The topmost round of his azure ladder had been reached by this time: he had held his secretaryship these twenty years had long since made his orations on the ringhiera, or platform, of the Old Palace, as the custom was, in the presence of princely visitors, while Marzocco, the republican lion, wore his gold crown on the occasion, and all the people cried, "Viva Messer Bartolommeo!"-had been on an embassy to Rome, and had there been made titular Senator, Apostolical Secretary, Knight of the Golden Spur; and had, eight vears ago, been Gonfaloniere-last goal of the Florentine citizen's ambition. Meantime he had got richer and richer, and more and more gouty, after the manner of successful mortality; and the Knight of the Golden Spur had often to sit with helpless cushioned heel under the handsome loggia he had built for himself, overlooking the spacious gardens and lawn at the back of his palace.

He was in this position on the day when he had granted the desired interview to Tito Mele-The May afternoon sun was on the flowers and the grass beyond the pleasant shade of the loggia; the too stately silk lucco was cast aside, and a light, loose mantle was thrown over his tunic; his beautiful daughter Alessandra and her husband, the Greek soldier-poet Marullo, were seated on one side of him: on the other, two friends, not oppressively illustrious, and, therefore, the better listeners. Yet, to say nothing of the gout, Messer Bartolommeo's felicity was far from perfect: it was embittered by the contents of certain papers that lay before him, consisting chiefly of a correspondence between himself and Politian. It was a human foible at that period (incredible as it may seem) to recite quarrels, and favor scholarly visitors with the communication of an entire and lengthy correspondence: and this was neither the first nor the second time that Scala had asked the candid opinion of his friends as to the balance of right and wrong in some half score Latin letters between himself and Politian, all springing out of certain epigrams written in the most playful tone in the world. It was the story of a very typical and pretty quarrel, in which we are interested, because it supplied precisely that thistle of hatred necessary, according to Nello, as a stimulus to the sluggish paces of the cautious steed, Friendship.

Politian, having been a rejected pretender to the love and the hand of Scala's daughter, kept a very sharp and learned tooth in readiness against the too prosperous and presumptuous secretary, who had declined the greatest scholar of the age for a son-in-law. Scala was a meritorious public servant, and, moreover, a lucky man-naturally exasperating to an offended scholar; but then-O beautiful balance of things !-he had an itch for authorship, and was a bad writer-one of those excellent people who, sitting in gouty slippers, "penned poetical trifles" entirely for their own amusement, without any view to an audience, and, consequently, sent them to their friends in letters, which were the literary periodicals of the fifteenth century. Now Scala had abundance of friends who were ready to praise his writings: friends like Ficino and Landinoamiable browsers in the Medicean park along with himself—who found his Latin prose style

Scaliger, who was to pronounce him totally ignorant of Latinity, was at a comfortable distance in the next century. But when was the fatal coquetry inherent in superfluous authorship ever quite contented with the ready praise of friends? That critical, supercilious Politian - a fellowbrowser, who was far from amiable-must be made aware that the solid secretary showed, in his leisure hours, a pleasant fertility in verses, that indicated pretty clearly how much he might do in that way if he were not a man of affairs.

Ineffable moment! when the man you secretly hate sends you a Latin epigram with a false gender-hendecasyllables with a questionable elision, at least a toe too much-attempts at poetic figures which are manifest solecisms. That moment had come to Politian: the secretary had put forth his soft head from the official shell, and the terrible lurking crab was down upon him. Politian had used the freedom of a friend, and pleasantly, in the form of a Latin epigram, corrected the mistake of Scala in making the culex (an insect well known at the revival of learning) of the inferior or feminine gender. replied by a bad joke, in suitable Latin verses, referring to Politian's unsuccessful suit. Better and better. Politian found the verses very pretty and highly facetious: the more was the pity that they were seriously incorrect, and inasmuch as Scala had alleged that he had written them in imitation of a certain Greek epigram, Politian, being on such friendly terms, would inclose a Greek epigram of his own, on the same interesting insect—not, we may presume, out of any wish to humble Scala, but rather to instruct him; said epigram containing a lively conceit about Venus, Cupid, and the culex, of a kind much tasted at that period, but unhappily founded partly on the zoological mistake that the flea, like the gnat, was born from the waters. Scala, in reply, begged to say that his verses were never intended for a scholar with such delicate olfactories as Politian, nearest of all living men to the perfection of the ancients, and of a taste so fastidious that sturgeon itself must seem insipid to him; defended his own verses, nevertheless, though indeed they were written hastily, without correction, and intended as an agreeable distraction during the summer heat to himself and such friends as were satisfied with mediocrity, he, Scala, not being like some other people, who courted publicity through the booksellers. the rest, he had barely enough Greek to make out the sense of the epigram so graciously sent him, to say nothing of tasting its elegances; but the epigram was Politian's: what more need be said? Still, by way of postscript, he feared that his incomparable friend's comparison of the flea to Venus, on account of its origin from the waters, was in many ways ticklish. Venus might be offended, and that cold and damp origin seemed doubtful in the case of a creature so fond of warmth: a fish were perhaps the better comparison, or, when the power of flying was in question, an eagle, or, indeed, when the darkelegant and masculine; and the terrible Joseph ness was taken into consideration, a bat or an

owl were a less obseure and more apposite parallel, etc., etc. Here was a great opportunity for Politian. He was not aware, he wrote, that when he had Scala's verses placed before him, there was any question of sturgeon, but rather of frogs and gudgeons: made short work with Seala's defense of his own Latin, and mangled him terribly on the seore of the stupid criticisms he had ventured on the Greek epigram kindly forwarded to him as a model. Wretehed cavils, indeed! for as to the damp origin of the flea, there was the authority of Virgil himself, who had called it the "alumnus of the waters;" and as to what his dear dull friend had to say about the fish, the eagle, and the rest, it was "nihil ad rem;" for, because the eagle could fly, it by no means followed that the flea eould not fly, etc., He was ashamed, however, to dwell on such trivialities, and thus to swell a flea into an elephant; but, for his own part, would only add that he had nothing deceitful and double about him, neither was he to be caught when present by the false blandishments of those who slandered him in his absence, agreeing rather with a Homeric sentiment on that head-which furnished a Greek quotation to serve as powder to his bullet.

The quarrel could not end there. The logic eould hardly get worse, but the secretary got more pompously self-asserting, and the seholarly poet's temper more and more venomous. tian had been generously willing to hold up a mirror, by which the too-inflated secretary, beholding his own likeness, might be induced to eease setting up his ignorant defenses of bad Latin against ancient authorities whom the eonsent of eenturies had placed beyond questionunless, indeed, he had designed to sink in literature in proportion as he rose in honors, that by a sort of compensation men of letters might feel themselves his equals. In return, Politian was begged to examine Seala's writings: nowhere would he find a more devout admiration of antiquity. The secretary was ashamed of the age in which he lived, and blushed for it. indeed, there were who wanted to have their own works praised and exalted to a level with the divine monuments of antiquity; but he, Scala, eould not oblige them. And as to the honors which were offensive to the envious, they had been well earned: witness his whole life since he came in penury to Florence. The elegant scholar, in reply, was not surprised that Scala found the Age distasteful to him, since he himself was so distasteful to the Age; nay, it was with perfect accuracy that he, the elegant scholar, had called Scala a branny monster, inasmuch as he was formed from the offseourings of monsters, born amidst the refuse of a mill, and eminently worthy the long-eared office of turning the paternal millstones (in pistrini sordibus natus et quidem pistrino dignissimus)!

It was not without reference to Tito's appointed visit that the papers containing this correspondence were brought out to-day. Here was a

to be tested; and on nothing did Scala more desire a dispassionate opinion from persons of superior knowledge than that Greek epigram of Politian's. After sufficient introductory talk concerning Tito's travels, after a survey and discussion of the gems, and an easy passage from the mention of the lamented Lorenzo's eagerness in collecting such specimens of aneient art to the subject of classical tastes and studies in general, and their present condition in Florence, it was inevitable to mention Politian, a man of eminent ability, indeed, but a little too arrogant-assuming to be a Hereules, whose office it was to destroy all the literary monstrosities of the age, and writing letters to his elders without signing them, as if they were miraculous revelations that could only have one source. And after all, were not his own criticisms often questionable and his tastes perverse? He was fond of saying pungent things about the men who thought they wrote like Cieero because they ended every sentence with "esse videtur:" but while he was boasting of his freedom from servile imitation, did he not fall into the other extreme, running after strange words and affected phrases? Even in his much-belauded Miscellanea, was every point tenable? And Tito, who had just been looking into the Miscellanea, found so much to say that was agreeable to the secretary—he would have done so from the mere disposition to please, without further motivethat he showed himself quite worthy to be made a judge in the notable correspondence concerning the culex. Here was the Greek epigram which Politian had doubtless thought the finest in the world, though he had pretended to believe that the "transmarini," the Greeks themselves, would make light of it: had he not been unintentionally speaking the truth in his false modesty?

Tito was ready, and scarified the epigram to Seala's content. O wise young judge! He could doubtless appreciate satire even in the vulgar tongue, and Seala - who, excellent man, not seeking publicity through the booksellers, was never unprovided with "hasty uncorrected trifles," as a sort of sherbet for a visitor on a hot day, or, if the weather were eold, why then as a eordial—had a few little matters in the shape of Sonnets, turning on well-known foibles of Politian's, which he would not like to go any farther, but which would, perhaps, amuse the company.

Enough: Tito took his leave under an urgent invitation to eome again. His gems were interesting; especially the agate, with the lusus naturæ in it-a most wonderful semblanee of Cupid riding on the lion; and the "Jew's stone," with the lion-headed serpent enchased in it; both of which the secretary agreed to buy-the latter as a reinforcement of his preventives against the gout, which gave him such severe twinges that it was plain enough how intolerable it would be if he were not well supplied with rings of rare virtue, and with an amulet worn close under the new Greek scholar whose accomplishments were right breast. But Tito was assured that he him-

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self was more interesting than his gems. He had won his way to the Scala Palace by the recommendation of Bardo de' Bardi, who, to be sure, was Scala's old acquaintance and a worthy scholar, in spite of his overvaluing himself a little (a frequent foible in the secretary's friends); but he must come again on the ground of his own manifest accomplishments.

The interview could hardly have ended more auspiciously for Tito, and as he walked out at the Porta a Pinti that he might laugh a little at his ease at the affair of the *culex*, he felt that Fortune could hardly mean to turn her back on him again at present, since she had taken him by the hand in this decided way.

### CHAPTER VIII.

### A FACE IN THE CROWD.

It is easy to northern people to rise early on Mid-summer morning to see the dew on the grassy edge of the dusty pathway, to notice the fresh shoots among the darker green of the oak and fir in the coppice, and to look over the gate at the shorn meadow, without recollecting that it is the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist.

Not so to the Florentine—still less to the Florentine of the fifteenth century: to him on that particular morning the brightness of the eastern sun on the Arno had something special in it; the ringing of the bells was articulate, and declared it to be the great summer festival of Florence, the day of San Giovanni.

San Giovanni had been the patron saint of Florence for at least eight hundred years—ever since the time when the Lombard Queen Theodolinda had commanded her subjects to do him peculiar honor; nay, says old Villani, to the best of his knowledge, ever since the days of Constantine the Great and Pope Sylvester, when the Florentines deposed their idol Mars, whom they were nevertheless careful not to treat with contumely; for while they consecrated their beautiful and noble temple to the honor of God and of the "Beato Messere Santo Giovanni," they placed old Mars respectfully on a high tower near the River Arno, finding in certain ancient memorials that he had been elected as their tutelar deity under such astral influences that if he were broken, or otherwise treated with indignity, the city would suffer great damage and mutation. But in the fifteenth century that discreet regard to the feelings of the Man-destroyer had long vanished: the god of the spear and shield had ceased to frown by the side of the Arno, and the defenses of the Republic were held to lie in its craft and its coffers. For spear and shield could be hired by gold florins, and on the gold florins there had always been the image of San Giovanni.

Much good had come to Florence since the dim time of struggle between the old patron and the new: some quarreling and bloodshed, doubtless, between Guelf and Ghibelline, between tribunes. The Tuscan mind slipped from the

Black and White, between orthodox sons of the Church and heretic Paterini; some floods, famine, and pestilence; but still much wealth and glory. Florence had achieved conquests over walled cities once mightier than itself, and especially over hated Pisa, whose marble buildings were too high and beautiful, whose masts were too much honored on Greek and Italian The name of Florence had been growing prouder and prouder in all the courts of Europe, nay, in Africa itself, on the strength of purest gold coinage, finest dyes and textures, pre-eminent scholarship and poetic genius, and wits of the most serviceable sort for statesmanship and banking: it was a name so omnipresent that a Pope with a turn for epigram had called Florentines "the fifth element." And for this high destiny, though it might partly depend on the stars and Madonna dell' Impruneta, and certainly depended on other higher Powers less often named, the praise was greatly due to San Giovanni, whose image was on the fair gold florins.

Therefore it was fitting that the day of San Giovanni—that ancient Church festival already venerable in the days of St. Augustine-should be a day of peculiar rejoicing to Florence, and should be ushered in by a vigil duly kept in strict old Florentine fashion, with much dancing, with much street jesting, and perhaps with not a little stone-throwing and window-breaking, but emphatically with certain street sights such as could only be provided by a city which held in its service a clever Cecca, engineer and architect, valuable alike in sieges and shows. By the help of Cecca, the very Saints, surrounded with their almond-shaped glory, and floating on clouds with their joyous companionship of winged cherubs, even as they may be seen to this day in the pictures of Perugino, seemed, on the eve of San Giovanni, to have brought their piece of the heavens down into the narrow streets, and to pass slowly through them; and, more wonderful still, saints of gigantic size, with attendant angels, might be seen, not seated, but moving in a slow, mysterious manner along the streets, like a procession of colossal figures come down from the high domes and tribunes of the churches. The clouds were made of good woven stuff, the saints and cherubs were unglorified mortals, supported by firm bars, and those mysterious giants were really men of very steady brain, balancing themselves on stilts, and enlarged, like Greek tragedians, by huge masks and stuffed shoulders; but he was a miserably unimaginative Florentine who thought only of that-nay, somewhat impious, for in the images of sacred things was there not some of the virtue of sacred things themselves? And if, after that, there came a company of merry black demons, well-armed with claws and thongs, and other implements of sport, ready to perform impromptu farces of bastinadoing and clothes-tearing, why, that was the demons' way of keeping a vigil, and they, too, might have descended from the domes and the

devout to the burlesque as readily as water round an angle; and the saints had already had their turn, had gone their way, and made their due pause before the gates of San Giovanni, to do him honor on the eve of his festa. And on the morrow, the great day thus ushered in, it was fitting that the tributary symbols paid to Florence by all its dependent cities, districts, and villages, whether conquered, protected, or of immemorial possession, should be offered at the shrine of San Giovanni in the old octagonal church, once the cathedral, and now the baptistery, where every Florentine had had the sign of the Cross made with the anointing chrism on his brow: that all the city, from the white-haired man to the stripling, and from the matron to the lisping child, should be clothed in its best to do honor to the great day, and see the great sight; and that again, when the sun was sloping and the streets were cool, there should be the glorious race or Corso, when the unsaddled horses, clothed in rich trappings, should run right across the city, from the Porta al Prato on the northwest, through the Mercato Vecchio, to the Porta Santa Croce on the southcast, where the richest of Palii, or velvet and brocade banners with silk linings and fringe of gold, such as became a city that half clothed the well-dressed world, were mounted on a triumphal car awaiting the winner or winner's owner.

And thereafter followed more dancing; nay, through the whole day, says an old chronicler at the beginning of that century, there were weddings and the grandest gatherings, with so much piping, music, and song, with balls, and feasts, and gladness, and ornament, that this earth might have been mistaken for Paradise!

In this year of 1492 it was, perhaps, a little less easy to make that mistake. Lorenzo the magnificent and subtle was dead, and an arrogant, incautious Piero was come in his room; an evil change for Florence, unless, indeed, the wise horse prefers the bad rider, as more easily thrown from the saddle; and already the regrets for Lorenzo were getting less predominant over the murmured desire for government on a broader basis, in which corruption might be arrested, and there might be that free play for every body's jealousy and ambition which made the ideal liberty of the good old quarrelsome, struggling times, when Florence raised her great buildings, reared her own soldiers, drove out would-bc tyrants at the sword's point, and was proud to keep faith at her own loss. Lorenzo was dead, Pope Innocent was dying, and a troublesome Neapolitan succession, with an intriguing, ambitious Milan, might set Italy by the ears before long: the times were likely to be difficult. Still there was all the more reason that the Republic should keep its religious festivals.

And Mid-summer morning, in this year 1492, was not less bright than usual. It was betimes in the morning that the symbolic offerings to be carried in grand procession were all assembled at their starting-point in the Piazza della Signoria—that famous Piazza, where stood then,

and stand now, the massive turreted Palace of the People, called the Palazzo Vccchio, and the spacious Loggia, built by Orcagna—the scene of all grand State ceremonial. The sky made the fairest blue tent, and under it the bells swung so vigorously that every evil spirit with sense enough to be formidable must long since have taken his flight; windows and terraced roofs were alive with human faces; sombre stone houses were bright with hanging draperies; the boldly-soaring palace tower, the yet older square tower of the Bargello, and the spire of the neighboring Badia, seemed to keep watch above; and below, on the broad polygonal flags of the piazza, was the glorious show of banners and horses, with rich trappings and gigantic ceri, or tapers, that were fitly called towers-strangely aggrandized descendants of those torches by whose faint light the Church worshiped in the catacombs. Betimes in the morning all processions had need to move under the Mid-summer sky of Florence, where the shelter of the narrow strects must every now and then be exchanged for the glare of wide spaces; and the sun would be high up in the heavens before the long pomp had ended its pilgrimage in the Piazza di San

But here, where the procession was to pause, the magnificent city, with its ingenious Cccca, had provided another tent than the sky; for the whole of the Piazza del Duomo, from the octagonal baptistery in the centre to the façade of the cathedral and the walls of the houses on the other sides of the quadrangle, was covered, at the height of forty feet or more, with blue drapery, adorned with well-stitched yellow lilies and the familiar coats of arms, while sheaves of manycolored banners drooped at fit angles under this superincumbent blue—a gorgeous rainbow-lit shelter to the waiting spectators who leaned from the windows, and made a narrow border on the pavement, and wished for the coming of the show.

One of those spectators was Tito Melema. Bright, in the midst of brightness, he sat at the window of the room above Nello's shop, his right elbow resting on the red drapery hanging from the window-sill, and his head supported in a backward position by the right hand, which pressed the curls against his ear. His face wore. that bland liveliness, as far removed from excitability as from heaviness or gloom, which marks the companion popular alike among mcn and women-the companion who is never obtrusive or noisy from uneasy vanity or excessive animal spirits, and whose brow is never contracted by resentment or indignation. He showed no other change from the two months and more that had passed since his first appearance in the weather-stained tunic and hose, than that added radiance of good fortune, which is like the just perceptible perfecting of a flower after it has drunk in a morning's sunbeams. Close behind him, ensconced in the narrow angle betwccn his chair and the window-frame, stood the slim figure of Nello in holiday suit, and at his



A RECOGNITION.

left the younger Cennini—Pietro, the erudite corrector of proof-sheets, not Domenico the practical. Tito was looking alternately down on the scene below, and upward at the varied knot of gazers and talkers immediately around him, some of whom had come in after witnessing the commencement of the procession in the Piazza della Signoria. Piero di Cosimo was raising a laugh among them by his grimaces and anathemas at the noise of the bells, against which no kind of ear-stuffing was a sufficient barricade.

since the more he stuffed his ears the more he felt the vibration of his skull, and declaring that he would bury himself in the most solitary spot of the Valdarno on a *festa*, if he were not condemned, as a painter, to lie in wait for the secrets of color that were sometimes to be caught from the floating of banners and the chance grouping of the multitude.

laugh among them by his grimaces and anathemas at the noise of the bells, against which no kind of ear-stuffing was a sufficient barricade,

border of spectators, when at the angle of the marble steps in front of the Duomo, nearly opposite Nello's shop, he saw a man's face upturned toward him, and fixing on him a gaze that seemed to have more meaning in it than the ordinary passing observation of a stranger. It was a face with tonsured head, that rose above the black mantle and white tunic of a Dominican friar-a very common sight in Florence; but the glance had something peculiar in it for Tito. There was a faint suggestion in it, certainly not of an unpleasant kind. Yet what pleasant association had he ever had with monks? None. The glance and the suggestion were hardly longer than a flash of lightning.

"Nello!" said Tito, hastily, but immediately added, in a tone of disappointment, "Ah, he has turned round. It was that tall, thin friar who is going up the steps. I wanted you to tell me

if you knew aught of him?"

"One of the Frati Predicatori," said Nello, earelessly; "you don't expect me to know the private history of the crows."

"I seem to remember something about his face," said Tito. "It is an uncommon face."

"What? you thought it might be our Fra Girolamo? Too tall; and he never shows himself in that chance way."

"Besides, that loud-barking 'hound of the Lord's is not in Florence just now," said Francesco Cei, the popular poet; "he has taken Piero de' Medici's hint, to carry his railing prophecies on a journey tor a while."

"The Frate neither rails nor prophesies against any man," said a middle-aged personage seated at the outer corner of the window; "he only prophesies against vice. If you think that an attack on your poems, Francesco, that is not the Frate's fault."

"Ah, he's gone into the Duomo now," said Tito, who had watched the figure eagerly. "No, I was not under that mistake, Nello. Your Fra Girolamo has a high nose and a large underlip. I saw him once—he is not handsome; but this man....."

"Truce to your descriptions!" said Cennini.
"Hark! see! Here come the horsemen and the banners. That standard," he continued, laying his hand familiarly on Tito's shoulder—"that carried on the horse with white trappings—that with the red eagle holding the green dragon between his talons, and the red lily over the eagle—is the gonfalon of the Guelf party, and those cavaliers close round it are the chief officers of the Guelf party. That is one of our proudest banners, grumble as we may; it means the triumph of the Guelfs, which means the triumph of Florentine will, which means triumph of the popolani."

"Nay, go on, Cennini," said the middle-aged man, seated at the window, "which means tri-

umph of the fat popolani over the lean, which again means triumph of the fattest popolano over those who are less fat."

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"Cronaca, you are becoming sententious," said the printer; "Fra Girolamo's preaching will spoil you, and make you take life by the wrong handle. Trust me, your cornices will lose half their beauty if you begin to mingle bitterness with them; that is the maniera Tedesca which you used to declaim against when you came from Rome. The next palace you build we shall see you trying to put the Frate's doctrine into stone."

"That is a goodly show of cavaliers," said Tito, who had learned by this time the best way to please Florentines; "but are there not strangers among them? I see foreign costumes."

"Assuredly," said Cennini; "you see there the Orators from France, Milan, and Venice, and behind them are English and German nobles; for it is customary that all foreign visitors of distinction pay their tribute to San Giovanni in the train of that gonfalon. For my part, I think our Florentine cavaliers sit their horses as well as any of those cut-and-thrust northerns, whose wits lie in their heels and saddles; and for you Venetian, I fancy he would feel himself more at ease on the back of a dolphin. We ought to know something of horsemanship, for we excel all Italy in the sports of the Giostra, and the money we spend on them. But you will see a finer show of our chief men by-andby, Melema; my brother himself will be among the officers of the Zecca."

"The banners are the better sight," said Piero di Cosimo, forgetting the noise in his delight at the winding stream of color as the tributary standards advanced round the piazza. "The Florentine men are so-so; they make but a sorry show at this distance with their patch of sallow flesh-tint above the black garments; but those banners with their velvet, and satin, and minever, and brocade, and their endless play of delicate light and shadow!—Va! your human talk and doings are a tame jest; the only passionate life is in form and color."

"Ay, Piero, if Satanasso could paint, thou wouldst sell thy soul to learn his secrets," said Nello. "But there is little likelihood of it, seeing the blessed angels themselves are such poor hands at chiaroscuro, if one may judge from their capo-d'opera, the Madonna Nunziata."

"There go the banners of Pisa and Arezzo," said Cennini. "Ay, Messer Pisano, it is no use for you to look sullen; you may as well carry your banner to our San Giovanni with a good grace. 'Pisans false, Florentines blind'—the second half of that proverb will hold no longer. There come the ensigns of our subject towns and signories, Melema; they will all be suspended in San Giovanni until this day next year, when they will give place to new ones."

"They are a fair sight," said Tito; "and San Giovanni will surely be as well satisfied with that produce of Italian looms as Minerva with her peplos, especially as he contents him-

<sup>\*</sup> A play on the name of the Dominicans (Domini Canes) which was accepted by themselves, and which is pictorially represented in a fresco painted for them by Simone Memmi

self with so little drapery. But my eyes are less delighted with those whirling towers, which would soon make me fall from the window in

sympathetic vertigo."

The "towers" of which Tito spoke were a part of the procession esteemed very glorious by the Florentine populace, and having their origin, perhaps, in a confused combination of the towershaped triumphal car which the Romans borrowed from the Etruscans, with a kind of hyperbole for the all-efficacious wax taper, were also called ceri. But inasmuch as all hyperbole is impracticable in a real and literal fashion, these gigantic ceri, some of them so large as to be of necessity carried on wheels, were not solid but hollow, and had their surface made not solely of wax, but of wood and pasteboard, gilded, carved, and painted, as real sacred tapers often are, with successive circles of figures-warriors on horseback, foot-soldiers with lance and shield, dancing maidens, animals, trees, and fruits, and in fine, says the old chronicler, "all things that could delight the eye and the heart;" the hollowness having the further advantage that men could stand inside these hyperbolic tapers and whirl them continually, so as to produce a phantasmagoric effect, which, considering the towers were numerous, must have been calculated to produce dizziness on a truly magnificent scale.

"Pestilenza!" said Piero di Cosimo, moving from the window, "those whirling circles one above the other are worse than the jangling of all the bells. Let me know when the last taper

has passed."

"Nay, you will surely like to be called when the contadini come carrying their torches," said Nello; "you would not miss the men of the Mugello and the Casentino, of whom your favorite Lionardo would make a hundred grotesque sketches."

"No," said Piero, resolutely; "I will see nothing till the car of the Zecca comes. seen clowns enough holding tapers aslant, both with and without cowls, to last me for my life."

"Here it comes, then, Piero—the car of the Zecca," called out Nello, after an interval during which towers and tapers in a descending scale of size had been making their slow transit.

"Fediddio!" exclaimed Francesco Cei, "that is a well-tanned San Giovanni! some sturdy Romagnole beggar-man, I'll warrant. Our Signory plays the host to all the Jewish and Christian scum that every other city shuts its gates against, and lets them fatten on us like Saint Anthony's swine."

To make clear this exclamation of Cei's, it must be understood that the car of the Zecca, or Mint, was originally an immense wooden tower or cero adorned after the same fashion as the other tributary ceri, mounted on a splendid car, and drawn by two mouse-colored oxen, whose mild heads looked out from rich trappings bearing the arms of the Zecca. But the latter half of the century was getting rather ashamed of the towers with their circular or spiral paintings, which had delighted the eyes and the hearts of | equivalent to corporation.

the other half, so that they had become a contemptuous proverb, and any ill-painted figure looking, as will sometimes happen to figures in the best ages of art, as if it had been boned for a pie, was called a fantoccio da cero, a towerpuppet; consequently improved taste, with Cecca to help it, had devised for the magnificent Zecca a triumphal car like a pyramidal catafalque, with ingenious wheels warranted to turn all corners easily. Round the base were living figures of saints and angels arrayed in sculpturesque fashion; and on the summit, at the height of thirty feet, well bound to an iron rod and holding an iron cross also firmly infixed, stood a living representative of St. John the Baptist, with arms and legs bare, a garment of tiger-skins about his body, and a golden nimbus fastened on his head—as the Precursor was wont to appear in the cloisters and churches, not having yet revealed himself to painters as the brown and sturdy boy who made one of the Holy Family. For where could the image of the patron saint be more fitly placed than on the symbol of the Zecca? Was not the royal prerogative of coining money the surest token that a city had won its independence? and by the blessing of San Giovanni this "beautiful sheepfold" of his had shown that token earliest among the Italian cities. Nevertheless, the annual function of representing the patron saint was not among the high prizes of public life; it was paid for with ten lire, a cake weighing fourteen pounds, two bottles of wine, and a handsome supply of light eatables; the money being furnished by the magnificent Zecca, and the payment in kind being by peculiar "privilege" presented in a basket suspended on a pole from an upper window of a private house, whereupon the eidolon of the austere saint at once invigorated himself with a reasonable share of the sweets and wine, threw the remnants to the crowd, and embraced the mighty cake securely with his right arm through the remainder of his passage. This was the attitude in which the mimic San Giovanni presented himself as the tall car jerked and vibrated on its slow way round the piazza to the northern gate of the baptistery.

"There go the Masters of the Zecca, and there is my brother—you see him, Melema?" cried Cennini, with an agreeable stirring of pride at showing a stranger what was too familiar to be remarkable to fellow-citizens. "Behind come the members of the Corporation of Calimara,\* the dealers in foreign cloth, to which we have given our Florentine finish; men of ripe years, you see, who were matriculated before you were born; and then comes the famous Art of Money-

changers."

"Many of them matriculated also to the noble art of usury before you were born," interrupted Francesco Cei, "as you may discern by a certain fitful glare of the eye and sharp curve of the nose which manifest their descent from the ancient harpies, whose portraits you saw support-

<sup>&</sup>quot;Arte di Calimara," "arte" being, in this use of it,

ing the arms of the Zecca. Shaking off old prejudices now, such a procession as that of some four hundred passably ugly men carrying their tapers in open daylight, Diogenes-fashion, as if they were looking for a lost quattrino, would make a merry spectacle for the Feast of Fools."

"Blaspheme not against the usages of our city," said Pietro Cennini, much offended. "There are new wits who think they see things more truly because they stand on their heads to look at them, like tumblers and mountebanks, instead of keeping the attitude of rational men. Doubtless it makes little difference to Maestro Vaiano's monkeys whether they see our Donatello's statue of Judith with their heads or their tails uppermost."

"Your solemnity will allow some quarter to playful fancy, I hope," said Cei, with a shrug, "else what becomes of the ancients, whose example you scholars are bound to revere, Mcsser Pietro? Life was never any thing but a perpetual see-saw between gravity and jest."

"Keep your jest then till your end of the pole is uppermost," said Cennini, still angry, "and that is not when the great bond of our republic is expressing itself in ancient symbols, without which the vulgar—the popolo minuto—would be conscious of nothing beyond their own petty wants of back and stomach, and never rise to the sense of community in religion and law. There has been no great people without processions, and the man who thinks himself too wise to be moved by them to any thing but contempt is like the puddle that was proud of standing alone while the river rushed by."

No one said any thing after this indignant burst of Cennini's till he himself spoke again.

"Hark! the trumpets of the Signoria: now comes the last stage of the show, Melema. That is our Gonfaloniere in the middle, in the starred mantle, with the sword carried before him. Twenty years ago we used to see our foreign Podesta, who was our judge in civil causes, walking on his right hand; but our republic has been over-doctored by clever medici. That is the Proposto\* of the Priori on the left; then come the other seven Priori; then all the other magistracies and officials of our republic. You see your patron the Segretario?"

"There is Messer Bernardo del Nero also," said Tito; "his visage is a fine and venerable one, though it has worn rather a petrifying look

toward me."

"Ah," said Nello, "he is the dragon that guards the remnant of old Bardo's gold, which, I fancy, is chiefly that virgin gold that falls about the fair Romola's head and shoulders; eh, my Apollino?" he added, patting Tito's head.

Tito had the youthful grace of blushing, but he had also the adroit and ready speech that prevents a blush from looking like embarrass-

ment. He replied at once:

"And a very Pactolus it is—a stream with golden ripples. If I were an alchemist—"

He was saved from the need for further speech

by the sudden fortissimo of drums and trumpets and fifes, bursting into the breadth of the piazza in a grand storm of sound—a roar, a blast, and a whistling, well befitting a city famous for its musical instruments, and reducing the members of the closest group to a state of deaf isolation.

During this interval Nello observed Tito's fingers moving in recognition of some one in the crowd below, but not seeing the direction of his glance he failed to detect the object of this greeting—the sweet round blue-eyed face under a white hood—immediately lost in the narrow border of heads, where there was a continual eclipse of round contadina cheeks by the harshlined features or bent shoulders of an old spadesman, and where profiles turned as sharply from north to south as weather-cocks under a shifting wind.

But when it was felt that the show was ended—when the twelve prisoners released in honor of the day, and the very barberi, or race-horses, with the arms of their owners embroidered on their cloths, had followed up the Signoria, and been duly consecrated to San Giovanni, and every one was moving from the window—Nello, whose Florentine curiosity was of that lively canine sort which thinks no trifle too despicable for investigation, put his hand on Tito's shoulder, and said,

"What acquaintance was that you were mak-

ing signals to, eh, giovane?"

"Some little contadina who probably mistook me for an acquaintance, for she had honored

me with a greeting."

"Or who wished to begin an acquaintance," said Nello. "But you are bound for the Via de' Bardi and the feast of the Muses: there is no counting on you for a frolic, else we might have gone in search of adventures together in the crowd, and had some pleasant fooling in honor of San Giovanni. But your high fortune has come on you too soon: I don't mean the professor's mantle—that is roomy enough to hide a few stolen chickens, but—Messer Endymion minded his manners after that singular good fortune of his; and what says our Luigi Pulci?

"'Da quel giorno in quà ch'amor m'accese Per lei son fatto e gentile e cortese.'"

"Nello, amico mio, thou hast an intolerable trick of making life stale by forestalling it with thy talk," said Tito, shrugging his shoulders, with a look of patient resignation, which was his nearest approach to anger; "not to mention that such ill-founded babbling would be held a great offense by that same goddess whose humble worshiper you are always professing yourself."

"I will be mute," said Nello, laying his finger on his lips, with a responding shrug. "But it is only under our four eyes that I talk any folly about her."

"Pardon! you were on the verge of it just now in the hearing of others. If you want to ruin me in the minds of Bardo and his daughter—"

<sup>\*</sup> Spokesman or Moderator.

"Enough, enough!" said Nello. absurd old barber. It all comes from that abstinence of mine in not making bad verses in my youth: for want of letting my folly run out that way when I was eighteen, it runs out at my

"I am an | tongue's end now I am at the unseemly age of forty. But Nello has not got his head muffled for all that; he can see a buffalo in the snow. Addio, giovane!"

### SEADRIFT.

EE where she stands, on the wet sea-sands, Looking across the water: Wild is the night, but wilder still The face of the fisher's daughter!

What does she there, in the lightning's glare, What does she there, I wonder? What dread demon drags her forth In the night and wind and thunder?

Is it the ghost that haunts this coast?— The cruel waves mount higher, And the beacon pierces the stormy dark With its javelin of fire!

Beyond the light of the beacon bright A merchantman is tacking; The hoarse wind whistling through the shrouds, And the brittle topmasts cracking.

The sea it moans over dead men's bones, The sea it foams in anger; The curlews swoop through the resonant air With a warning cry of danger.

The star-fish clings to the sea-weed's rings In a vague, dumb sense of peril; And the spray, with its phantom-fingers, grasps At the mullein dry and sterile.

Oh, who is she that stands by the sea, In the lightning's glare, undaunted?— Seems this now like the coast of hell By one white spirit haunted!

The night drags by; and the breakers die Along the ragged ledges; The robin stirs in its drenchéd nest, The hawthorn on the hedges.

In shimmering lines, through the sullen pines, The stealthy morn advances; And the heavy sea-fog straggles back Before those bristling lances!

Still she stands on the wet sea-sands; The morning breaks above her, And the corpse of a sailor gleams on the rocks-What if it were her lover?

# Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

UR Record closes on the 6th of August. Congress adjourned on the 17th of July. The Confiscation Bill, as finally passed and approved by the President, consists of 14 sections, to the following effect:

ing effect:

(1.) Any person hereafter convicted of treason to be punished by death, or, at the discretion of the Court, by imprisonment for not less than five years and a fine of not less than \$10,000; his slaves in either case to be set free.

(2.) Any one engaging in or aiding rebellion to be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or a fine not exceeding \$10,000, or both his slaves to be set free.

(3.) Persons guilty as above to be incapable of holding any office under the United States.

(4.) This act not to affect the case of those guilty of treason before its passage, who are amenable to laws before existing.

(5.) Provides for the seizure of the property of persons holding certain specified civil, naval, or military offices under the Southern Confederacy.

(6.) If any person not enumerated in the preceding section, who is engaged in rebellion, does not return to his allegiance within 60 days after public warning by the President, his property shall also be subject to seizure.

(9.) Slaves of any person engaged in rebellion, coming in any way into the power of the United States forces, to be considered prisoners of war, and not again held as slaves.

(10.) No fugitive slave to be given up, unless the claimant make oath that he has not been engaged in rebellion.

(11.) The President may employ persons of African descent for the suppression of the rebellion, in such manner as he shall deem expedient.

(12.) The President may at his discretion grant pardon or amnesty to persons engaged in rebellion.

(14.) The Courts of the United States are authorized to make necessary orders for carrying this

Act into effect.—A Joint Resolution, passed at the instance of the President, declares that this Act does not apply to any thing committed prior to its passage; nor does not apply to section include any member of a State Legislature or Judge who has not in entering upon his office taken an oath to support the Constitution of the Confederate States; nor make forfeiture of real estate beyond the natural life of the offender.

On the 25th of July the President issued his Proclamation, warning all persons referred to in the 6th section of the foregoing Act to return to their allegiance, under pain of the penalties provided for by that section.

The financial measures growing out of the war have been of the highest importance. The public debt of the United States, which on the 1st of July, 1861, amounted to less than \$91,000,000, is now, including that authorized to be contracted, about \$680,000,000. Large as the debt is, and considerable as is the sum required to meet the interest, both are far less than those of Great Britain, whose debt is about \$4,000,000,000, bearing an average interest of 5 per cent., requiring an annual expenditure of more than \$141,000,000; while our whole debt, including that which bears no interest, is at an average rate of 3.14 per cent., the annual interest amounting to \$21,378,000. To meet this expenditure, and carry on the Government, the principal measures have been an increase of the tariff (August 5, 1861) with the accompanying bill, imposing a direct tax of \$20,000,000 to be apportioned among the States, and the bill imposing specific taxes on incomes and manufactures, together with licenses, stamps, etc. This bill also modifies that of August 5, by providing that it shall be held to authorize the levy of one tax of \$20,000,000 upon the States, and that no other shall be levied by virtue of it until the 1st day of July, 1865, when it shall be in full force and effect. This National tax-bill was also accompanied by another, raising still higher the duties upon manufactured articles imported from abroad.

The following statement, reported by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows the amount of the funded debt on the 29th of May, 1862, together with the time of contraction, and the rate of interest:

Under what Act.

Rate of Interest.

Loan, 1842 \$2,883,364
Loan, 1847 9,415,250
Loan, 1848 8,008,342
Loan, 1858 5 per cent 20,000,000
Loan, 1860 5 per cent 7,022,000
Loan, 1860
Loan, 1861, February 8 6 per cent 18,415,000
Loan, 1861, July 176 per cent 50,000,000
Loan, 1861, July 177.30 per cent 120,523,450
Loan, 1861, Oregon 6 per cent 878,650
Loan, 1862 6 per cent 2,699,400
Treasury certificates 6 per cent 47,199,000
Treasury notes, ordered6 per cent 3,382,162
United States notes No interest 145,880,000
Temporary deposits5 per cent 44,865,524
Temporary deposits4 per cent 5,913,042
Total (average) interest 4.35 per cent \$491,446,184
Since May 29 Congress has authorized an ad-
ditional issue of Treasury notes (of which
\$35,000,000 shall be of lower denominations
than \$5), to be a legal tender, and receiv-
able for all debts to or from the United
States, except for imports and interest on
bonds and notes (July 11, 1862)\$150,000,000
Postage and other stamps, receivable for all
dues to the United States less than \$5, and
exchangeable for notes in sums of \$5 and
upward (July 17), estimated 40,000,000
71 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

Total funded debt, contracted and authorized. \$681,446,184 The following is a summary of the different kinds of Treasury notes issued and authorized to be issued:

- 1. Notes of 6 per cent., authorized by the former Congress. Receivable for all public dues.
  2. Notes of 7 3-10 per cent., under act of July 17, 1861.
  Not receivable for duties on imports.
- 3. Demand notes, under same Act. Receivable for duties.
- 4. Notes of 3 65-100 per cent. Not receivable for duties. 5. Legal tender demand notes, under Acts of February
  25 and July 11, 1862. Not receivable for duties.
  6. Stamps. Receivable for all dues under five dollars,

and exchangeable for notes in larger sums.

Contrary to expectation no official report has yet been published of the operations of our army before Richmond, and its entire change of position. It is only by a careful collation of unofficial accounts that we are able to present a general idea of these operations. Toward the end of June the main body of our army, under M'Clellan, had crossed the Chickahominy and intrenched themselves between that river and Richmond, at a general distance of some eight or ten miles. The right wing stretched northeastward, along the opposite bank of the Chickahominy, to Mechanicsville, a distance of about fif-Our front thus occupied a curved line teen miles. of fifteen miles, from White Oak Swamp on the south to Mechanicsville on the north. Our supplies were mainly brought by railroad from White House, twenty miles distant, on the Pamunky to the east. had thus to guard a front of fifteen miles, and twenty miles of railway, against an army which was found to be greatly superior, massed at Richmond directly opposite our centre, and thus capable at any moment of directing an overwhelming attack upon any part of our extended line; while by turning

our right wing, which their command of the adjacent region enabled them to do, they could cut off our connection with the White House. In addition to this, the position occupied by our army was very unhealthy. The ground was an almost continuous swamp, and pure water was not to be found. Our troops were suffering severely from disease and ex-Under these circumstances it appears that General M'Clellan had determined to change his position by falling back southwardly to the James River, making that his base and the means of receiving supplies. For this purpose he had constructed roads, and had begun to move the immense quantity of stores accumulated at the White House down the Pamunky and York rivers. Whether or not the enemy were apprised of this movement is uncertain. But on Thursday, June 26, they opened an attack in force upon our lines; and the operation of a change of front had to be performed in the face of a superior force. That it was performed in a skillful manner, after a series of battles lasting an entire week, is acknowledged on all sides. We propose to give a general account of this series of operations, omitting the names of the different divisions engaged, and the part borne by each, as, in the absence of direct official reports, any statement of these would be likely to be inaccurate.

On the morning of Thursday the 26th the attack was commenced on our extreme right near Mechanicsville; during the whole day a constant skirmishing was kept up; and toward evening the enemy made a vigorous attack, but were repulsed, and fell back, leaving us in possession of the field. Early on the morning of the 27th the enemy appeared in force, and our troops fell back to Gaines's Hill, where severe fighting took place, lasting all day, the enemy constantly receiving reinforcements from Richmond. Our troops were outnumbered and overpowered, and commenced to retreat toward the Chickahominy, which they succeeded in passing by various bridges which were partially destroyed behind them. On the same day detachments were sent out toward the White House, from which the greater part of the stores had been removed; the remainder were destroyed, and the house burned. On Saturday the greater part of our troops being gathered on the west bank of the Chickahominy, orders were given for the whole army to fall back toward the James River. The wagon train was sent on in front, the troops remaining under arms in the intrenchments during the night, and early on Sunday, the 30th, commenced falling back. The enemy followed, and a fierce fight took place at Savage's Station. Our troops then continued their retreat in the night, leaving behind them most of their sick and wounded. On Monday, the 30th, the last of our army, with the transportation train, crossed the White Oak Swamp, and were again attacked by the enemy, who fell back at night, and our retreat was resumed. On Tuesday morning the main body reached the James River, wearied and exhausted by six days of continuous fighting and as many nights of marching. A portion of the army had already intrenched itself on Malvern Hills, two miles from the river, and here the line of battle was again formed to meet the enemy, who poured in fresh troops, in seemingly inexhaustible numbers. action lasted during the whole day, the gun-boats giving us great assistance from the river. This was the most fiercely contested battle of the series. A correspondent of the New York Times, who was present, writes: "The enemy's infantry marched up in

solid columns by brigades of ten to the support of their batteries, and would press forward in the face of a galling fire toward our artillery, determined to make trophies of our guns. Maintaining their close columns, they pushed forward to receive first our shot and shell, and then drawing nearer, to be mowed down by grape and canister. Facing this as long as they could, they would at length wheel around and march back again in good order, leaving the ground covered with their fallen. Again and again was this repeated, with new regiments, and again and again shot and shell, grape and canister, gave them awful punishment. The contest raged until dark, when they at last gave up the contest, and retired, leaving us in possession of the field."

Since Wednesday, July 2, there has been no fighting of importance near Richmond. The loss in this series of battles is not ascertained from authentic sources. The most reliable estimates place it at about 1500 killed, 6000 wounded, in our hands, and 7500 prisoners, among whom are a large proportion of wounded. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is thought largely to exceed our own; while the number of prisoners is much less.

On the 4th of July General M'Clellan issued an address to his army, in which he says: "Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy. Under every disadvantage of number and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your enemies with enormous slaughter. You have reached your new base complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat."—Jefferson Davis, in like manner, issued an address to his army, congratulating them upon the victory which they had won "over an enemy vastly superior in numbers and in the material of war. With well-directed movements and deathdefying valor you charged him in his strong positions, drove him from the field over a distance of over 35 miles, and, despite his reinforcements, compelled him to seek shelter under his gun-boats, where he now lies, cowering before the army so lately derided and threatened with entire subjugation.... be your grand object to drive the invader from your soil, and carrying your standards beyond the outer boundaries of the Confederation, to wring from an unscrupulous foe the recognition of your birthright, community, independence."

As we write, the position of our army of Virginia seems not to be free from peril. There can be little doubt that the enemy greatly outnumber us, and all the approaches to Richmond are strongly defended. There are many points below our position from which the James River may be commanded so as greatly to interfere with the transmission of our supplies; and it is reported that the enemy have nearly completed several vessels on the general model of the Merrimac, which would be capable of doing great damage to our numerous vessels in the river. ports and surmises are numerous as to aggressive movements of the enemy in various directions. It is useless to reproduce them here, as before these pages meet the reader the facts in the case will probably be known from other sources.

From the Southwest the tidings of the month are far from favorable. Vicksburg, the only strong point on the Mississippi held by the Confederates. has not been taken; and though the town has suf-fered severely from bombardment, it appears that the fortifications which defend it can not be reduced by gun-boats. The town stands on a high bluff at the head of a long horse-shoe bend of the river. The distance across the horse-shoe from heel to heel is about a mile, while that from the heel to the toe, where Vicksburg stands, is nearly five miles. If the course of the river could be changed, so as to run across the isthmus, the town would be left five miles inland. To effect this a canal has been dug across the isthmus; but there appears to be little prospect that it will cause the desired change in the course of the river. In the mean while an unexpected danger has appeared. An iron-clad ram had been building at Memphis; just before the capture of that city it was removed to the Yazoo River and completed, and named the Arkansas. On the 15th of July it came down the Yazoo, entered the Mississippi, and fairly ran through our fleet, engaging vessel after vessel, inflicting serious injury to several, while suffering comparatively little herself, being almost invulnerable to shot. She reached Vicksburg, and a subsequent attempt to cut her out failed of success. The vessel seems to endanger our fleet in the Missis-

The corps from Missouri, under General Curtis, after winning the battle of Pea Ridge, penetrated some distance into Arkansas, but were obliged to retreat, owing to the want of subsistence. At one time they were supposed to be in serious danger of capture by the enemy. In Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and Alabama guerrilla raids of no great importance singly, but annoying and damaging in the aggregate, have been made upon quarters occu-

pied by detachments of our forces.

But in the mean time our Government seems determined upon prosecuting the war with vigor. By an order dated July 11, though not published until some days after, General Halleck was recalled from the Department of the West, and appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. -On the 22d the President issued a general order directing the military authorities in the insurgent States to seize and use any property necessary for supplies; authorizing military and naval commanders to employ as laborers persons of African descent, paying them reasonable wages, and keeping an account of the persons so employed, and the value of their work, "as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases."——On the 4th of August an order was issued from the War Department, directing that a draft of 300,000 militia should be called into the service of the United States, to serve for nine months, unless previously discharged; and also directing that if any State should not, by the 15th of August, furnish its quota of the 300,000 volunteers previously demanded, and authorized by law, the deficiency would also be made up by a special draft from the militia. The 600,000 men to be raised under these orders will bring our effective force in the field up to fully a million. The special bounties for enlistments offered by the different States will probably, in most States, furnish the 300,000 volunteers without the necessity of recourse to drafting.—A general exchange of prisoners has been agreed upon between the contending parties, and under it a large number have been released on both sides.

Martin Van Buren, President of the United States from 1836 to 1840, died at Kinderhook, New York, on the 24th of July, aged nearly 80 years, having been born December 5, 1752. Among the public offices which he had held are, Governor of New York, Senator in Congress, Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Vice-President and President of the United States. Since his defeat by Mr. Harrison, in 1840, he took little share in politics, although he was proposed in 1844 for President, but the nomination was given to Mr. Polk, who was elected. Again, in 1848, he was nominated by the "Free Soil" Democrats, and although he received no electoral votes, he drew off enough strength from Mr. Cass, the Democratic candidate, to secure the election of Mr. Taylor.—The steamer Golden Gate, which left San Francisco for Panama July 21, was destroyed by fire on the 27th, off the Mexican coast, near Manzanilla. It is reported that 180 personspassengers and crew—were lost. The treasure on board, amounting to about \$1,400,000, is also supposed to have been lost.

### EUROPE.

The English and French newspapers consider the operations before Richmond as, on the whole, unfavorable to the National cause. The cotton supply and the distress among the operatives engrosses a large share of public interest in England. shipments of cotton from India prove to be much greater than had been anticipated; but the prospects of the harvest throughout Europe are not favorable, and the United States are regarded as the main source from which the deficiency must be made In the British Parliament Mr. Lindsay, on the 18th of July, offered his promised motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and for mediation. An animated debate ensued, in which several leading members took part. Lord Palmerston, on behalf of the Government, urged the withdrawal of the motion, asking that the question should be left in the hands of the Government. He took the ground that Great Britain would be justified in acknowledging the independence of the South, provided that this independence had been "firmly and permanently established;" and that this recognition would be no just cause of offense on the part of the United States; but he thought the contest had not assumed a character which would justify England in assuming that this independence had been established. Acknowledgment would not establish a nation unless it were followed by active interference. The successive phases of the contest had been so unexpected that he thought the Government should wait before taking any positive course. Great Britain would be able to contribute to the establishment of peace, it would be only by having maintained an impartial position. He therefore asked that the House would not adopt the resolution, but would leave the Government as heretofore free to act as circumstances should dictate. After some further debate Mr. Lindsay withdrew his motion, hoping, as he said, that the Government would take the earliest opportunity to bring about a termination of the war.—On the 25th of July a debate sprung up in the House of Commons in respect to the defense of Canada, the general spirit of which was that, in the event of war, the Canadians must defend themselves. Lord Palmerston said that the Government did not mean to recall the troops now there nor to send more, for it was thought that when the factious conflict in the Provinces was over, the people would urge their representatives to make adequate provision for the defense of their country in case of danger.

# Editor's Easy Chair.

T a late meeting of the Sassafras Club-it meets A in cane-chairs upon the grass under the sassafras-tree, where the wind blows cool from the west -the member for China said that at an early day he should introduce for honorary membership two Indian gentlemen, Parsees, in fact, who would give a more interesting variety to the meetings of the Club. The suggestions of the member from China are always hailed with hearty enthusiasm. It is he who first familiarized the Club with the virtues of Manilla Number Fours, while a corresponding member in Hong Kong immortalized himself by calling the Club's attention to Number Twos by the presentation of specimens which are unique for freedom, smoothness, and richness. Both these members are held in most grateful and fragrant remembrance by the Sassafras, and even by those of the number belonging to the unsmoking sex, who enjoy the Manillas by proxy.

The member from China, of course, kept his word, and upon a day renowned for its ardors the honorary members were presented to the Club. It was that mid-summer weather in which fire-worshipers may be supposed to be peculiarly at home. The air was perfectly still. The locusts had not yet begun their sultry chant, but the wood-thrush dropped his cool, clear, gurgling notes in the thick shrubbery along the brook, and the cat-birds called spitefully from the boughs, as if the Club were a body of irregular and irresponsible intruders in the shade, who had no rights of sitting and silence that birds were bound to respect.

At the first glance the strangers looked as if they had walked out of the pictures in the old geographies. They were clad in long dark cassocks, or close coats, buttoned in front, with no relief of white linen apparent, and upon their heads they wore the curious high Persian hats, like depressed mitres, or mitres bent backward. They seemed to be made of a kind of figured glazed muslin. The face of one was very swarthy, with a fine, compact, curling, and grayish beard and mustache, and an expression of thoughtful gravity; that of the other was rather lighter, with the full mustache only, but with a sensitive, lambent light of appreciation and humor in the eyes. They sat very quiet and very upright, chatting readily and cheerfully and with a remarkable mastery of English.

We naturally spoke much of our differences in religion, habits, and general life; and in all they said there was the same constant gentleness and sweetness, an almost feminine refinement, in observing which it was delightful to remember that these same tranquil personages belonged to the most sagacious and practical race in India, and were the most esteemed and richest of the citizens of Bombay. "You know," said the Australian member after they were gone, "that a Jew is smarter than a Yankee, and a Parsee smarter than a Jew."

The Australian rather unguardedly said that it was fortunate that the English had put down the rebellion in India. The younger honorary member turned upon him with eyes that flashed, although his voice and manner were still courteous: "Fortunate! how fortunate? Were not the Hindoos in their own country? What right had the English

there? Do you not love liberty here? No, the Hindoos were right. There is a great sin on both sides. The English are wrong in coming to conquer the country, and we are wrong that we allow a few

people from so far to govern us."

While he spoke the elder one gazed calmly at us, and when the younger had finished his energetic little speech, remarked, quietly, "We don't fight. We have nothing to do with it. We are commercial people." The younger one smiled and assented: but his assent was evidently like that of a young monk who renounces carnal weapons while his heart clearly burns for a fight, and the monkish impression was only deepened by the demure garb of the speaker.

When we asked about worshiping fire they smiled very much as the good Las Casas must have smiled upon his parishioners in his great Western diocese, or like Columbus upon the natives who asked in wonder about the eclipse. Indeed they had all the time a quite unconscious air of placid and amused superiority, which, however, seemed to be entirely becoming to these envoys from the oldest Oriental races to scions of the youngest race and country sit-

ting under the sassafras-tree.

Zoroaster, they said in substance, was not an idolater. Our religion repudiates all worship but that of the Supreme Being; but as he is all love, and light and warmth are the most expressive symbols of his nature, we reverence the sun and fire, not as in themselves divine, but as symbols of the divine qualities. We are no more worshipers of fire than you are worshipers of the cross. That is to you the most expressive symbol, and that is all. Ignorant Christians have the same kind and quite as much idolatry for the cross as we have for fire. Our religion is to love God and to believe that all men are our brothers. Therefore we treat them all kindly. We do not fight. We are a peaceful people. We pray at all times and any where. Our churches are always open: a priest is always present. There are, as it were, five watches in the religious day, and a priest for every watch. The priests are not a privileged class, and a man is not considered sinful if he prefers to pray elsewhere than in the church. We expose dead bodies to the air rather than bury them, not in order that the birds may eat them, but because our religion teaches that the earth is defiled by a dead body. We attend to business at all times. We have no especially sacred days, because we think that we ought to be good and to pray at all times. But we generally close our offices on Sundays, because in Bombay, where we chiefly live, trade follows the habits of Englishmen. We do not try to convert other people.

"But other people try to convert you, do they not?" asked the member for the Pyramids. there not missionaries who labor among you?"

The eyes of the younger Parsee gushed with humorous light as he listened to this question.

"Oh yes," he answered, brightly. "The English send out people to convert us to Christianity. But I have lived in England nearly four years, and I have found very few people there who have the least idea of what Christianity is."

The whole Sassafras Club was unable to make any other response than a smile. In manners, in morals, in Christian charity, the honorary members from Persia seemed fully fitted to be our instructors, and it was very difficult to perceive our pou sto in the business of converting them. So the Club politely changed the subject.

The Parsees are so called in India from the name of the country, Persia, from which they spring. They were the disciples of Zoroaster, whom the invading Mohammedans found in Persia, and were called by them Guebres, corrupted into the familiar Giaour or infidel. They were persecuted by the Mohammedans so sharply that most of them abjured their own prophet for Mohammed, and the number of those who remained faithful and are still living in Persia is estimated at one hundred thousand. Another body wandered off into Hindostan, and are now about a hundred and fifteen thousand, living chiefly in Bombay and the Colabba Islands. In Persia they are still honored for their upright character, although they are the shrewdest of traders.

When one of them said, "My mother was a Persian," the Club, after recovering from the stupefaction of actually talking under the sassafras-tree with a Persian in the flesh, said, with a complacent assumption of profound knowledge, as if it knew all about it, "Ah, then she was a follower of Alee." Ali was the successor of Mohammed whom the Persians chiefly honored. But the honorary member, with a little horror and surprise, rejoined, "Alee! no, no; she was of us. There are a few of us still left in Persia." Upon which the Sassafras Club exclaimed, "Ah!" and "Oh yes!" and looked smiling and wise.

The wind blew lightly and cool from the west. "We came in the Great Eastern," said one of them, "and we had many female Blondins on board." He smiled, and the Club with throbbing hearts perceived that some Parsee joke was to be uttered. But fancy the bewilderment of joking with fire-worshipers in depressed mitres! Who would lightly pun in the presence of Zoroaster? We instinctively felt that even the humor of Confucius would confuse us. "How female Blondins?" asked Titian da Cadore. "Because they walked on lines fifty feet above the sea," was the neat reply. The Yankee is a nimblewitted fellow, but how soon will any member of the Sassafras Club joke with equal success in pure Persian. It was impossible not to wonder, under the fragrant and benignant tree, whether every people in the world did not cherish the same secret feeling of superiority to all others that the modest Yankee, the retiring Briton, and the humble Frenchman entertain.

By this time, of course, a general sympathy was established. The constraint of rival continents and contrasted civilizations gradually disappeared. We did not try the tests of entire social fusion which the Australian Member suggested in his story of a conversation he held in India with a native who told him that a large body of other Hindoos were Christians.

"Christians! What kind of Christians? what sect do they belong?"

"Oh! I don't know that they belong to any particular sect. I mean that they are ordinary Christians-they eat pork and drink brandy!"

As we became freer we ventured to speak of familiar topics, even to ask personal questions. They spoke of the verdure and the flowers and fruits; but seemed to think they had found nothing better than they had left behind. Then we talked of travel; and in all they said there was still the remote condescension of a son of the primeval ages and civilization to an utterly modern and foreign growth. Speaking of the public attention which their curious garb, and especially the hat, excited, they said, "We wear it to show that we are of another country."

Then the eyes of the younger twinkled again. "It is sometimes very annoying," he said. "In England and Scotland we were quite driven out of the streets by the mob, and when we took to a carriage they even stoned it. You seem to behave better in this country. People stare, but they do not insult us. In London the boys used to shout, 'Who's your hatter?' just as they ask young ladies who have much crinoline, 'Who's your cooper?'" Shade of Zoroaster!

So much sense, character, intelligence, good-humor, will always be welcome to the Sassafras Our continental isolation in the world has its disadvantages as well as its merits. The intolerable and intolerant conceit that we are the flower of mankind is hardly to be classed with the latter. We are little children at this very moment learning the profoundest law of progress and civilization. We have hitherto done a large business in the world upon the capital of assumption. We have declared that we were the greatest, strongest, best, and freest of people. Now we are to prove it. Yes; and now we are proving it. What is greatest, strongest, and best is prevailing over the spirit that has sneered and swaggered; and all that we knew was latent and possible begins to reveal itself in accomplish-

We shall be all the better company for the world hereafter, as the man, modest by experience, is socially more welcome than the raw and boasting boy. The man was in the boy, but the boy was all we had. The statue was in the block; but the sharp, heavy blows of the great artificer alone revealed it.

From such sweet, clear, luminous eyes as the honorary Parsee members of the Sassafras Club what could we hope to hide? Then why have what we wish to hide? Claiming to be leaders of civilization it has hitherto been necessary, in order to establish our claim, to prove that what has been called civilization was wrongly named, and was truly retrogression. Mr. Anthony Trollope is not a Parsee, and to say that he is less just, and humane, and considerate than a Parsee, is merely to say that he is an Englishman, which he will not deem an offensive insinuation. But even Mr. Trollope sees, and sees a great many unpleasant things, while he frankly owns the sound heart in our breasts and the honest head upon our shoulders.

The next regular topic for conversation in the Sassafras Club is the propriety of relinquishing the effort to convert the Parsees to Christianity, and to found home missions to convert ourselves. We are answering the great political question how to be democrats as well as to call ourselves so, in a manner which may well disgust all the friends of despotism and privilege throughout the world. Then it will remain only to answer the great religious question, how to be Christians as well as to call ourselves so; and when that question is fully answered, and the answer satisfactorily established in practice, the Sassafras Club will adjourn over for the Millennium.

The signs of the war, of which we were speaking last month, begin to show themselves more plainly. The summer traveler can not but remark the change in the number and character of the passengers upon all the great routes. Newport is as quiet this summer as the line of the Potomac was last winter. There come stories of cottages full of busy women working for the war; thinking earnestly of other conquests than those of the ball-room, of other he-

roes than those of the redowa and polka. The huge parlor of the Ocean House, of which Anthony Trollope gives so amusing an account, is huger and more ghostly than ever. You hear of parties of visitors sitting in the great hall making lint and bandages. You see delicate women who have lived in the most abject idolatry of Fashion, but who are now devoted, with a more pious earnestness than they have ever shown, to the most constant and faithful care of the sick and wounded and dying. If they are in Newport they are not exactly of it. Their minds and hearts are elsewhere. The lint thread in their hands is a subtle line of connection between them and the grimmest realities.

How can they drive, or ride, or stroll, or dance, without remembering their partners of other summers? Every watering-place is full of ghosts, but now especially the memories are so recent and vivid. A sudden strain of heroism has broken out in the elegant monotony of gay life. The youths themselves are surprised into heroes. They find in themselves, and quite unsuspectedly, so much that is the very substance of romance and the music of poetry. Indeed, so brilliant in bravery is the history of a year that it is easy to understand the feeling with which a high-spirited woman regards the young man who, unbound by family ties, has lounged away the precious hours in which other youth have been laboriously campaigning, and marching, and picketing, and fighting. Newport and Saratoga, and the most velvet drawing-rooms now comprehend the proverb that none but the brave deserve the fair. It was a vague saying a few months since. Now it rings with the most significant reality.

War is a rough teacher surely, but Peace has its dangers. Perhaps it is not too hard a saying that the young gentlemen who shone in the summer solstice were not exactly noble-men. That is to say, they were not heroic and self-dependent even in They accepted the current conventional prejudice as an actual estimate. And even in the affairs of our own country, which have always elsewhere been subjects upon which the technical "gentleman" was especially informed, we have cultivated an ignorance and indifference, with the ineffably ludicrous assumption that the ignorance and indifference were of themselves "gentlemanly." know wines and horses, and billiards and yachtsto go a step further, and read books and talk of them-are all good things. To eat good dinners, and talk French, and gossip of foreign travel, and be intimate with the selectest circles of the Mugginses and the other good families—these were all the pleasantest things also. But, after all, to suppose these to be "life"-to imagine that we were fearfully and wonderfully made for such performances only-to accept seriously the grossest and most absolute selfindulgence as the solemn substance of existence, was infinitely droll-but was it not very common?

—Well, whether it were so or not, the war has shaken us into realities. There are a few of the Crustacea left—a few people who are horrified at plain thoughts and frank talk; but the great mass of people are not too squeamish to think of the questions that are the secret springs of our situation. When the news of the firing at the Star of the West reached a certain city, the Easy Chair chanced to be in the counting-room of Fogy and Co., the great South American merchants. The Easy Chair is intimate in the house, for it is a family connection. The Easy Chair is full of Fogy blood. Old Fogy was sitting at his writing-table, and as he read the

"I hope," said he, "that the Extra turned pale. whole army of the United States will be sent to demand satisfaction and preserve order. I hate Republican politics, but this is not politics—this is national honor."

Now, as the head of the house was of the straitest sect of what is vaguely and amusingly called Conservative, this frank expression of unqualified devotion to the Government was in every way agreeable. But young Fogy-a partner in the houseshook his watch chain complacently, and remarked "Well, if they call out the Antediluvian Guard I shall resign, for I have no idea of fighting against Southern gentlemen, who have been goaded into a war." The senior partner heard him through, then said, simply, "Well, my son, let me know when you do resign, and I will have my name put down in your place." Then he turned gravely to his work.

This was a year ago last January. Yesterday who turns up but a square-shouldered, rugged-faced, and rusty-uniformed young officer, who cheerfully seats himself and says briskly, "Well, Cousin Easy Chair, will you have the last news from the Peninsula?" It was young Fogy fresh from the wars. It was young Fogy fresh from the wars; fresh from the most constant and faithful service. He thought better of it. He did not resign. He marched when the regiment marched to which the Antediluvians belonged, and in all the sharp Virginia battles of a year there has been no brighter, braver soldier than Ned Fogy. He has been mentioned in letters and orders and speeches. He has borne dying comrades on his back from the field, received their last words of farewell for parents and dear ones, then closed their eyes and hurried back to another duty and to danger. He has lain ill and wasting in the terrible Chickahominy swamps, and been smilingly familiar with death and peril for months and months; but a steady heart, a clear brain, and a sweet temper have brought him out and made a man of him.

As we sat and talked I could not but recall the morning in the office. The young man had been confronted with realities since then. He had been learning of a very sharp and peremptory teacher. Something a little more actual and practical than the conventional traditions of the house of Fogy and Co. had been opening his heart and mind.

"The army is in good spirits?" I asked.

"Splendid."

"They are really in earnest?"

"I bet."

"How do they feel toward the gentlemen who have been goaded into war?"

Ned had not the least remembrance that he had ever used such an expression. He answered vehe-

"They hate 'em."

"What will be the end?"

- "Secesh will be exterminated, if nothing else will
  - "Whew! and how about-"
  - "Peculiar institutions?" he asked, with a smile.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Well, Cousin Easy, there's a wonderful change of feeling. Do you know there are a great many - S--y men now?"

"Possible?" "Yes, indeed."

The Easy Chair turned the conversation, because it never discusses exciting topics. But if Ned Fogy should go to Newport before his furlough expires to perfect his recovery, what may he not say? loyal Italian woman a late story shows. She was

What a moving monument of the differences in thought and sympathy which a war has wrought! He has his own opinions fortified by experience. What he says he says not because "the set," or the friends of the Fogy family say so, but because he has been forced to see and to think for himself.

And that is the way in which the public opinion is made which really governs the country. people will but see, and hear, and think, there can be no danger in a system like ours. The only serious danger is from those who try to blind, and deafen, and muddle others. Let no man think this war is an unmitigated evil. The grief and tragedy can not be overstated; but they are not all. For this no one will deny, that as it is better for a man to be honest, industrious, and noble than to be rich, so is it better for a nation to be just, and generous, and humane rather than prosperous. But a man can be all those, and rich too; so can a nation. For as the old sailor said, God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do right. When they think so in the Ocean House hall, upon the beach at Long Branch, under the colonnades of Congress Hall, and wherever the summer paths and homes of men and women may be, then we may pity John Bull while we forgive him, and invite him to study morals in the same school that will have taught him politics.

THE absorbing topic leaves little thought for literature or art. The new books are few. The Opera is closed. The theatres have their summer season; but a Brigadier-General is the best star they can present to the audience. There are rumors of Fechter's coming, the famous German actor; of Ristori, resolved to pursue the conquests of Rachel even beyond the sea; and of Dickens coming to read from his stories. The latter would be surely successful. But of the two former it is not possible to speak pre-

The wonderful Rachel! It is an audacious hand that snatches at her crown. How proud she was as she moved in upon the stage-how cold, how sweet! How she overflowed with power, so that the small white face, the pinched features, the close-set narrow eyes, the flat mouth, the cunning-yes, to say it baldly, the almost mean expression was irradiated and glorified by that magnificent abandon of passion! Her career here was a tragedy and a triumph. It was not possible to heed only the stories of her private life, for there was the woman before us struck with illness. Our criticism and impression of the artist were touched and made tender by our sympathy with the woman. Do you remember the Moineau de Lesbie? It was a little comedy, and she played a Roman woman - of the old classic Rome. How graceful, and delicate, and subtle it was-but the heart ached as we all looked and listened. Somehow there was, or we all thought there was, the tragedy of a life under the little comedy. That glittering life she led in Paris, the exquisitelyappointed hôtel; the rich things and rare which filled it; the brilliant festivity of its salons; the wits, the beauties, the philosophers, the artists that thronged them, the sparkling saturnalia of her constant success—all these seemed shadowy and unsatisfactory; shadowy even to her, as she stood there upon the stage hapless and sad under all the pretty smiling.

The rival, whoever she may be, of all this fascinating remembrance and real power, is a woman who should be richly gifted. That she is so, the steady applause of Europe testifies. That she is a true and

to give a performance in Paris for the benefit of some society, and the evening was to be called a Garibaldi Festival, or something of the kind. But "superior orders" decreed that no name from which trouble might spring should be used, so that the title must be dropped. There could be no dispute. But aut Cæsar, aut nullus, was the instant response of Ristori. Either Garibaldi Festival or no festival at all. So she declined to proceed, but sent the sum that would probably have been realized to the Society.

Fechter, although a German, plays in English; and there has been warm discussion in London of his skill in Shakespeare's characters. He gives new readings of Hamlet and the other great plays, and has had a great success. Should he come to us, he will undoubtedly give us parts in the German drama also; and the fraternity of Germans among us is so large that he would be very sure of a triumph.

As for Dickens, except for the chances of the war, there is nothing to be thought of which seems to promise such overwhelming and hilarious success as his readings. We are weary of lectures and speeches and the ordinary recitations. But to see and hear the man who has made such fun for the world and been the friend of all of us would be an irresistible fascination. The account of a reading by Dickens in London, which appeared some months ago in this Magazine and was written by young Mr. Neill, a gentleman of great promise who died within the year, is the most delightful picture of the perform-The profuse dramatic genius of the actor is hardly less remarkable, according to the accounts, than the marvelous fertility and exquisite imagination of the author.

Of course the wild adulation of his first visit would not be repeated. We have grown older, and our pursuits, just now, are rather too serious. Nor can it be forgotten that we feel that we owe him a grudge. It is very unfair and unkind, but it is so. We think that the novelist used us ill. We gave him Champagne, and asked him to pour it into his We offered him pudding, and begged him to stuff it into his ears. He would not do it. He thanked us. He ate our dinners peaceably, like a Christian gentleman, and went his ways. He did not make fun of his hosts nor report the family scan-But he kept his eyes wide open, and what he saw he remembered, and what he remembered, not of the individuals but of the nation, he wrote down.

Well, well! In those days we liked to hear that the greatest and best of men was named Yankee Doodle. But did we seriously suppose that John Bull, under whatever guise, was going to say it? Did we seriously think that a great humorist could come and see us, and then tell the world about us without a hundred quips and gibes and even ridicule? Were we not very funny even to ourselves? And is it not true that Dickens has said quite as hard things of England, and a hundred-fold harder, than he ever said of us?

Let him come if he is not afraid of some sharp talk which some of the newspapers could hardly help indulging. But don't come, dear Sir, if you have sneered at us lately. There is a great deal of pride in the Yankee heart. When it has undertaken a work in which it counted upon the sympathy of certain persons, it can go without the sympathy, but it does not forget. When you come, even if you delay coming for a century, you will find that it was in earnest.

hope, to begin the romance of "Romola," by the author of "Adam Bede," of which the first number was published last month. It begins loftily, but as the proem ends, and your feet strike the hard pavement of Florence on the morning after the death of Lorenzo de Medici, you are immediately surrounded by the most charming and romantic groups and persons: your ears are filled with the hum of the beautiful Tuscan capital, with its eager out-of-doors life, the cry of the peddlers, the wrangle of traffickers, the shrill voice of market-women, the carol of birds at the windows, and the various music of bells in the towers: while your eyes are charmed with the infinite play of bright color and picturesque form which even the Florence of to-day has not lost.

The characters which already appear are varied and vivid, and are handled with masterly skill. There is an utterly foreign and remote flavor in the scenes which is strictly dramatic, and which impresses the reader with new admiration of the power which could deal with the young Methodist preacher Dinah in "Adam Bede," adding a new character to literature and experience, and then turn with equal hand to the delineation of a Greek youth in Italy four centuries ago. In the introductory number Romola, the heroine, is but presented to us in her blind father's study. If she fulfills the promise of her introduction she will be a superb creation. The danger is that the author may not be able to sustain the vein she has chosen with the uniformity of power which is essential to the symmetry of the story.

This work must satisfy us all that English literature has a really substantial addition in Miss Evans, or by whatever name the author should be known. There is a ripeness and fullness in her books which show a deep, rich vein. In her new one she herself erects a lofty standard. To undertake to draw the portrait of the daily life and character of the Medicean Florence, and to fail, would be a fate which we do not believe is in reserve for so bountiful and buoyant a genius as that which produced "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss."

The numerous friends of "Madeleine Schaeffer," who have written to us to know of the success of her school in Charleston, whether she married, and if so whom, are informed that the story will be resumed in the next number of the Magazine.

## Editor's Drawer.

OHAMMED SAID, Viceroy of Egypt, is said to have come to Paris from Alexandria to be medically treated for his great obesity. He is too fat for comfort, and wants to be thinned out, toned down, reduced-fed for muscle, not flesh; being a Mussulman, it is natural that he should prefer muscle. It is not stated that he has been in the habit of reading the Drawer; but he has followed the good old rule, to "laugh and grow fat," and carried the joke a little too far.

A Kentucky advocate is defending his client, who is charged with stealing a hank of yarn:

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, THOMAS FLINN, off Mnddy Creek and Mississipi, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' cotting yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I reckon not-I s'pose not. By no means, gentlemen—not at all. He are not Tom FLINN? Good heavings! gentlemen, THE reader of this Magazine has not failed, we still the still the

I s'pose not—I reckon not. Thomas Flinn? Why, great snakes and aligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek and a hoss to let. And do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' cotting yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. When the wolves was a-howling, gentlemen, on the mountings o' Kentucky, and Napoleon were a-fighting the battles o' Europe-do you think, gentlemen, my client, Mr. THOMAS FLINN, gentlemen, could be guilty o' hookin'-yes, hookin', gentlemen-that pitiful, low, mean, hank o' cotting yarn? Onpossible! Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. Tom FLINN? Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, THOMAS FLINN! He's got the fastest nag and purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and Mississipi! That, gentlemen, are a fact. Yes, gentlemen, that are a fact. You kin bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you kin bet your bones on that! Now, 'pon honor, gentlemen, do you think he are guilty? Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen of this jury, my client THOMAS FLINN am no more guilty o' stealin' that are hank o' cotting yarn than a toad are got a tail!—yes, a tail, gentlemen! Than a toad are got a tail!" [Verdict for defendant—case dismissed—court adjourned.]

THE two following anecdotes come to us from "a former contributor" at Augusta, Maine. The first used to be told two-score years ago, only the scene was laid in Northern New York, and it was Lake Ontario that was to be spilled. However, the story is a good one, and the incident may have happened also in the Aroostook. If any one can prove the contrary, we will make all necessary corrections:

"Several years ago, before the eastern part of Maine was much settled, two explorers, who were on a timber prospecting tour in what is now the County of Aroostook, near the Madawaska settlement, stopped at a rude cabin inhabited by an Irish The 'man of the house' was absent, and his 't'other half' guarded the premises. They were tired and hungry, and asked for food and the privilege of resting a short time within the domicile. The woman was alone, the men rough in appearance, and her suspicions were aroused that all was not right, and she refused their request. The explorers were men of good repute and good intentions, and one of them was a bit of a wag. Indignant at being refused the food and rest their condition so much demanded, and presuming upon the ignorance of the woman, he told her she could keep her food, but she never would remain there alive long enough to eat up what she had, as the Indians, in revenge for some outrage perpetrated by white men in the upper country, were about to revenge themselves by tapping Moosehead Lake and letting the water down upon them in a flood, which would sweep the cabin of the unkind woman, and all about it, to destruction. The woman, in a state of terrible alarm, made haste to consult the Catholic priest living at the Madawaska settlement near by, to pious Father bade the woman to dismiss her fears and return to her home, as such an event could in nowise happen; and that they had the promise of the Almighty that He would 'no more destroy the earth with a flood.' 'I know that,' said the woman; 'but it is not the Almighty who is going to do it, it is the cussed Indians!'

"Not long since, in the town of B—, in the remain!"

State of Maine, an explosion of burning fluid occurred, by which a Mr. C-was shockingly burned and lost his life. He was one of the first citizens of the place, highly respected, and had held positions of honor and trust among his fellow-citizens. leading temperance man, he had represented the Division of the Sons of Temperance in the Grand Division of the State; and it so happened that this body held a session, soon after his death, at the place of his late residence. During the session the customary resolutions were presented to the Division, deploring the death of the worthy member and the loss of the community and the order, and ascribing the accident by which he was so suddenly removed from his useful and honorable position in life to a dispensation of Divine Providence. Tributes were paid to his memory and character by several members, and in the midst of profound silence the Grand Worthy Patriarch arose to put the question on the passage of the resolutions. At this point a member, who had been a silent listener to the proceedings, arose and said that he had some doubts whether the resolutions were right in attributing the accident to Divine Providence. In his opinion it was caused entirely by the explosion of burning fluid, and he wished them amended accordingly."

"While spending a pleasant evening in searching among the treasures of the Drawer in some back numbers of Harper, I was humorously reminded of an example of patriotism which came under my notice, and which afforded much amusement. I will send it to you, believing it not altogether unwor-

thy of a generous smile:

"I was stopping in a small town in Western Pennsylvania when the news came of the fall of Sumter. The excitement became intense; patriotic speeches were made, companies for the war speedily formed. It was at this time, when the public excitement was at its height, that there was a flag-raising at a schoolhouse two miles from A-, the orator of the occasion being a young collegiate, fresh from his Alma Mater. After the speech had been made a sheet of foolscap was produced, and twelve big, noble-looking fellows walked boldly up and enrolled their names among the brave defenders of their country. As each man put his name upon the paper he was greeted by three lusty cheers and the rolling of the drum. Finally, when the twelve recruits had taken their seats, and no one seemed to manifest any inclination of following their example of enlisting, a young man was called upon to speak. He was a strong, dashing, dark-eyed youth, and evidently much excited. He seemed determined, however, to acquit himself with applause, and he spread out accordingly.

"After stating numerous, and, as he urged, strong reasons for not going to the war—that 'he couldn't leave his business'—'would go if they couldn't get along without him'—'if he found it to be his duty,' etc., he waxed warm. He glowed in his overflowing patriotism, and having depicted in glowing colors the outrage practiced on our flag by the rebels, he closed his impressive speech with, in effect, the following: 'Gentlemen! do you know what I'd have done had I been down there when that glorious flag was torn by these traitors from its lofty height? I would have snatched it from their bloody hands-I would have mounted the flag-staff-and, regardless of the hail of bullets that might have stormed around me, I would have nailed it thereay! with my own hands would I have nailed it there! and have-have-gentlemen-desired it to

<sup>&</sup>quot;AKIN to the foregoing, let me relate another story of recent occurrence:

"AUNT SALLY, as she is called in our village, had lived a few years with us when she buried a second husband, the first having been buried in Rushville, some ten miles north, where she was first married. Speaking of her great and recent affliction, she said:

"We all have our trials and troubles, but I am most crazy now to know which of my two dear hus-

bands I shall be buried alongside of.

"She went so nearly crazy about it that she finally had to decide the question by taking a third."

THEY have a famous water-cure establishment up in Vermont, to which a distinguished clergyman, having had the misfortune to lose his voice, went to be treated.

One of the prescriptions which the doctor gave him was to practice speaking as loudly as he could in the open air; for which purpose he often ascended a mountain near the village. One winter day (his voice having recovered strength) he made such a noise that the inhabitants of the adjoining village became alarmed, thinking the noise was made by a bear. Seizing muskets, guns, or whatever weapons came to hand, an adventurous band rushed up the

mountain to capture it.

Forming a great circle around the spot from which the roaring came, they drew nearer and nearer to the centre to inclose the "varmint" and make his destruction sure. Some of the more valorous grew faint-hearted and retired as they came to the scratch. A few pressed on with loaded guns and stout cudgels, resolved to do or die. Nearer and still nearer drew the gallant band, when all at once, upon their astonished gaze, up stood the reverend divine, no bear, a bare-faced man with a white choker, spouting Shakspeare and Milton and David's Psalms to the listening rocks and trees. A roar, louder than that of bears, a roar of laughter, roused the speaker to the consciousness of a new auditory, and they all came down the hill together.

"The following anecdote of Judge G-Justice of the Supreme Court in the Sixth Judicial District, I have never seen in print, and I deem it worthy of the Drawer." So writes an intelligent correspondent, and we agree with him in his opinion.

"Judge G- was holding a circuit in Norwich, Chenango County, and as the duties of the term had been somewhat arduous, the Judge, whose nature at best was not the mildest, had become very irritable, and desired to dispatch as soon as possible the business before him. Among the latter causes of the term was one brought by an old Irishman for recovery on a trunk which had been lost between Norwich and Binghamton. The old man took the stand as a witness, and the Judge interrogated him as to the contents of the aforesaid trunk.

"'Now, Sir,' said the Judge, abruptly, 'what

was in the trunk?'

""Well,' replied the old man, in an accent modified by long residence in this country, 'well, there were some clothes and some holy pictures.'

"'Holy pictures! holy pictures!' exclaimed the Judge; 'what do you mean by holy pictures?

"Well, first, there was a picture of Father Mathew, who introduced temperance into Ireland; perhaps your Honor's heerd o' him?'

"'Yes, yes; go on!"

"'And then there was a picture of the blessed St. Patrick, who banished snakes from Ireland; perhaps your Honor's heerd o' him?'

"' 'Yes, yes; what else?'
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"'Well, then,' said the old man, fixing his eyes on the Judge, 'there was a picture of our blessed Lord, who came on earth to save men from their sins; perhaps your Honor's heerd o' him!'

"I forbear on the scene which followed."

Every body has heard of the man who followed the trail of a "grizzly" for several days, and had nearly overtaken the game, when he suddenly gave up further pursuit because "the trail was getting too thundering fresh."

Last fall a party of amateur sportsmen started on a bear-hunt. They found a trail, and, after a hard day's work, were rewarded for their labor by hearing a low growl in a thicket a few rods ahead, when one of the party suddenly commenced a hasty retreat, remarking that "he hadn't lost any bear, and he'd be shot if he would hunt for one any longer."

"I HAVE a Sunday-school of bright, interesting children in New York, and, to encourage them, had recourse to a concert and exhibition, to which the parents were invited and the public generally. During the exercises I asked the children who could tell me any thing about Peter. No one answered. repeated it, and finally a little girl of four years held up her hands and said, 'I can.

"'Well, my little girl, that's right. I am glad to see there is one little girl here who will put these

larger boys and girls to shame.'

"The little girl was then led to the platform, and I told her to tell me what she knew of Peter. She put her finger to her mouth, and looking very smiling, said,

> "'Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, Had a wife and couldn't keep her. Put her in a pumpkin shell, And then he kept her very well.

"That sufficed the audience, who began to cough in their handkerchiefs, and she was allowed to find her seat."

BOTH the incidents that come next have been in former Drawers, but they are so well told by a valued correspondent that we repeat them:

In the days when "Women's Rights" were just beginning to be rampant in Massachusetts an eccentric, though excellent, clergyman had "a notice" sent him that a woman, Mrs. -, would give a public lecture on the Rights of the Sex at the Town Hall, and this notice he was particularly requested to read to his congregation, with his other public notices, on the Sabbath. Accordingly, on Sunday, after having given his other notices, he paused a moment, and then said, "I am also requested to give notice to the congregation that a hen will crow in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. All who would like to hear her are invited to attend."

In an interior town in old Connecticut lives an odd character named Ben Hayden. Ben has some good points; but he will run his face when and where he can, and never pay. In the same town lives Mr. Jacob Bond, who keeps the store at the corners. Ben had a score there, but to get his pay was more than Mr. B. was equal to. One day Ben made his appearance with a bag and wheel-barrow.

"Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn,

and I want to pay you the cash for it."
"Very well," says B. And so they both go up stairs, and B. puts up the corn, and Ben takes it down while Mr. B. stops to close up his windows.

When he got down he saw old Ben some ways from the door, making for home.

"Halloo, Ben! You said you wanted to pay the cash for that corn."

Old Ben sat down on one handle of his barrow, and, cocking his head on one side, said, "That's all true, Mr. B. I do want to pay you the cash for the corn, but I can't."

"In our camp," writes a brave volunteer while our Army of the West was before Corinth, "are two Indians, comical geniuses both of them, but not very well versed in the white man's language. Our worthy chaplain became interested in them, and in one of his prayers asked a blessing for the poor untaught Indians among us. After service they were observed to be in a towering passion, and when they met the chaplain they broke out upon him for calling them bad names.

"'Why, no,' said he; 'what have I said?" "'You tell the Lord poor Indian great rascal."

"The good man explained as well as he could: but they were not satisfied; they didn't want to be called names."

AT a session of a Kentucky court held a few years ago a negro woman was convicted of a capital crime and sentenced to be hung. In a few weeks she professed to be converted, and the jailer moved his Honor Judge N- for an order allowing her to be removed from the jail to be baptized.

"Why not baptize her in the jail?" asked the

Judge.

"She wishes to be immersed. She don't believe sprinkling or pouring valid baptism," says turnkey.

reflected a moment, and answered: Judge N— "I have a right to settle that question. Mr. Clerk, make an order that this Court, being sufficiently advised, decides that sprinkling is valid baptism.

So this vexed question is settled by a Kentucky

One of the orthodox religious papers of Boston illustrates the present state of things in our country by the following story:

A couple of raftsmen were in a big blow on the Mississippi River in a gale. Their raft was emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar: and, expecting instant destruction, one of the raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a *vim* equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes for an instant, he observed his companion, not engaging in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of

"What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he: "get down on yer knees now, for there isn't a minit between us and purgatory."

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with the pole; "be aisy now! what's the use of praying when a feller can tech bottom with a pole?"

It will be remembered that the transport on board of which General Butler took passage for Ship Island was run ashore on some shoal out South, and for a time was in great peril. There was more or less alarm among the soldiers. The boats were got ready to land the troops, and among the first to rush for a safe place on board was a chaplain. As he was about to step from the transport to the boat General Butler seized him by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Look here, my long-haired friend, you came here from Black Hawk or 'some other man of the same

to pray for us, and now, the first time we really need your services, you desert your post. Step back, Sir!"

#### BLANCHE.

BLANCHE sat by her open casement, Humming an air as she spinned; Ever and oft the burden came, Borne on the summer's wind

'Twas an olden ditty she sang, She had caught from lips long dead-Lips now attuned to other songs, To other songs, she said.

Round and round her spinning-wheel flew, Swiftly the long silken thread Dropped from her ivory fingers-"An endless task!" she said.

The sun swooned away on the mountains, Painting the valley in red, In orange and purple the vineyards-"An endless day!" she said.

The moon and stars they glimmered As the twilight shadows fled; She leans from her open casement-"God only is peace!" she said.

An angel in secret is stitching A death-shroud with mystical thread; Sewing the half-finished meshes-"God only is rest!" he said.

Now wipe the tears from thy cheek, Blanche! Believe that thy lover is dead; For faithless from thee he has wandered— "God only is true!" she said.

'Twas night, and the angel was bending Over Blanche as she lay on her bed; He whispered, her spinning is ended-"God only is life!" he said.

AWAY in the Jerseys they had a funeral a short time ago. The deceased was a lady about seventythree; she left behind her a mother over ninety, and an only son turned fifty years of age. generally respected, the assemblage at the funeral was great. The prayers, or rather the services, in the house were conducted by the Presbyterian minister, who no doubt did his best. After praying for every body in and out of the congregation, he "begged Heaven to have pity upon the orphan, who, though advanced in years, was yet an orphan." The mother of the deceased was not forgotten; for a blessing was asked for her, "who, though older than her daughter, had yet survived her."

A GENTLEMAN in Ohio writes to the Drawer of a visit made by the Marion County Commissioners to Cleveland on some business for the county. They put up at a first-class hotel, and when they came to breakfast a bill of fare was handed to one of them by the waiter. The country gentleman was puzzled by the sight of it; but after examining it a moment he stretched himself back, and said, "I am much obliged to you for this paper, Sir; and I will read it after I have finished my breakfast!"

From Iowa a welcome correspondent writes: "Judge P- has his habitation in a city beautifully located on the west bank of the 'old Massas-Our legal friend is a white man in all essentials-barring a few: his copper complexion, high cheek-bones, and coarse black hair, with 'nary a kink' therein, strongly indicate a probable descent persuasion.' The Judge has, until recently, been regarded a stanch Democrat; -'tis not necessary here to state how his political status came to be changed. At a late gathering of 'the unterrified,' our friend of the ermine, in the heat of argument with a 'son of Erin,' asserted that he (the Judge) was 'sound on the goose,' having been 'rocked in the cradle of democracy.'

"Be the mortial, interposed Dennis, 'yer tinder limbs niver reposed in a cradle at all; and as for rocking, be the holy poker! it's little uv that ye got, sthraped to a bit uv a boord slung on an owld

squaw's back!'

"Mention cradle in the Judge's vicinity and he'll rock you."

A TELEGRAPH operator was taken prisoner by a

gang of guerrillas in Western Virginia, and the captain offered to spare his life on condition of his taking the oath to support the Southern Confederacy (C. S. A.). He promptly replied that if, after a whole life's hard work, and the use of more oaths than it was pleasant to reflect upon, he had been unable to support himself, how could it be expected that he could support the C.S.A. taking only one? He "still lives."

A Long Islander tells a yarn about Old Rumpus that will bear telling again:

"Not many years ago there lived on the east end of Long Island a specimen of the race familiarly known as 'Old Rumpus.' He used to boast that he was the 'pootyest' man on Long Island-a fact that has been universally acknowledged, since he won the



LOVE AND POLITICS.

FRED.—"Fine Gurl that, Gus, looking at us. Isn't she rayther Sweet on you?"
AUGUSTUS.—"Oh yes, poor thing! but it's no use. I'm going in for Politics, and sha'n't have time for that sort of thing. Love will do for Boys; Men have more serious matters to attend to."

'ugly man's prize' at a Fourth of July frolic, by making the most homely face while looking through a horse-collar. The old man's passion was 'trading hosses;' but as he invariably got the best of the bargain, it became almost impossible for him to find a person to trade with, till he said one day if he could make one more trade he would be willing to have the world come to an end. Fortune favored him. A stranger drove up and stopped at the tavern. 'Old Rumpus' soon got into conversation with the man, examined his horse, remarked that he would be a 'nice hoss if it wa'n't for his years;' he showed the man his nag, which was a really fine animal to look at, and finally bantered the man to trade, who seemed nowise backward. A bargain was finally made; the stranger was to give 'Old Rumpus' his horse and twenty dollars, taking in return a horse

which for looks was vastly superior to his own. The money was paid; but suddenly 'Old Rumpus' seemed to repent of his bargain. He said he was a 'poor old man, nigh on to sixty;' 'he was afraid of a new hoss;' 'was no judge of hosses;' but knew 'his hoss was a good hoss.' He said he didn't want to trade; 'was only joking;' and with tears in his eyes begged to be released from his bargain; but the stranger called on the by-standers as witnesses that it was a trade, and he should consider it binding. 'Old Rumpus' asked permission to trade back in a week if either party should be dissatisfied in that time, but this also was refused. Then putting the money in his pocket, buttoning up his coat, he approached his newly-made acquaintance, and said, 'Take my advice, stranger, when you harness him up let out the traces and set well back, for he will kick your brains



MRS. MILLEFLEURS.—"Oh, Angelina! I'm so glad to see you!—You must excuse my looks. I've been House-Cleaning all day, and I'm almost tired to death!"

out, if you've got any!' He was harnessed to the wagon of his new owner, and demolished it 'doublequick,' scattering dash-board, cushions, man, etc., at different places, all within a rod of the starting-place. This little affair put a new aspect on the transaction. The stranger now wanted to trade back, but 'Rumpus' called on the witnesses to prove that it was a trade; but said he didn't want to take advantage of a stranger, and was willing to trade back for ten dollars, which the victim gladly consented to give. The money was paid over, and 'Old Rumpus' drove out of the village in high glee, with thirty dollars in his pocket and a horse that no one could drive but himself; while the stranger, for attempting to cheat an old man, rode out a wiser man, minus thirty dollars and his wagon."

No moral.

In one of our towns the Postmaster has, by skillful manœuvring, managed to retain his office from the time of Harrison and Tyler down to the present day. Being asked how he managed to keep his office through so many changes of Administration, he replied, that "it would take a mighty smart Administration to change quicker than he could."

While our army was making its steady progress down the valley into Virginia a farmer came to camp with a load of truck to sell for Uncle Sam's gold, which was always quite as good in rebeldom as at home. He was told that he could not trade there unless he was ready to "swear"—that is, take the oath of allegiance. Not understanding the term, but supposing it to be taken literally, the old man opened his mouth and swore terribly. He put the



HOW MRS. MILLEFLEURS CLEANED HOUSE.

MRS. MILLEFLEURS.—"Oh, Bridget, do scrub a little more gently; you shock my nerves."

bad word in front of the name of Jeff Davis, Wise, Floyd, Letcher, and every rebel, big and little, he could put his tongue to: he swore till it looked blue all about him, and at last, out of breath, he asked "if that would do?" It was "taken and deemed" to be sufficient evidence of his loyalty, and he was allowed to dispose of his vegetables.

Mr. G. W. B—— (every New Yorker will know who that means), who has fed more hungry people than any other man in the city, tells some good stories, of which the following is one:

A while ago some philanthropic effort was started in his church for which funds were to be raised, and it was decided to have a special sermon and a collection. Mr. B--- was appointed as one of the members to pass the plate. It so happened that Mr. -, who felt anxious that the affair should be successful, met a friend in Broadway, and urged his attendance and his moneyed co-operation. His friend told him he was compelled to leave town that very

day, but that he had given his wife a five-dollar bill to put in the plate for him.

When Mr. B- walked around the side of the church, with his collection plate in hand, he espied, sitting at the end of a pew, the wife of the friend whom he had met that morning, and who gave her the five-dollar bill. As he handed the plate to her, the lady placed into it a bill, not carefully folded, which was seen at a glance to be three dollars. Mr. -, instead of passing on, stopped and said in an undertone, audible to her, however, "No you don't! I want the other two dollars. You know your husband gave you five!"

The lady looked astonished, and said, "Do move

get that other two dollars."

His determined air and manner were too much for the lady. So quietly taking out her porte-monnaie she blushingly added a two-dollar bill, and Bpassed on triumphant.



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

AUNT SALLY.—"I hope, Eliza Jane, you did not neglect Public Worship in Paris.—What Church did you attend?"

AUNT SALLY.—"Oh, Not a Dam Church."

AUNT SALLY.—"Not a What!—I always knew Paris was an awfully wicked place, but I never expected to hear one of our Family come back and swear about Churches!"

(N.B. Aunt Sally does not understand that Eliza Jane meant to say the Church of Nôtre Dame.)

# Fashians for September.

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FIGURE 1.—CARRIAGE OR DINNER TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—AUTUMN PARDESSUS.

The AUTUMN PARDESSUS may be made of different | fringes.

THE Robe represented in the DINNER TOILET is of taffeta, ornamented with a chicorée, heading falls of white and black lace, one above the other. The skirt is ornamented with festoons.

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